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HOW DAVID HILL FOLLOWED
CHRIST.

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A BIOGRAPHY BY
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PREFACE.

FOR the young men and young women, who, growing up in Christian homes, have early learned of Christ, and whose souls are already inspired with high and holy purpose, this book is written in the earnest hope that the pure hearts and unspoiled lives that David Hill so earnestly coveted for his Master's use may, through the story of his own life, be summoned to a like devotion, and to as fruitful and blessed service.

J. E. H.

HOW DAVID HILL FOLLOWED CHRIST.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

1840—1861. Age 1—21.

DAVID HILL was born in York, December 18, 1840. This city, with its grey walls, ancient churches, stately minster, and historic past, has an interest all its own, unsurpassed even by London or Canterbury. The most ancient metropolitan see in England, the palatial residence of the Cæsars when York was known by the proud title of Altera Roma, the place where Constantius died, and Constantine was proclaimed Emperor, it early became famous, and has ever since been an important centre of our national life. The great struggle for political and religious freedom in the seventeenth century was decided by the battle of Marston Moor, fought outside the walls of York. And the gate through which Prince Rupert rode to the conflict that wrecked the royal cause still stands. Since that day many have gone out from York bent on enterprise and conflict, but never one on a worthier quest than the subject of this book. His it was to preach the Gospel of Jesus in the great empire of China, which, despite its ancient civilisation, shall only know its true greatness when it is freed with the liberty wherewith Christ makes His children free.

David Hill belonged to a family identified with the Wesleyan Methodist Church from its earliest days. "Dicky Burdsall," his mother's grandfather, was one of Wesley's first preachers. He was a humorous, eccentric man, but he spent all his spare time in strenuous evangelism. His business was governed by a deep sense of duty, and the presence of sin in others ever meant to him the burden of reproof for their salvation. Dicky Burdsall's daughter Mary married John Lyth; John Lyth's daughter Eliza married David Hill, and these two were the parents of three sons—John Richard, David, the future missionary, and Edward.

Two of Eliza Lyth's brothers became missionaries. The eldest, Richard Burdsall Lyth, was the first medical missionary to cannibal Fiji, and, with his heroic wife, faced all the horrors of those awful days. The story of how Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert went to the cannibal chief Thakonbaro, and begged the lives of some helpless women who were doomed to be baked alive will not be forgotten in the history of Christian Missions.

David Hill, father of the missionary, was a man of strong character, godly, faithful, and upright. In his youth his enthusiasm for foreign missions was such that he gave to them all that he earned in overtime work, amounting to £70. While engaged in business during the week, he preached on Sundays in many village chapels around York. On his son David he exercised the strongest influence. The relationship between the two was peculiarly close and tender, and his father's judgment was the son's highest human standard. Even in China what his father would think and say ruled him still, and once saved his life. He was bathing in the Moon Lake, near Hankow, when he got out of his depth. He sank again and again,

and was nearly giving up the effort to save himself when suddenly the thought flashed into his mind, What will my father think of me if I let myself be drowned before I have been of any use in China? This thought stimulated the final effort, which brought him safe to shore.

"If you had known David Hill's mother," was once said to the writer, "you would not have wondered at her son." She is said to have been of a peculiarly sweet and gentle disposition. We have already noticed her Methodist and missionary relationships. The one story that has come down to us of her is a singularly illustrative one. She was accustomed to visit the poor about her own home, and often sent her son David to carry baskets of food and clothing to the houses where she had called. The boy asked one day why a servant could not be sent on these errands. "Because," was the answer, "I want you to have a tender and pitying heart for the poor, and when you grow up to do as I do." And when he grew up he did as she had done, and found in her words and in her example the inspiration of that deep, consistent, and tender charity to the destitute Chinese, which was afterwards so conspicuous in him.

The child of such parents as David and Eliza Hill had indeed a priceless inheritance. The blessing of God is promised from generation to generation of them that love Him and keep His commandments, and it is to the pure in heart that the vision of God is to be revealed. The faith that was in David Hill dwelt first in his father and his mother, and without this gracious inheritance and without the example of their goodness and loveliness of character ever before his eyes he had not been the saint he was.

The boy had the usual middle-class education of his day. He first went to a preparatory school, thence to

Holgate Seminary, then taught by Mr. R. Mosley, and finally he entered the ancient St. Peter's Grammar School. He is affectionately described by his old playmates as handsome, erect, active, lively, and witty. His schooling ended when he was fifteen, and by this time he had acquired an average share of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. When he was twelve years old he joined the Methodist Church, and began to attend the class-meeting, that form of church fellowship so peculiar to the Methodists and so esteemed by them from Wesley's day onwards.

With his elder brother he went first to the class led by Mr. Harris, and afterwards to that of Mr. Wright. The members of this class followed David Hill to the mission field with their sympathies and prayers. He greatly rejoiced in this unbroken fellowship of spirit, and on both his furloughs home in later years he took every opportunity of joining his old friends in Christian communion.

Before this time he had become a collector for the Wesleyan Foreign Missions. York has through all its Methodist history been famous for its missionary enthusiasm. In 1817 was founded a Juvenile Missionary Society, which still flourishes. Joining this society in 1849, the brothers became successively its secretaries as well as its collectors. Some men in choosing their life careers have to do violence to their early associations. In this case the after-life was the fulfilment and development of the first beginnings. And in the history of most Christian heroes and evangelists it is the same. It is the children of saintly parents who recruit the ranks of our ministry and of our church-workers, and, with scarcely a single exception, it will be found that all our greatest missionaries and evangelists were religiously educated,

and that it is through their early discipline and training that they became valiant for Christ. The names of Paul, Timothy, Luther, Wesley, Spurgeon, Moody, Drummond, Catherine Booth, Hugh Price Hughes, and many, many more attest this.

At the age of fifteen the lad left school and was apprenticed to his father's business, that of a currier. He worked through all its stages, becoming practically acquainted with every process of the manufacture, and thus acquired a thorough training in business habits and methods, for which he was ever after most thankful, and also a love of honest work, that made him think little of any man who was, as he said, "too great a gentleman to take off his coat" and put all his strength into necessary work.

Before he was sixteen a most unexpected sorrow came to him. His mother died after an illness of a few hours only. On the last day of her life she spent some time in sending out garments for the poor, in praying for the conversion of her children, and in joining in Christian fellowship. She closed her life on earth by singing the verse :

Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

And then suddenly, while her husband was away at a country missionary meeting, the summons came. She was stricken with apoplexy, and never spoke again, but in a few hours had passed to the better service of her Lord in Paradise.

For her it was almost a translation, a death that any one might pray to die, but for her husband and children an untold sorrow.

To a nature so profound, so earnest, so sensitive and loving as her son David's this was a most heavy blow, and one the boy was old enough to feel in all its strength. It stirred his whole nature to its inmost depths, and obliged him to think as he had never thought before. Hitherto the work of grace had gone on in his heart almost unconsciously. Love had "gently led him on even from his infant days," but now came the awakening to personal responsibility and to a definite surrender of his life to Christ. One Sunday evening, a month after his mother's death, he went as usual to Centenary Chapel, and during the prayer-meeting which followed the first service he went forward to the Communion-rail in token of his deep penitence for sin and of his desire to consecrate himself to God. As he knelt the sense of God's forgiveness filled his heart with peace, and those who watched him tell that as he returned again to his seat his face shone with a new joy.

He now took part in all Christian work that was possible to him. He began to teach in the Sunday-school, became a Tract Distributor, and undertook the Secretaryship of the Juvenile Missionary Association. He grew very careful over his words. Some times in the midst of his fun and brightness he would suddenly stop for fear he had said too much, and he sedulously curbed his gift of repartee and witty speech lest they should betray him.

He spent much time in prayer, and unostentatiously used to fast. A gracious inheritance—a pure heart—had brought him early near to God, and now his soul was instructed by inward and spiritual communion with Him. The deep conscientiousness, the keen sense of sin so habitual to him afterwards, began to be manifest. His sense of sin was often most intense and distressing. Nor need we won-

der at it. In earnest, loyal souls it ever is so. The light of Heaven reveals the darkness of sin, and grieves most poignantly those who most desire to be free from it. The careless, callous, and impure are not thus sensitive; they hate the light. But this young heart struggled against sin with all its strength. He strove to keep the body under, and to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ with an earnestness and loyalty that remind us of the Apostle Paul. The conflict began very early; the young soldier had soon to gird on his armour. But it was well for him that he did so begin. The life to which he was called was a strenuous, unresting one, and in the quiet of his home and the spring of his days he was being trained for future service. To some men, life is in one form or another a conflict all the way through, and this is so because they are endowed by God with natures supremely intense and earnest. To such, the call to surrender themselves to Him means first of all a battle with self and sin that is content with nothing short of absolute victory. And it means, secondly, an earnest warfare in the world in Christ's name. To such of His soldiers Christ still appoints hard, laborious lives. He calls them even as He called His servant Paul to declare His name among the Gentiles, and the life of an evangelist in a foreign land has sorrows, perils, and difficulties unknown at home. For the loneliness, labour, and self-denial of such lives we are apt to extend our pity. We may spare ourselves, for such are Christ's noblest servants, and in earth and in Heaven their reward is greater than that of other men; manifold more in this world, and in the world to come eternal life.

When eighteen years of age, with much fear and diffidence, he began to preach, his first efforts being made in village chapels around York. His trial sermon was

preached from Mark x., 17-22—the story of the young ruler whom Christ bade, if he would inherit eternal life, sell all that he had and follow Him. Already the thought of an absolute surrender to Christ of life, with all its gifts and faculties, had taken full possession of his soul. He was always tolerant of a different view of obligation in others from what he recognised as binding upon himself. For them a certain amount of ease and of the enjoyment of riches might be allowable ; but for him the ideal of life was the life of poverty and self-renunciation, if by this means he might know more of the fellowship of his Lord's humiliation, and more of his Lord's joy in ministering to the needs of the suffering and distressed.

He was accepted as a candidate for the Wesleyan Ministry at the Conference of 1861. In the September of this year he entered the Theological Training College at Richmond, in Surrey.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE.

1861—1864. Age 21—24.

AT Richmond College, Mr. Hill gave himself earnestly to study. Here he acquired a habit that clung to him through the remainder of his life—the study of the Greek New Testament. This was a special delight to him, and never omitted. In journeyings oft, by boat or on foot, his Greek Testament was always with him. He read carefully and thoroughly, with every attention to minute grammatical detail, and the complete fruits of this habit are garnered in a complete MS. commentary on the New Testament.

A few weeks only after his entrance, one of his tutors, Mr. Hellier, notes in his private diary that “Hill and Sandbach are two promising men.” The college staff at this time consisted of men remarkable alike for originality, scholarship, and saintliness. Alfred Barrett, the governor, was pre-eminently the Christian gentleman, for he combined great refinement and sweetness of disposition with utter goodness. His ministry was noted for its pastoral diligence and evangelic earnestness, and wherever he laboured he left a hallowed memory. John Lomas, the tutor in theology, had been President of the Wesleyan Conference, and was still one of its greatest preachers. Benjamin Hellier was the classical tutor, and William F. Moulton, afterwards Dr. Moulton, headmaster of the Leys School, Cambridge, and one of the New Testament Revisers, was assistant tutor, and at this time quite a young man. Both Mr. Hellier and Mr.

Moulton made a deep impression, writes an old friend,* and often in after years he would in conversation recall the lessons learnt from them. His subsequent intercourse with Dr. Moulton when home on furlough was a source of great delight to him, and no one took a deeper and more constant interest in the China Central Mission than his old Richmond tutor, Dr. Moulton.

Of his fellow-students, many were destined, like himself, for the mission field, including William Scarborough, for twenty years his colleague in China; Josiah Hudson, who gave to India thirty-three years of most devoted and valuable service, and who died at his post within a day of his own death; and Jabez Bunting Stephenson, afterwards President of an Australian Conference. Others of his friends and contemporaries were John Arthur Lyth, his cousin, who died young; Frederick P. Napier, his colleague in China, now a clergyman of the Church of England; John Norton Vine, who also died in early manhood; Henry W. Watkins, now Archdeacon of Durham; and Francis B. Sandbach. The last named, after a faithful, laborious ministry in some of our principal home circuits, was lost in the wreck of the "Drummond Castle" a few days after the death of his old friend in China, in April, 1896.

In the intervals of study, the students were accustomed to visit the villages surrounding Richmond, and to conduct services there. The present Richmond and Teddington Circuits were formed as the result of such labours, and the first chapels in Barnes, Teddington, Hanworth, and other places were opened through the efforts of the students who had first preached there. Mr. Hill gladly and eagerly joined in such work. It was usual to assign one village to different

* Rev. Arnold Foster, L.M.S., Hankow, China.

groups of men, and the senior of these was playfully called "The Bishop." Mr. Hill was appointed to Kingston, and in due time became "The Bishop." His own account of the said bishopric will be interesting.

To Mrs. Hill.

In my letter to father I said that the work at Barnes fell to my lot. This matter has been talked over. First Stephenson and I, and George Scott and Hudson, and then with the Governor. Mr. Hudson and Mr. George Scott had both worked there last year, and both thought that there were other places more needy, so the Governor appointed us to Kingston, which is in the Croydon Circuit, and four miles away [from Richmond].

We—Stephenson, Newman, and I—were over there on Sunday last, and saw the Superintendent of the Circuit, introduced ourselves, and arranged some little matters with him. They are building a new chapel there, which is to be opened in about two months' time. Preaching at present is in the Assize Court, which is rented of the Town Council. The population of Kingston is about 1,600, and we have lately had only one class, so that there is scope enough.

To Kingston he went then, constantly visiting the people, preaching on the Sunday, praying much for his flock, and, above all things, longing and looking for conversion.

During his first year, in May, 1862, Mr. Hill lost his adopted sister. Mary Bell Hodgson was in reality not related to him, being the daughter of his step-mother by her first marriage. But the union of Mr. Hill, senior, with Mrs. Hodgson in 1860 had brought their children closely together, and Mary was greatly beloved in her

new home. David Hill writes of her: "The beauty of her character was not that which looks well at a distance only, but the nearer we stood and the more closely it was viewed the more brightly it shone." He treasured her memory as a beautiful and fragrant thing and an incentive and inspiration to himself.

A great event of the college year was then, as it is now, the Students' Missionary Meeting. Richmond has for many years had the honour of receiving most of the missionary students, and the missionary interest and enthusiasm has always been great for this very reason. The meeting was usually held just before the Christmas vacation, and great preparations were made. The chairman and speakers were elected by the vote of their brethren, and the choice was always a distinction. Speeches were carefully prepared and, I believe, also rehearsed before a select committee. Tea was provided in the dining hall, and friends from the neighbourhood and from London came down for the occasion. In 1862 Mr. Hill was chosen as one of the speakers, and took his place on the platform with much trepidation. He and many others who made their first essay then in missionary advocacy have since become well known by their labours in many lands.

In these ways, with his studies, pastoral visitation, sermon-making, and latterly with some tutorial work, the three years at Richmond passed rapidly. Towards the close the question of his future destination was from time to time discussed. He had a wish to go to Italy, but his chief desire was to follow God's guiding hand as this should appear to him. The lay treasurer of the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society was at this time Thomas Farmer, of Gunnersbury, near Richmond. Mr. Farmer

and his family were deeply interested in the newly-formed mission to China. Two or three years before they had succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of a promising young Richmond student, Josiah Cox, in the same cause, and he had founded the mission in North China. The same influence was now brought to bear on David Hill, and his attention and thoughts were turned in the direction of China. He writes to his brother on October 22, 1863:

On Sunday evening, taking supper at Mrs. Hall's,* she very strongly urged the claims of China, and wished me very earnestly to go. She spoke of my special adaptation for the work. It has come into my mind a few times since; not that I feel called to go, but you can easily imagine how such thoughts might linger in one's mind. My own inclinations point in another direction, but I should not like these to be my sole guide. I feel happy, very happy, in committing my way unto the Lord, and in trusting in Him to direct my paths.

He was actually appointed to China at the Conference of 1864.

With these Richmond days begin the writer's own recollections. Memory is a somewhat uncertain power. Sometimes she conducts us back to the very beginning of our friendships. We see again the first meeting, we hear the first words. But at others she refuses to recall any such word or look, and our first recollection is of a friendship already made. So it is in this case. Looking back, I see first of all the sunny lawn in front of Richmond College, and thereon, dressed in her Sunday best, dances impatiently up and down a little girl who is waiting for her friend. For to her has been assigned the

* Mrs. Hall was Mr. Farmer's daughter.

proud privilege of showing him the way to the Vineyard Congregational Church, where he is to give an address to the Sunday-school. At last down the lawn he comes, also in his Sunday best, the black, clerical suit and white tie, and his first word is a somewhat anxious inquiry if he is quite tidy.

"Yes, yes, you are all right!" says the little girl, inwardly wondering to find that grown-up people have also cares and troubles regarding toilette, and that these are not limited to one who has but just escaped from the untender hands of a Tartar nursemaid. And so we go, hand-in-hand, and by-and-by the little guide is sitting happily with the other children, listening to her friend's address. And thus the vision fades. Others, however, take its place. There rises before me our weekly Bible-class, conducted alternately by Mr. Hill and Mr. Sandbach, and attended punctually and regularly by all the children at the College, viz., the three younger Barretts and ourselves.

In one of his latest letters Mr. Hill refers to this Bible-class, and describes how, having talked to us one Wednesday afternoon about the miracle of healing the man sick of the palsy, he found us the next day in the garden busily engaged in trying to dramatise the story with the aid of a rope, a chair, and the garden seat: "Whatever are you all doing?" I asked. "Letting down the man sick of the palsy," was the prompt reply of my bright little friend Mary Katherine Barrett. [Afterwards Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes.]

Mr. Hill shared our games himself sometimes. On my twelfth birthday I was allowed to ask some of my special friends to tea. The visitors were Mary Katherine Barrett, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Sandbach. After tea we played some very impromptu and informal charades. In one of

these Mr. Hill took the part of an old woman. The pains I took to dress him up for that character! A tablecloth did for his shawl, and, standing up on a chair to do it, I tied on his bonnet for him. It was one of the old-fashioned coal-scuttle shape. His bushy whiskers were much in the way, and had to be tucked in carefully, and concealed by the wide bonnet-strings. Thus arrayed he did very well.

We had a happy evening, which has never faded from my memory, and in my album I have now the birthday verse Mr. Hill wrote for me that day. It was a characteristic choice—

My soul and all its powers,
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to Thee.
Me to Thine image now restore,
And I shall praise Thee evermore.

“All my *happy* hours”! That Christ’s service was a *glad* one was the indelible impression he made at this time.

My chief memories of these days, however, are of the visits paid to his study. As a rule we children were strictly forbidden to enter the college during the hours devoted to classes and study. The one exception came on Tuesday evening, when we were allowed for one hour to go to the students’ studies and collect for the Missionary Society. Mr. Hill subscribed to us every one, and therefore we all paid a weekly visit to him. Nothing in all my recollection stands out more clearly than those evening calls. The knock at the familiar door, the invitation to “Come in,” and then the cosy room with its fire, and our friend busy at his desk. How he used to rise, pull his arm-chair

forward for his little visitor, poke the fire into a blaze, and then sit down for a talk! His sympathy was so real it was no effort to him to talk to a child. No other student ever spoke to me on the subject of religion. He did. Gently, quietly, and naturally he talked, and asked me if I had given myself to the Lord Jesus Christ. I was drawn to that study by the constraint of that sympathy and conversation. Other students, Mr. Sandbach, for instance, amused me more, but Mr. Hill cared for my being good, and it seemed a *duty* to go and see him. He was never in a hurry, never too busy, and always quite as courteous to the little girl as to the grown woman, and, though a shy and timid child, I never doubted my welcome. Sometimes we sang together. He could not sing much, my dear old friend, but he used to try and sing with me, and he liked to hear me sing. So we sang and talked by his fireside, and the sense of his goodness and holy enthusiasm entered into the very depths of my heart. I have forgotten what he said, but the influence of his life and character will be with me while I live. Almost unconsciously I reasoned that if to be good was to be like him, then I, too, must follow Christ and do His will. He was so happy, so glad, so pure in heart that goodness in him seemed lovely even in the eyes of a little child.

I used to hear him preach. I remember especially that once as he was preaching from the text, "And my God shall fulfil every need of yours according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus," his face kindled into a look of radiant joy as he spoke of the love of Christ. Watching him, I thought that so Stephen must have looked when the Jewish Sanhedrim "beheld his face as it had been the face of an angel." That look of joy is one that all his friends remember, and they all use one word for it

—“radiant.” And, indeed, it seemed at times truly the outshining of the Holy Spirit. As Tennyson saw in Arthur Hallam, so David Hill’s friends also saw

The God within him light his face.

He left Richmond in 1864. Before he went away he came down to our house to say good-bye, and was shown into my father’s study. There he soon asked if he might see the children, and we were accordingly sent for. Then we all knelt down and my father prayed. It was with difficulty that Mr. Hill kept his composure. He asked us each to pray for him every day, and promised so to remember us. And so he left us. He had won our love and our deepest respect. His name was a sort of standard with us thereafter. To say that anyone was “as good as David Hill” we thought impossible, and, therefore, “almost as good as David Hill” became our highest tribute of praise. And as I write of these days of long ago the gentle presence itself seems to stand once more from out the shadows, and in so doing to rebuke me—to doubly rebuke me. First as reality always reproves the attempted portrait, and again that I have said one word of praise of him. “No praise to me, all praise to my Master,” is what he would surely say.

Nevertheless, the praise is most of all to Christ when His servants are like Him. And as in memory I see my dear old friend’s face again I thank God with a full heart for the revelation he was to me of his Master and Lord and of the joy of His service.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST DAYS IN CHINA.

1864—1865. Age 24—25.

ON October 25 Centenary Chapel, York, was thronged to the door by friends who came to witness the ordination of David Hill and William Scarborough. The Rev. W. L. Thornton, President of the Conference, conducted the service, and the Rev. Dr. Osborn gave the charge to the newly-ordained from the text, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God" (Psalm lxxi. 16). When David Hill spoke and described how he had been led to give himself to the work of God in China a great hush fell on the congregation who loved him and had watched him grow up. He spoke of his mother, of her prayers for him, and of her death, and told how the hour of sorrow had determined his life and resolved him to consecrate himself to his mother's God. There are those still living who remember the earnest tones and kindling face with which he spoke of the life and work before him. The hands of the ordaining ministers were then laid on the young missionaries' heads. Together they commemorated the love of the Saviour whose messengers they were, and whom they were to preach among the heathen.

It was a solemn, memorable service, never to be forgotten, and the Church that sent David Hill forth could not but give thanks for him even amidst their tears.

Taking leave of his friends, of his home, and of the beloved father he was never to see again, he sailed with

Mr. Scarborough on October 29, and, after a tedious voyage of five months in a sailing vessel, he reached China on March 25, 1865. And now, as he makes this long journey, let us leave him and glance first at the country he has gone to, and then briefly also recount the history of the Mission with which he was ever after so closely identified.

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay,

sings the poet, and no doubt we all respond to this utterance. Yet we cannot feel how true it is until we have left our own land far behind us, and, cut off from our daily letters, newspapers, telegraphs and railways, realise how we are held together and kept closely in touch with one another through these things. Then, and not until then, can we understand the loneliness of the first years on the mission-field.

But though "Cathay" is removed from Britain by thousands of miles, and by the absence of every familiar usage and modern invention, yet it must not for a moment be thought of as a barbarous and uncivilised country. Long before London was built China was civilised, peaceful, and prosperous. Five hundred years before Christ she was enjoying her golden age, and in the time of Abraham lived two of her noblest and greatest kings. For thousands of years a system of education has ruled which has opened the only door to public office and honour. The writings of Confucius and other sages form the classic literature of the country, and these if agnostic yet teach the highest morality, and are of such purity that most of them are fit to be read by anyone. The Chinese as a nation have been trained to hold their family relationships sacred and to be gentle and courteous to all. Not long

ago a Chinese ambassador who had visited London described his impressions on his return to his own country. The English, he said, had wonderful inventions, but he could not see that they were thereby better men or better citizens. He saw in them a greed, rapacity, and thirsting for gain which was strongly to be condemned, and unhesitatingly he gives the preference to his own land on account of her better principles, and purer, sounder, more humane and more just laws. The mandarin was partial, of course, to his own country, and no doubt sums up in her favour; yet there is truth in what he says, and especially we must admit that the nominally Christian land may be justly arraigned by the heathen when we remember that the British Government has forced an iniquitous trade on an unwilling people, and that the opium traffic has embittered all our intercourse and has made it hard indeed to persuade the Chinese that the English can be righteous or kind.

It is not likely then that China will receive a new religion, or readily welcome foreign visitors, and consent to be admonished and taught new ways by nations who were savages when their own civilisation was hoary. The missionary is not wanted, and, far from seeming superior to the Chinese, he is despised as a barbarian, ridiculed for his want of good manners, and hooted in the streets as "a foreign devil." And it is easy, therefore, to see how well it was that one who was to take so large a share in building up the Church of Christ in China was by nature conciliatory and kind. Gentleness and dignity won him friends amongst hostile Chinese, and men who lay more stress on politeness than does any western nation could not but see that this man was benign and courteous always.

The Central China Wesleyan Mission was at this

time in its infancy, being not yet three years old. Fourteen years before, in 1851, George Piercy had reached China. He went out alone, and entirely on his own responsibility. So deeply had he felt the condition of the Christless millions in the great empire that he had had no rest day or night. He came, therefore, the first pioneer of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and founded at Canton her first mission station. But his was not the only heart in our Church that yearned over China. Mention has already been made of Thomas Farmer, of Gunnersbury, Treasurer of the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society. The ceding of the five Treaty Ports shortly before first permitted foreign commerce with this hitherto closed land, and Mr. Farmer longed to send there the good tidings of Christ. But China was still in a troubulous state, and work had to be begun warily. Mr. Farmer began to save in hope of the Mission that was to be. He put by £100 a year for seven years, and when in 1852, as the result of George Piercy's efforts, China was placed on the list of foreign stations, he joyfully paid in £1,000 to the Mission treasury. The deep interest and enthusiasm felt by Mr. Farmer and his family in China led Mr. Cox, as already mentioned, to devote himself to the same cause. He sailed for China in 1853 and spent eight years in Canton. He returned to England on furlough in 1861, and urgently pleaded the claims of this new mission field. By this time the war of 1856-7 was over, and the Treaty of Tientsin signed, and there were many other indications that China was at last open to the preaching of the gospel. When at the Chinese Breakfast Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in 1861, Mr. Cox appealed for entrance into the newly-opened door, the Treasurer, Mr. James Heald (Mr. Farmer's successor), was so overcome that he embraced

the eager speaker and burst into tears. Mr. Cox was despatched to China with instructions to visit the Treaty Ports, and to choose the seat of a new Mission in the north. He first steamed up the Yangtse for six hundred miles until he reached the town of Hankow, where the noble river is still a mile wide. Here it is joined by its tributary, the Han, itself navigable for a thousand miles. Such a confluence of waterways forms a mighty centre for population and trade. Three large cities stand on this junction of the rivers—Hankow, mistress of the trade of half-a-dozen provinces; Hanyang, the walled capital of the prefecture, and Wuchang, the capital of the province and of all Central China. The united population of these three great cities is probably not much less than a million, and in addition an unknown multitude, hundreds of thousands strong, have their homes in the vast throng of boats which line the quays. When Mr. Cox reached Hankow the town was in ruins from the recent Taiping invasion; it is said that not one house was left standing. But he at once saw the strategic value of such a centre, and wisely decided to seek no farther. The Rev. Griffith John, of the L.M.S., was already here, the only other missionary in this vast area. Mr. Cox wrote home his report, which was accepted, and his choice endorsed by the Missionary Committee, who shortly after sent Dr. F. Porter Smith, a married medical missionary, to open a hospital. It was to reinforce this scanty staff of two that Mr. Hill and Mr. Scarborough were sent in 1864. In that year there were two missionaries only; there are now, in 1903, thirty-nine years later, including men and women, English and Chinese, seventy-eight.

Turning now again to our two travellers, we find in Mr. Hill's journal the account of their arrival:

April 2, 1865.—On Sunday night, April 2, after a four days' run from Shanghai, the steamer "Shansi" was moored off Russell and Co.'s wharf, Hankow, at about ten o'clock. In that steamboat Mrs. Smith, Mr. Scarborough, and I had travelled together, and right glad we were to step ashore on the Hankow Bund after a journey thither on the part of Scarborough and myself of twenty-two weeks. Having no means of communication with our own people, we thought it the wisest plan to stay the night on board and in the morning, under the guidance of Mrs. Smith, make our way to the Mission premises, which accordingly we did.

April 3.—Before breakfast we started, first to Mr. Littledale's to obtain his chair for Mrs. Smith, then through the native city to our new home two and a-half or three miles away. We were soon there, and on our arrival were heartily welcomed by Mr. Cox and Dr. Smith. We received here our English letters, which we first despatched, and then our breakfast also. After this Mr. Cox and I went down the Han by boat to see after the conveyance of our luggage from the "Shansi." This being done, we returned and received the same at the other end, and after sundry unpackings and preparations for the night, the day drew to its close. At family prayers Dr. Smith officiated, and I felt that once again I had got to a Christian home.

April 4.—This afternoon an assistant of the Rev. G. John's (L.M.S.) from a village some twenty or thirty miles away, being now in Hankow, and hearing of our arrival, brought us a present of a little packet of buns, the first kindly greeting we received from a Chinese Christian brother. It was cheering amidst the busy packing and unpacking which was going on in the house to see his lively and sunshiny face and to hear him tell (though we could

not understand a word) of the salvation of souls in his own country home.

April 5.—Dr. Smith removed to some rooms which he had taken in the Settlement until his house, which is now in course of erection, is finished. The six rooms on the premises at present we thought would prove inconveniently small for all of us. They three (Dr. and Mrs. S. and baby) therefore left us three sole occupants of the house, and now Mr. Cox, Mr. Scarborough, and I have each a bedroom and a study, and have arranged to board together in Mr. Cox's room. Thus recommences my bachelor life.

April 6-7.—On Thursday and Friday we were chiefly engaged in tidying up, for the removal of our good friend Dr. Smith had put a stop to my proceedings in this department. On Friday night I had a short lesson (my first) from Chü, the native preacher (L.M.S.), and on the following day (April 8) a second from Mr. Cox's teacher, but he is so old that I found it difficult to manage with him, and he knows not a word of English.

April 9.—This morning Mr. A. D. Littledale breakfasted with us. From what I had previously heard I recognised in him an old St. Peter's school-fellow, and soon made myself known to him. Whilst in Singapore he had been led to make a full and out-and-out decision for Christ through the instrumentality of a military officer. He removed thence to Hankow, and is still a decided Christian. Together we praised the Lord and adored the riches of His grace in bringing us to Himself as we walked on this first Sabbath in Hankow through the dirty streets of a noisy and Sabbathless Chinese city to the English service. Here Dr. John preaches until a chaplain is appointed. To hear and

join in this service, especially in the singing of Jackson's "Te Deum," was really refreshing.

Writing to his old college friend, Rev. John Norton Vine, he says that there are now four Wesleyan missionaries in Hankow—Mr. Cox, Mr. Scarborough, Dr. Smith and himself. The chapel "is a spacious room and rather lofty. Will hold about two hundred people, and it is rather damp. Behind this is the dispensary." Over these were the six rooms in which the three bachelors lived. There were at this time no members of the Church, only four candidates, who were on trial for baptism. The Rev. Griffith John, the first Protestant missionary in Hankow, and the only one of those early days still on the field, says of these early days :

I have a very distinct recollection of Mr. Hill's arrival in Central China in 1864, and of the first sermon he ever preached to the Hankow community. The first impression made by him was decidedly and entirely good. There was something very prepossessing in his appearance and manner. We were struck with his earnest spirit, cheerful temper, warm enthusiasm, and downright piety. He looked young, bright, and full of high purpose. It was perfectly clear to me that he had come to China to stay, and that he had come to work. His sermon was based upon Rom. xii. 1, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." It was thoughtful, clear, and highly spiritual in tone and feeling, and produced a deep impression on some of his hearers. I have often thought of that text in connection with the life that followed. The latter was little else than an exemplification of the former in its deepest meaning. If any

man ever presented himself a living sacrifice to God on behalf of any people, surely David Hill did so on behalf of the people of China.

The insight shown in the foregoing description is remarkable. No better portrait of David Hill at this time could possibly be given. And as we watch the young missionary in these earliest days of his new life we shall note again and again tokens of this "high purpose" and whole-souled energy, and see abundant proof that he had indeed "come to stay," and "come to work." He stayed for thirty-two years to the very same month, and his work was his life.

At first his energies were necessarily confined to learning the language. "This," he writes to Mr. Vine, "is certainly a grind, but others have done it, and by God's grace we will. When a man gets into the middle of a large city like Hankow, with a million inhabitants, a city of active, industrious, and able men, men who seem to be always at work, too much at work, alas! for as we walk through the city on the Sabbath the noise and bustle is just the same as on the week-day, when a man is constantly moving in the midst of such a people he must, if he has any spark of grace at all, long to speak to them of the Christ, the Saviour of the world, and I hope this longing will smooth the asperities of a grind at this dry, rough language." His letters home are mostly written with a light-hearted gaiety which brings him vividly before us. In order to satisfy his kind and thoughtful step-mother there are descriptions of the bachelor housekeeping which provoke a smile. Each of the young men in turn took a month as housekeeper, and accordingly we find Mr. Hill instructing the native servant in the duties of floor-washing, bed-making, and waiting at table, and quite a touch of housewifely zeal is shown in the

request for a wash-leather to "make his teapot shine." In sewing, he assures his step-mother, he is becoming quite an expert. Chinese washing is so rough as to make mending essential, and on Monday afternoon he "may be found engaged in the peaceful occupation of darning socks or mending shirts." It was saddening to find how, after he had carelessly left some soiled linen lying exposed in his room one night, the rats had profited by his remissness, and had made a hearty meal of his pocket handkerchiefs. But the question of meals is ever the greatest care in a household, and it was here that Mr. Hill experienced his chief anxieties. Here is what one of the most hospitable of men says on the departure of a visitor: "This will be a considerable relief to the governor of our establishment, which happens to be your humble servant, who again enters on his month's term of office this morning. We live pretty economically, except when visitors come, though then not extravagantly. Our change of dishes is limited; good beef we can't get. Buffalo beef is the order of the day in that line, and that is coarse and, in summer time, to a delicate stomach, not very inviting. Mutton for the most part is good, and we get very good bread, though it is rather expensive. Pork is not of the first quality, and a York ham is a royal luxury. For potatoes we now use the native potato, which is rather sweet, though generally pretty well liked as a substitute for what suits me far better, viz., a good English potato. Fish abounds here, and so do fowls, and consequently eggs, and this is a great comfort to us. Now surely I have said enough about these little trifles, so let us talk about something more important."

Yes, certainly, Mr. Hill would never have spoken of "these little trifles" at all but for a diligent home catechism respecting them.

The "something more important" is the conversion of his teacher, Mr. Lou, a matter already very near to his heart. "I do hope," he writes, "that he is beginning to feel the truth of the Word."

His Journal records times of great refreshing and blessed seasons when the Lord's Holy Spirit was wonderfully sent down on his heart. It also records as faithfully his sense of sin and failure. One feels as if entering into a holy place in turning over the pages of this journal. The constant war against vanity, selfishness, and pride enables us to see how Christ's soldier fought His battles in the very citadel.

The necessity of being faithful and true in word, thought, and deed was laid upon him with an indescribable earnestness. What the biographer of St. Francis of Assisi says of the Italian saint may truly be repeated here.* "One of the most interesting aspects of his life is, in fact, the continual development revealing itself in him. He is one of the small number to whom to live is to be active, and to be active is to make progress. There is hardly anyone except St. Paul in whom is found to the same degree the devouring need of being always something more, always something better." This hunger after righteousness and progress is very discernible in these earlier days, and as days grew into weeks, months, and years, the longing was still the same—"always something more, always something better."

* S. Francis of Assisi, by M. Paul Sabatier.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE SCHOOL OF SUFFERING.

1865-1867. Age 25-27.

WE have seen the young missionary entering on his work full of hope, energy, and joy. We can, therefore, share to some extent his feelings of bitter disappointment when these glad anticipations were deferred and he himself enfeebled and depressed by sixteen months of wearing illness. The first hot season in the tropical climate tried him severely, and it was for awhile very doubtful if he would be able to bear the new conditions of life. He was taken ill in August, and, though he struggled on for four months, doing his utmost to get well without leaving his work, he continued so weak and ailing that in December his doctors peremptorily ordered him away on a sea-voyage to Canton. He went most reluctantly. He grudged both the time taken from the study of the language and the expense to the Missionary Society. The visit to Canton seemed at first beneficial. He used to the utmost the opportunities given him of observing the wants of his own and other missionary societies and of increasing his knowledge of China and the Chinese. "May the Lord," he says in one of his letters, "enable me to keep my eyes open." He certainly did this on this journey, and his diary is filled with notes over a wide range of subjects.

He returned to Hankow in the end of February, 1866, apparently well, but in a few days the unfavourable symp-

toms returned, and his condition became increasingly serious. Still he kept on at his work whenever possible, followed diligently the treatment prescribed, and on the least improvement considered himself almost well. How greatly his faith and patience were tried by this continued illness is best shown by his Journal. The following pathetic extract reveals how acutely he suffered, and we can hardly help pausing to ask ourselves the why and wherefore of this severe discipline. To man's ken the instrument was already fit for the Master's use, but He who "looketh on the heart and seeth not as men seeth" judged otherwise and ordered further trial. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and where great results are expected suffering is often appointed. How continually in the history of the Church, and in the lives of individuals, we have seen this. Moses desires to deliver the Children of Israel, and has to spend forty long years in Midian. Paul is called to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles, and there intervene three obscure years in Arabia, when he was "unknown by face" even to the Apostles.

If Thou bring into the fire,
Surely Thou shalt bring me through.

Yes, and that trial of faith and patience, so hard to flesh and blood, but which is so much "more precious than gold," proves, when the fires are past, to the praise and honour and glory of God and to the greater success of His work.

April 21, 1860.—Saturday night finds me feebler in body than last Saturday. What the result will be I cannot tell, but I find it hard sometimes to submit, and to see and feel below and behind my work in spite of myself, and making progress so slowly in the language. My

teacher, too, tries my faith, for he shows no sign of turning to Christ, but rather the opposite. Yet the Saviour lives, and He knows all.

‘ To Him mine eye of faith I turn.

I have hard battle with irritability, which weakness and the disappointment of cherished hopes and purposes induce. . . .

O Lord Jesus, Thou knowest all Thy children's wants. Thou knowest mine. In mercy visit and supply them according to Thy riches, and in my weakness let Thy strength be perfected and Thy name glorified for Thy name's sake. Amen.

When June came, far from taking his own sanguine view, his doctors advised a return to England, and expressed the fear that he would never be able to live in China. But go to England he would not. Home and friends were dear, but even in one year China had become dearer still. He accepted the alternative of a voyage to Japan instead. He was now very feeble, reduced to skin and bone, and had lost fifty pounds in weight. He started alone for Japan the first week in July, but Mr. Cox followed him by the next steamer and caught him up in Yokohama, considering him too ill to be left by himself. He had a fresh attack of illness on the voyage, and this was renewed after his landing, but from this time he began very slowly and gradually to amend. In September he was distinctly gaining strength, and in October was able to walk long distances without fatigue. In Japan, as at Canton, he “kept his eyes open.” The country was at this time awakening to those influences which have since developed so remarkably and have placed

her in her present position of influence and power. In this new country there was much to interest the visitors, and Mr. Hill's many letters contain careful and graphic descriptions of scenery and natural features, the cities, the people and their customs, manners and appearance, etc. Earthquakes are common here, and he regrets that he was not fortunate enough to feel one. Some of us would rather be spared this experience. Here, too, he was again entertained with much kindness by missionary friends (the American-Dutch Reformed Mission). Quite unexpectedly, too, he met some Methodists, Captain and Mrs. Hedger, of Hull, Mrs. Hedger being the sister of Rev. Alfred Barrett, of Richmond College.

The British Ambassador was Sir Harry Parkes, who was naturally greatly interested in the progress of the country and anxious to assist as far as possible the movement toward Western civilisation. Hearing of Mr. Hill, he proposed that, as his health was delicate, he should remain in Japan and join with other missionaries in directing the Government Schools, offering him at the same time a handsome salary. This offer Mr. Hill declined, after very brief consideration. He was grateful for the kindness shown in Sir Harry's proposal, but it would not do. His decision and his reasons are given in the following letter :

To Mr. Edward Hill.

The work is light, three to three and a-half hours a day for five days in the week, and the Japanese Government offers an income nearly three times that allowed by our Mission. But do you think I would go? Nay, I have better work to do than to teach English. My health

now is, I am thankful to say, good, and if I work a few months longer at the language I hope to be able to preach regularly; and if only the Lord should honour us with His blessing, and we have souls brought to Jesus such as are being saved, then no amount of dollars and no attraction in Japan will equal our work in China. And even should this not be the case—though I don't entertain this thought, for my expectation is that if you in England agonise with us in prayer and we work away out here, the Lord will outpour His Holy Spirit and give us multitudes of souls; oh, pray for this, and still remember the particular case of my teacher—but, as I said, should this not be so, to preach Christ and Him crucified is better than teaching English all the world over. Sir Harry wrote Mr. Cox, and I tell Mr. Cox to thank him for his kind consideration as to my health, but at the same time to say that D. H.'s work is to

Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb.

A longer experience considerably modified these views and enabled him to see the value of schools as an evangelistic agency. Some years later, when a High School was opened in Wuchang, under the care of Rev. W. T. A. Barber, M.A., now Head-master of the Leys School, Cambridge, he was in the fullest sympathy with it, and offered to teach in it himself. Within the last year a scholar from that school, Mr. Shen Wen Ching, B.A., and a lay-preacher in the Wesleyan Church, has been appointed principal of a College under the Chinese Government at Sui-chou, on the express understanding that he shall be free to preach the Christian faith and to carry on Christian work in connection with the Church at Sui-chou. And that

such a man has attained such a position and such a witness for Christ in his own land amply justifies from an evangelistic standpoint the educational agency, and fills with joy the hearts of those who have worked in faith and prayer for these very results.

Early in November Mr. Hill found himself once more back in China. The Japan trip proved a complete success. Never after was he seriously troubled by illness, and his health remained fairly good for thirty years, despite his abundant labours, dangers, hardships, fatigues, anxieties in a malarious climate, which were enough to wear down the strength of the most vigorous. On his arrival at Shanghai, on his way to Hankow, Mr. Hill received his English mail. This brought most unwelcome news. The young Mission was urgently in need of recruits. These had been promised and were eagerly expected. Now word was sent that, owing to want of funds, the men looked for were to go to Canton instead, and also that one of their stations, Kiukiang, was to be given up and handed over to the American Methodist Episcopal Church. This was a severe and twofold disappointment. It amounted to a personal grief in Mr. Hill's case, as Mr. Napier, one of the two men promised, was an old College friend, and his coming was anticipated as no ordinary joy.

"It was to me," Mr. Hill writes, "one of the most bitter disappointments I have ever had." Remonstrances addressed to the Mission-House proved, however, effectual, and in another year the longed-for Napier arrived and took up his abode with his friend in Wuchang.

Just before the year closed, on December 30, David Hill preached his first sermon in Chinese. He had anticipated

"a very troubled time," but "helped by the prayers of my brethren, and strengthened by the good spirit of God, I kept pretty calm, and, on the whole, enjoyed the service, and after it my heart was filled with gratitude to God for giving me to attain thus far towards the goal of ministering to this people in Chinese the good news of salvation, for 'such honour have not all his saints.'"

It says volumes for the pluck and energy of this young man that well within the first two years he had got so far. Nearly four-fifths of the time had been consumed by illness, and it was only dogged determination that had accomplished so much. Moreover, he had no ear for music, which is a very great obstacle in learning a language in which much depends on the correct distinction of sounds, and where a mispronunciation of tones means a wide difference in the sense.

Now at last he was able to carry out the long-cherished purpose of entering Wuchang, and began looking for a suitable house as the first step. Mr. Cox feared his health might suffer if he lived in a native dwelling, but he went quietly on making inquiries and praying to the Lord to guide his way, and finally found a house that he thought would do. There were many delays in taking possession; the landlord was grasping and exacting, the workmen were idle, and it was nearly two months—February 21, 1867—before he went to live in his own hired dwelling in Wuchang.

"It is all built of wood," he says in his Journal, "save the two outside walls, and has a central room which will do for a little meeting-house, and oh! that it may be the birthplace of souls! The principal drawback is the thinly populated situation, but if we can only get a footing in

the city we may hereafter improve on that. ‘Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.’”

It was a poor, comfortless place, but he was so glad to have overcome the initial difficulties which ever attend the business of renting houses in China, so delighted to be there at all, and at work at last, that he contentedly overlooked such a minor deficiency as personal comfort.

CHAPTER V.

ENTRANCE INTO WUCHANG.

1867. Age 27.

WUCHANG is the capital of the province of Hupeh. "It is the seat of the Viceroy, the centre of operations of some fifty public magistrates, and the home of a couple of thousand of mandarins expectant of office. The contrast between Wuchang and Hankow, which is the great trading mart, is somewhat similar to that between an old country or cathedral town in England and a bustling manufacturing centre. The city's battlemented walls are about eight miles round, and are pierced by ten gates. The Snake Hill, running at right angles to the river, divides it into two unequal halves. The Ch'ang Chieh, or Long Street, starts near this hill, pierces it by a tunnel, and runs as the main artery of traffic for more than a mile parallel to the Yangtse. Off it turns a quiet lane called Ho Hsing T'ang, the Hall of Mars, taking its name as in an English parish from the temple in its midst."*

In this lane David Hill had his humble home. Humble as it was, he was quite content, and even complacent. He informs his friends in writing home that "it is very snug, and does first rate for a single man; indeed, I think Mr. Cox rather likes coming over to see me, the place is so comfortable." Mr. Cox must have had some other motive than that of comfort, for here is the description given by one of his first visitors, and afterwards his friend for many

* David Hill: Missionary and Saint. By Rev. W. T. A. Barber, M.A., Head Master of the Leys School, Cambridge.

years, Rev. Thomas Bryson, of the L.M.S., who had reached the city about a month before :

The first call I made upon him was in company with our Chinese preacher Pao. At that time I was myself living in two Chinese rooms, but the accommodation was luxurious compared with Hill's. We were shown into a gloomy room, the partition walls of which were of boards not very closely joined together, as in some places daylight was seen struggling through the openings. The furniture was of the scantiest, consisting merely of two tables and two chairs, so that he improvised a seat for himself by bringing in a trunk. The floor was covered with matting, and there were three portraits on the wall. But the deal doors, dim light, and lack of a stove, gave the room a damp and comfortless appearance.

While thus modest in his personal expenditure, he was eagerly looking forward to building a chapel, and had saved between one and two hundred pounds for this purpose. That was always his way through life, the work of God first and most, and himself last and least. But now we must leave these "trifles" and "secondary considerations"—to quote Mr. Hill's own names for his personal affairs—and read from his Journal the story of his first days in Wuchang :

February 21.—Sent a few necessary articles over by Wei Tsen (his servant) to Wuchang, and in the afternoon came over to reside here. To this entrance I have now for so many months been looking forward. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me bless His holy name, for thus so easily opening my way to this place where Mr. Cox had looked forward to so much difficulty.

The house on our entrance certainly did not look very inviting. The carpenters were at work, and there was a good deal yet to be done, but I was over for the night, so tried to push them on as fast as I could. They left about 8.30, when we put up my bedstead and made the best of it. Mr. Cox, who had come over with me, returned just before the closing of the city gates about five, and I, thanks be to God, spent my first night very comfortably in my new abode. Friday and Saturday were passed in putting things straight. On Sunday, February 24, Lou Hsien Sheng (his teacher) and Wei Tsen and I had a morning service, when I talked to them from Acts ii. 38, on repentance and faith and receiving the Holy Ghost.

In the afternoon I crossed over to Hankow to be at the Sabbath evening meeting, and spent the night there. On Monday Scarborough and I came across and put things to rights. On Tuesday McGregor's sale occupied most of the day, after which I went [to Hankow] to pack up the remainder of my things, and stayed the night there, thus being ready early on Wednesday to ship the goods and remove them to Wuchang. Scarborough came over with me about noon, and made a wonderful transformation in the appearance of the place. In the evening the landlord came to tell us that he had been hauled up before the Mandarin by his *kaifang*,* and feared they would squeeze him for more money. Scarborough was to tell Mr. Cox on his return this evening and leave it to him whether anything should be done.

March 1.—On Friday, therefore, Mr. Cox came over to see the Chiang-hsia *hsien*,† and soon after his arrival two scholars came in, one named Wang, the other Li, with

* Neighbours.

† Magistrate of Wuchang.

whom Mr. Cox had a conversation. They said they lived in his *kaifang*,* and had just come to pay a complimentary visit. So Mr. Cox told them the reason of our coming, and one bought a part of the New Testament.

March 7.—Chü, the native preacher, came over to-day at noon, with handbills. He took my card and a handbill to each of the neighbouring houses and invited the people to hear the doctrine. He then returned, having very quickly despatched these visits, and we both stood at the door and invited passers-by to come in. We got at last some twenty or thirty people in. Chü addressed them, and then I sold four parts of the Testament and said a few words about the reason of my coming to live among them. Afterwards we distributed more calendars of services. Thus commenced on March 7, 1867, our missionary services in Wuchang. What shall be the end thereof? Oh, that it may result in the eternal salvation of hundreds and thousands of souls, and thus in the glory of our Lord and Master!

Tuesday, March 12.—Our first dispensary day. The doctor came over very late, and I was quite in a fidget lest he should not turn up. We had, however, a good day. More patients than I expected for the first time, numbering twenty-one in all. This was pretty good, when the 50 cash entrance fee was taken into account.

Thursday, March 14.—The best service we have had, the most orderly, the largest, the most attentive. Chü, and Wang from Shanghai, and Scarborough, addressed the people. We had fifty people in most of the time, sometimes more, above a hundred altogether. I was gladdened much, and my hope quickened.

Wednesday, March 22.—Had our first class-meeting.

* Neighbourhood.

Tai (a Bible Colporteur), D. H., and Wei Tsen, and each prayed. Lou would not come. In the afternoon I plainly stated to him the duties and responsibilities which it would involve, but he has evidently not entered the valley of decision.

April 27.—Walking out with Bryson a crowd of students from the examination for *hsiu-ch'ai** came out and hailed us with yells and shouts, and then with bricks and stones. Thereupon we took refuge in a temple, and the crowd beset the place, screaming, shouting, and battering the door. We quietly waited inside until they should send for the guard to escort us home. After two hours or more the *wei-yüan*† having made his appearance and the constable, they disbanded the people, and we got into the chairs provided and came home.

April 29.—Sunday I spent here, Chü preached, and in the evening I went through the questions for baptism with Wei Tsen, who answered all very satisfactorily but one. . . . He has gone more than half way I fain would believe, but oh, for a whole and unreserved consecration!

May 12.—Congregation lately diminished, evidencing very clearly the need of a better situation. . . . The other day I saw a scolopendra, a long red-chested centipede, with venomous sting, in my bedroom, so I have need of faith in God if I want to be comfortable and peaceful within.

May 17.—This week I have read Chalmers's "Origin of the Chinese," a work which must have cost much thought, but though very often ingenious, leaves the impression that the writer rides a favourite horse (hobby) a little too hard.

Sunday, May 26.—Wei Tsen baptised. We rejoiced over him as the first-fruits which God has given us in this

* The Chinese degree of B.A.

† Deputy.

city. Oh, that the Lord may endue him plenteously with the Holy Ghost, and fit him for mighty service!

May 27.—My teacher appears to have been stirred up to more earnest endeavour by the baptism of Wei Tsen, and has made a direct application for baptism. Praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

May 30.—My teacher joined us at our weekly class-meeting for the first time, so that now we number three instead of two, and he spoke more feelingly and earnestly than I have ever heard him do before. On his behalf, as on my own, I cry

Deepen the wounds Thy hands have made
In this poor, helpless soul.

As to outsiders, here and there we have one and another who ask a few interesting questions, but no reliable fruit has as yet made its appearance, but in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

June 7.—Mr. Cox preached, only Wei Tsen, Lou, and Li, a man who has been with us two or three Sundays, and has also been once or twice during the week.

July 7, Sunday.—Preached to Lou and Wei Tsen on the two builders. Though now about four months in Wuchang, we have not gathered a single soul.* Oh, God, is there not a cause? And is there not need of earnest heart-searching on this account? 1. My feebleness in the language is undoubtedly one reason. This can only be overcome by continued hard work. 2. A want of closer sympathy with the people round about is, I think, another. They all suspect, many dislike, some detest the foreigner, and how to remove this and exhibit a more kindly feeling, a Christ-like

* He evidently means not from Wuchang itself. Both his teacher and his servant came with him from Hankow.

sympathy and tenderness of feeling, is a difficult problem. Access to their homes is in a great measure impossible or impracticable ; relief of the poor, the genuine needy cases, is difficult to accomplish, as there is so much deceit and lying practised even for a single cash amongst all classes, and indiscriminate bestowment of charity is of very questionable benefit on this account. For this loving sympathy I must pray more earnestly, as well as for means to develop it. But the great want is the gift of the Holy Ghost. Thank God, He has not altogether left us. We do feel His inward working, and witness it in one or two, but the Pentecostal awakening we have not had. Oh, for the coming of God, the Holy Ghost, amongst us !

In this review Mr. Hill omits what was certainly one cause of the smallness of his congregation—the very unfavourable position of the house. It was in a side street, in a thinly-populated district, and a new chapel in a better centre was urgently needed.

August 11.—This morning, Sunday, my teacher, Lou Hsien Sheng, was admitted by baptism into the Church of Christ. . . . My soul doth magnify the Lord because of this evidence of His presence with us, and that the prayers of two years or more have been graciously heard and answered.

August 28.—Two very cheering letters from — and —, who are growing up into Christ in these the days of early girlhood. Praise the Lord, for He does hear prayer. Many a time has His blessed Spirit drawn me out in prayer for these two little girls.

October 3.—Again I have to record the loving kindness of the Lord. Last mail brought us news of Napier's appointment to Wuchang ; the subject of many a prayer, the object of many a hope, at last realised.

Mr. Hill's narrative is so interesting that it is difficult to interrupt it, but one or two words may be said here. The personality behind these extracts now comes clearly into view, and already we see the lines of the character that hereafter become so marked. The tireless energy, the dogged patience, the absolute devotion, the tender compassion for the people, and last, but not least, his love for children, are all here. We shall see these things again.

He who was so glad to be in Wuchang at all how soon are his hopes and energies branching out in new directions! How far behind is the day of his entrance four months before! That is so like him, this eager, infinite desire for the prosperity of the work of God in Wuchang. Again, how like him is it that while he blames the circumstances which let and hinder the progress of that work, he blames himself most of all. Some of the entries in the journal are too sacred for quotation, but they tell with touching humility of his own sense of failure through want of faith and prayer and self-denial. Never does he doubt the gospel he has come to preach, never his own commission, but himself he does doubt, and his sorrow and suffering are heart-moving. And still as one looks over the entire record one cannot but see that the burden of sorrow and anguish laid upon him was inalienable to such a man. Those who thus follow after Christ, desiring to be in His name, and, by virtue of His grace, saviours of their kind, are ever made strong out of weakness and conflict. Of this man and of those few souls who are like-minded it is true that they become mighty through suffering, they are, by far more than an outward conformity and exterior imitation, Christ's representatives. They become like Him through inward and spiritual fellowship. So faithfully, so closely

do they follow Him that they are “changed into the same image as by the Spirit of the Lord.”

The following letter is addressed to one of his little friends at Richmond :

To J. E. H.

Wuchang, China,

November, 1867.

MY DEAR L.—Few letters have of late given me more pleasure than the very welcome enclosure I received in Mrs. Hall’s box of good things received in Hankow a few weeks ago. The Richmond news was very interesting, and as I look over your letter once again it suggests the thought that perhaps similar topics presented in Chinese aspect may not be uninteresting to you. We were all rejoiced to hear of the Richmond new chapel. This suggests our chapel building schemes and projects. . . .

Our next thought is Wuchang, where we hope to rear another house for God. My present little place you know something of already; but, by the way, as I have been busy for some days preparing for Mr. Napier’s arrival and making some little alteration, you may like to hear how we shall be settled when he comes, so I draw you a plan of our establishment.

We have the chapel, you see, in the centre, and on one side Mr. Napier’s study, and on the other mine. Now don’t you think this a very capital arrangement? The chief working difficulty is that as the internal partitions are all of wood anyone in the house can hear all that is going on there, consequently study with the teacher must be suspended during hours of service in the chapel, and then the place is a little damp, which, though it has not affected me, might prove injurious to some more delicate constitutions.

Our chapel furniture is very simple. Very few Chinese chapels have attained to the perfection of family pews. They are mostly fitted up with long benches, on which the hearers sit, and a platform on which the preacher stands, this platform being railed round and having a chair and table upon it. Such is the arrangement in our three chapels here.

But now as to a new chapel. Why do we want one? Because the present place is too small and in a narrow back street, and fitted much more for school than chapel purposes.

Feeling this need, we first were led to ask—where is the money to come from? This was our first difficulty, for the Missionary Committee had forbidden further outlay of funds on new places; but we laid the matter before the Lord and wrote to the Secretaries stating the case, whereupon they have granted £300 towards this object, and my good father has promised his help also in this difficulty at least. So that in this the hand of God has been over us for good without a doubt, and I think I can see here an answer to your prayers also, and I thank God and take courage.

But there are other besides pecuniary obstacles to the erection of a chapel in Wuchang. One is the obtaining a suitable site, which in an old provincial capital in China is no easy matter. We thought it a great step to get into the city at first after the many unsuccessful attempts which had been made, and we are thankful for the little place we have at present, but the Chinese still profess great objection to make sales of land to foreigners; indeed, I heard only the other day that some native had been imprisoned for selling a plot of ground to the Roman Catholics. They,

therefore, when offering a plot ask an exorbitant price ; but we are again bringing the matter to our Father in Heaven and asking Him to open our way again as He has done before, and already two or three places have been brought before us, but the prices range high. One is £330, another £270, and a third £200, which amounts would run away with nearly all the Mission grant, and that simply in the purchase of the ground, so I hope they will come to more reasonable terms.

Then the next question after that of chapels is settled is—who can preach there? It is found advantageous here in China in large towns always to have a native assistant with the foreign missionary, but we have at present only one and a young man on trial, the latter not giving much promise for future service, so that when Hankow and Hanyang have been supplied there is no native assistant for Wuchang. Here again, therefore, we are cast upon God, and I have long been praying that my servant or teacher or both may be called of God to the work and endued with the power of the Holy Ghost. It may be that the Lord has a Chinese Peter or Paul in training even now. Who can tell? At any rate, I have had again and again great cause for joy in witnessing the grace of God in these two, the only members as yet received in Wuchang. My servant having gone through the first and second catechism is now reading in Old Testament history.

But, let us turn to the next point. The increase on the year in Richmond Circuit was very cheering. How it would gladden me to tell of forty-five increase and forty-five on trial here! I hope it will be so soon. This year there will be an increase, but a very small one. Next Sunday two new members are to be admitted by baptism in Hankow, and there are a few other inquirers, some of whom

may probably be received this year. I have lately been encouraged by the inquiries of two or three in Wuchang, and pray that they may be gathered in to the Church and fold of Christ. We have our regular public preaching, and sometimes are led into conversation with someone or other of the people afterwards, but I have often wished for some means of more direct private and personal intercourse. To this end we usually throw the chapel door open at our daily prayers—that is in the morning—and this has brought one or two in occasionally, who have come with the express purpose of joining us during worship. One man came last Thursday to class for the first time and has been to the Sunday service two or three times, and has also been at both morning and evening prayers, hence I hope there are the stirrings of a new life about and around us.

Then you tell me about the College Chapel singing. What sad ritualists you are becoming! Though I wish we had some such ritualists here. Last Sunday as I lay here and heard the singing in the chapel below I was really puzzled for a long time to make out what tune they were trying to sing, for the service was being conducted by our native preacher. The Chinese must, I think, have the least idea of music of any people under the sun. You remember what a good singer I was when at Richmond! Well, I really thought that, little as I knew about music, I might teach my servant more than he knew about it, so selected the sounds in Chinese most like the Sol-Fa Notation, and went over a few of the most common tunes with him. He has got hold of one or two tunes, which he is able to begin when I am not able to get from Hankow in time for family prayers. Mr. Napier will, I hope, lead him on to or towards the proficiency he himself has attained, so I delay my instructions for the present. This

reference brings up a grateful remembrance of the instruction received at Richmond under Mr. Greaves, which I do hope is still kept up.

Next you tell me about your continued prayers and increasingly happy experience. This was really the joy of the letter to me. It is such a blessed thing to hear a friend, and especially a young friend, say, "I am happier now than I have ever been." Oh, L., keep to this experience! The fountain whose streams you have tasted is one "which springeth up unto everlasting life," and it is within you, too, not dependent on any external circumstances. "Christ in you the hope of glory," and yet whilst it springeth in you it flows out from you, and by your continued intercession flows even to China—a river of water of life—and these Chinese in the day of eternity shall bless you for it, and ere that day you shall continue to have the too-often feeble prayers of

Your very affectionate Friend,
DAVID HILL.

CHAPTER VI.

ENDURING HARDNESS.

1867—1872. Age 27—32.

DAVID HILL had entered Wuchang and begun his work in that hostile city with unexpected ease. But the erection of the first chapel proved a source of great and long-continued difficulty. That chapel is now so well attended that it is sometimes scarcely possible to find room for all the worshippers, and the sorrow and anxiety associated with its foundation are hardly remembered. Nevertheless for fifteen long months there was incessant effort as often frustrated, and the whole business proved one of the severest trials of Mr. Hill's life.

To build a chapel two things were wanted—money and a site. The first proved no great matter. The Mission House granted £300, a considerable sum was contributed by the foreign residents in Hankow, and last, but by no means least, Mr. Hill's own father sent him £500. This generous gift greatly touched and gladdened the son's heart, and he speaks repeatedly of it in letters and journal. The father himself esteemed it lightly, and to a friend he said that "The greatest gift he ever gave to China was David himself; everything else was easy after that." Doubtless it was a gladness to be able so materially to aid that beloved son's work. Money then was forthcoming, but the real battle was over the site. The Chinese, always most unwilling to grant the hated foreigner the land he asked, had at this time two special reasons for

this. The first was that a new Viceroy was just appointed, who was none other than he who since became the best known of all Chinese statesmen, Li Hung Chang. But he, though enlightened enough to approve many foreign methods, was still quite ready to fling a stone at the foreigners. He early took the opportunity to issue a proclamation warning the people against vicious societies such as were making headway against the native troops. After naming one or two of these secret societies he added: "And all others which call upon you to worship on any day other than the Emperor has fixed."

"The people were not slow to take the hint. The trembling of an eyelid of a mandarin in China is at once interpreted by his people. Without a word he manages to show his favour and disfavour. Let him smile, and the very dogs wag their tails as the foreigner passes by; let him frown, and vile rumours and universal rudeness darken the air."*

Of this increased hostility due to official disfavour Mr. Hill became painfully and sadly aware, but besides this there was a second reason which he did not discover till long after. He learnt at last through the British Consul, Mr. Caine, that a friend of the man who finally sold him the land had suffered pecuniary loss through the failure of some foreign merchants in Canton, and, wishing to be revenged on foreigners, had chosen the first opportunity which came to hand. Thus was explained the cause of the endless delays which chafed and tortured Mr. Hill. No one will understand the keenness of his suffering at this time who does not remember how completely and absolutely he had given himself to China. This was so

* David Hill: Missionary and Saint. By Rev. W. T. A. Barber, M.A

much the case that at this early age—he was now only twenty-seven—we find him writing in one of his letters of his hope that he would be able to remain many years in the country, and that he thought it would be necessary to continue single, as married life so greatly increased the risk of having to go home after only nine or ten years or so. The intensity of a desire is always the measure of pain, the sting of the anguish of hope deferred. David Hill longed for that chapel as an essential to the success of the Gospel in Wuchang. He required a good site and a good position, and the waiting and delay not only disappointed him, but tried his faith and patience to the uttermost. Why the Lord, who ruleth all things by the word of His power, withheld and delayed the answer to his prayers and his heart's desire he could not tell. His way was hid in darkness, and again he judged himself unworthy, and accused himself needlessly. He grew, indeed, morbid, and believed that the Chinese were plotting against him, though no evidence of such a plot was ever discovered. Living day by day to encounter dislike and hostility, frustrated in his most ardent hopes and desires, he passed through a time of trial and suffering impossible to describe. It was necessary, no doubt. The Lord through this experience led him to understand his hard and difficult work, and to cast his soul more than ever on His unseen, eternal love and power, and his loving, enduring soul became strong at last to bear contempt, dislike, suspicion, hatred, and the foregoing of his own plans and purposes, that in him and by him the will of the Lord Jesus might be perfectly done.

It is not possible to quote the journal on so sacred a subject. What is said here must suffice. The long, sorrowful conflict came to an end, but it left its marks on

him. It brought the first sprinkling of grey hairs among the brown, and in his letters we hear a deeper note. Take, for instance, these words, addressed to his old friend, Rev. John Norton Vine: "I have been much struck with the *ἀγῶνα* St. Paul experienced. Col. i. 29, ii. 1." He read of these "strivings" in the light of his own experience, and he entered into fellowship with the Apostle's agonising conflicts, for he had felt the same. The following letters give a glimpse of his difficulties, though they are silent as to the inward conflict.

Undated Letter.

We are in difficulties again about land. The Mandarins object to put their seal to the deeds of purchase, so that we are come to a deadlock, and unless our Consul uses vigorous measures we shall, I fear, lose the plot of ground. A placard has, I hear, been issued to the effect that the people of several *kai-fang*, or parishes, have agreed that if anyone sells land to foreigners his own house shall be taken from him and turned over to some of the charitable institutions of the city, and that the money he has received shall be taken and confiscated for a similar purpose, so that, if we lose this plot of ground, the difficulty of getting another is increased very considerably. But God is above men, devils and sin, and, though the people do thus "take counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed, He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision." This is our stay, for there are trying times for us in China still. The opposition of the literary classes is deadly and devilish and will not be satisfied without something like deadly and devilish manifestation of it.

We have as yet scarcely made ourselves felt in our assaults on the Confucian citadel, but when we do and have to come into direct and hand-to-hand fight with these upper classes of the people we shall feel that if true now that "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in heavenly places," it is felt to be ten-fold more true then; but the "weapons of our warfare are mighty before God to the casting down of strongholds," so we have nothing to fear.

I had yesterday a small ebullition of the spirit of these Celestial Confucianists in some very loving expressions of a young fellow who came into our chapel and reviled me as an outside barbarian, and, on asking him what Confucius meant when he said that all within the four seas were brethren, he said that China and China alone, this glorious, flowery land, was surrounded by the four seas and in the centre of this great earth. So I quietly asked him to point it out in an atlas published by the Vice-Governor of this Province, but which, alas for the literati! this representative of theirs had never seen, and so could make no reply except a crimson blush to have thus been sold by a barbarian. But, recovering strength, his next assault was on the opium question, and then he threw the fact of these pictures (stereoscopic views, which are here and there exhibited by Chinamen, and of a most low and obscene character, coming from abroad) in my face, and asked, "Is that the way you would convert the people, by perverting them to opium-smoking and filthy pictures?" When about to reply to him, he started up at the call of another gentleman who was standing outside, and who had just cried out, pointing to our native assistant, "Oh,

that fellow's gone mad. Come away! come away!" So I was debarred the pleasure of replying to the vilification of this follower of the great Confucius. Such is a fair sample of at least five-sixths of the literary class in China, and nothing but Divine power and Divine love brought to bear upon them by the Divine Spirit Himself can bring these men to their right mind. Oh! pray that we may receive the Spirit, for we are good for nothing if He be not present with us.

To Mrs. Hill, Fulford.

Wuchang, September 4, 1867.

I sometimes feel almost painfully conscious of a want of deep tenderness and love for these souls whom Christ has bought with His own blood—the more abundantly to love them though the less I be loved. Of this standard of St. Paul's I seem to fall far short, but I have times of great refreshing now and then. Yesterday evening was one. The Lord Jesus was very near and the promises very precious, and then I hear them spoken directly to *me*, and I feel sure about their fulfilment. I wish this were a steady and constant experience. This is Sunday afternoon, and that's the reason I am holding a kind of band meeting with you. Sundays now are mostly spent in Wuchang till evening, when the sun is near setting and we can get out; then I cross the river, and we have a meeting amongst ourselves in Hankow. In the morning it generally falls to my lot to hold a service in our chapel. But I am very sorry to say that no outsiders have joined us in it yet, and this morning, as my teacher has gone in for his M.A. examination, there was *only my servant present!* This seems very slow work, and I am at my wits' end to

know how to hasten it. Driven to seek Divine aid, I look for the help of the Blessed Spirit who can incline men's hearts to turn to the true God, for our urging and inviting at our weekly service does not bring them.

To the same.

October 17, 1867.

I have written to Napier about the ways and means of his coming up from Canton, and hope to see him here in a month or so. This change is like the bright shining after rain. The Lord has certainly been very kind to us of late, first restoring my health, then giving an entrance into Wuchang, then money for a chapel, then a colleague to live with me here, and I hope and believe He will soon give us a good plot of ground. Indeed, I hear of one now which I think not unlikely. . . . The battle with the evil one and the powers of darkness has sometimes been a hard struggle, but the Captain has been with us, and will give us the victory.

When Napier arrives he will, I expect, come to Wuchang from the first, and so I am about to make some little alterations in this establishment.

On Wednesday, November 20, the whole of the vast population dwelling in the three cities of Hankow, Wuchang, and Hanyang was startled beyond measure by a double explosion or shock which, like an earthquake, shook the ground and every building for miles around. Walls fell down, tiles came down in showers, and the wreckage and ruin were terrible. A powder magazine in Wuchang had exploded and numbers of men, women, and children were killed, some burnt, others destroyed by

falling timbers and stones, or struck by shell or shot. A piece of shell several pounds in weight burst into Mr. Hill's house, and fell on the spot where he usually sat. Mercifully he was absent for a few days in Hankow, or he would certainly have been killed. It was consoling to the Mission that in this day of calamity the Chinese at once asked their help, and Dr. Porter Smith was speedily in Wuchang dealing with the worst cases.

From the Journal.

December 21.—Last Sunday (December 15) just after the service in which I had been helped to preach from "As Moses lifted up the serpent," etc., to about ten or a dozen people, who should come in but Napier himself. He had come up by the "Fire Queen," and had not been able to send a chit announcing his plans of procedure. His arrival has necessarily broken in somewhat on ordinary duties, some time having been occupied in going the round of the city of Hankow. Wednesday was my birthday, when Scarborough and Cox did me the honour of a dinner, and the whole Mission united together and spent a pleasant evening. . . . Another plot of land is offered, but the price is high and the site is not very eligible.

December 29.—Thursday night Scarborough went on board the boat for Shanghai, where he hopes to get married.

The following account, written by Mr. Napier, gives a graphic picture of his and Mr. Hill's life in Wuchang:

The house, *i.e.*, the filling-in between the uprights that supported the roof, was of mud; one night after heavy

rain the front wall fell down altogether, and exposed the courtyard, etc., to public gaze. Originally there was no ceiling to the rooms, nor any flooring to the ground or wainscoting to the walls; but before my arrival these had been supplied in a rough-and-ready way. There was a study for each of us, with a room between, small enough, that served for the chapel, and also for dispensary once a week when the doctor came over; a dining-room, a bedroom, together with a tiny kitchen, servants' room, etc. Of rats we had abundance, and every evening we used to see their bright eyes peering through the chinks of the planks that formed the ceiling, used to hear them scurrying after one another, or waking up in the middle of the night used to see two or three in the bedroom, most likely one of them trying with all its might to get at the oil in the lamp burning in the room. We had English bedsteads, etc., for at that time it was not recognised by us that it was necessary to become a Chinaman to the Chinese that thereby we might the more readily win them to the faith of Jesus Christ. Indeed, I remember our having a long talk with old Lou, the teacher, who was very decided in his opinion that it would not be advisable to dress as a Chinaman: for, said he, the people will recognise at once from your face that you are not a native, and will also at once conclude that you must be contemplating some underhand piece of work that leads you to try and pass yourself off for a Chinaman; they will not believe in your motives being pure and disinterested. We also lived in regard to food in as nearly an English way as we could. We had no luxuries; how could we when our cook had been promoted to that office from being a water-coolie *per saltum*? Hill taught him a little cooking, and he picked up a little from other cooks down in the Con-

cession ; but, save and except the rice, which, of course, was cooked well, the result was oftentimes such as to try contentment ; and yet who could grumble (well, some did) when Hill cheerfully took it all as part of the day's proceedings, and was thankful that there was something to eat, even if it was tough and tasteless, or tasty with a wrong taste ? His contentment taught at least one person to be content. Let me sketch the day's life—the ordinary round—this will give me an opportunity of enlarging on some points in his character and ways.

We breakfasted at 8 a.m., and after prayers together separated to our respective studies for the morning's work. Hill also had Chinese prayers with the servant, who became a Christian. This over, he generally betook himself to the study of the Greek Testament, with dictionaries and other helps that he might have, sparing no pains that he might become master of the meaning of Holy Scripture in the letter. But more characteristic than this was the practice of meditation that he daily pursued ; not a mere dreaming, but a resolute endeavour to gain the spiritual truth underlying the letter, and thereon to feed the inner life of his own soul, and to be able also to feed the flock of Christ committed to his care. I picture him now with his favourite Greek Testament, a notebook of sheets of paper stitched together and covered (I think) with brown paper, and a pen in hand ; thus he would "look into the perfect law of liberty," and what he saw he recorded, and what he recorded he "continued therein," and so his life grew stronger and his path clearer as he saw more and more of the "wondrous things" in the gospel. I do not know that I ever read any of these records of his meditations, but from his conversation I am sure that, if they still survive, they would be of great benefit to all those who

seek to sound the depths of the truth, and who would not willingly be content with what can be gained by a cursory glance, or even a mere devotion (very necessary as a preliminary) to dictionary and grammar. The result of this habit of meditation was to be seen also in his letters, in which in the most unconstrained way he would bring in a quotation (in Greek), applying it in a manner which showed that he had thought out the sacred writer's thought for himself, and that it was the Divine truth presented in his own way.

Therefrom also came a readiness in drawing out an outline for addresses, especially to the converts ; it was no mere general teaching that he gave, but definite doctrine, always supported by the authority of the various writers of the Bible, readily suggested to him by his thorough study and meditation therein. I have spoken of the New Testament. I am sure he did not undervalue or neglect the Old Testament ; but he seemed, as far as my observation went, to bend himself more to the New.

Then there came the study of the Chinese language. To this he came heavily handicapped, inasmuch as he had no ear for music. To illustrate this I may say that on one occasion, when having family prayers in Chinese, according to custom, he tried a hymn ; it was a long metre, and in one verse he sang a different tune to each line without being conscious of anything extraordinary. But he had come to China, sent by God he believed, and, therefore, he would, in one way or another, learn the language to the best of his powers, that he might preach to the Chinese in their own language the wonderful works of God.

Then about 1 p.m. came lunch, usually light—rice, eggs, and tea ; about 2 p.m. the doors of the house were

opened for preaching to the heathen. The house in Ho Hsing T'ang was not in a good position, being down a side street, and hence the congregations were small, and sometimes no one had leisure, or desire, or even curiosity, to come and see or hear. But the opportunity was given, and Hill was always ready to preach, having before lunch pondered over what he was going to talk about, and having sought the aid of the teacher in regard to suitable expressions for Christian ideas, and also (what was very important) to apt quotations from the classics or a telling proverb. He would talk about half an hour, and then if the worthy native preacher, Mr. Chü, was there, he wou'd follow with words of explanation and exhortation. But it was not so much upon the general preaching to the number that he relied; his experience taught him, as it has taught all others I suppose, that the foreigner is only too likely to be misunderstood, and that on important points, either because his pronunciation is defective or because, the subject-matter being new to his hearers, they twist his words in a wonderful fashion. He believed strongly in the dealing and talking with *individuals*, and so after preaching he was willing to stay any length of time talking with any seekers after truth, and opening out to them the truth he had already preached, or clearing their minds from error on that or any other point of religious truth; so, too, would he bear with those who came from curiosity or to make fun, hoping thereby to make them inquirers, and, please God, disciples.

After the daily afternoon service it was our custom to take a walk, if possible, on the hill in the city or outside the walls, at which time he would enjoy the freedom from work and give himself up to the enjoyment of the fresh air, but only by that means to gain fresh energy and

“spring” for further work and toil. With a steady, swinging pace have we many a time gone down the main street of Wuchang arm-in-arm, watching with amusement the puzzled expression of the natives as with one accord they got out of the way and made an open path for the two “foreign devils” who made such unseemly haste. Back to dinner, and afterwards to work of one kind or another; and at 9 p.m. we had tea in one or other of the studies—tea without milk, and bread without butter, but with brown sugar as a substitute. Then work was put away, and, if the mail had come in, papers, etc., were eagerly devoured. At any rate there was much talk of the work of the day, of the plans for the morrow, or discussion concerning the best method of carrying on the Mission work. . . . And our evening talks, oft prolonged till midnight, gave an insight into another of his characteristics, namely, his conscientiousness. “An insight,” I have said, but in truth one soon had that if one were only with him for a comparatively short time; but what I mean is an extreme, even morbid, conscientiousness. His conscience was tender, excessively so; he made scruples about things which it was difficult for some of us (perhaps too lax in that respect) to understand, and (may I confess it?) to put up with patiently—scruples which if they became universal would greatly paralyse all work. But even this was not without its beneficial side, for it acted as a kind of perpetual reminder to those with him that, even if with St. Paul they thought they could say, “I have nothing against myself,” there was a further necessity to examine and see whether the inward judge were pure and honest. Then came the end of the day when we retired to rest, and the characteristic of conscientiousness showed itself most strongly, conscientiousness of delight as well as of

duty. No matter what the time was, no matter how tired body or mind, or both, might be, there was to be no stint of the communion with God before he lay down to rest. Emphatically, Hill was a man of prayer; for himself he prayed, for his companions and friends, but I think above all for the work in China.

From the Journal.

January 23, 1868.—This morning nearness to God in prayer, especially when presenting the oft-repeated cry for a new place. . . . I do seek and desire that this our new chapel may be a House of Prayer in more senses than one, devoted to this purpose, and given in answer to this duty.

March 13.—As to land, I still keep it a matter of earnest private prayer. Mr. Chiang has the matter now in hand, and is trying to find out the owners of two or three plots of land in the Long Street. Jen* brought the offer of a plot for 500 taels in that street, not far from the former one, and, indeed, I think it is the same one which Chu San Yang offered some time ago.

In April, 1868, he went for a short trip down the river with Mr. Scarborough. This was partly evangelistic and partly for health's sake, as he was feeling the effects of too close application to study.

This tour was the first of many, many subsequent ones, and the first glimpse of that itinerant evangelism afterwards so dear to his heart and which made him beyond anything else a pioneer preacher, declaring, like Paul, the gospel of Christ in regions where He had not been named. The whole account of the trip is too lengthy for quotation,

*Jen is his new teacher. Lou had gone away for a time on business.

but the description of their reception in Huang-chou Fu may be given :

About noon we crossed the river to Huang-chou Fu, on the right bank of the Yangtse, and after a five or ten minutes' walk entered the city gate (Chin Yüan Men), and, keeping straight on for a while, we saw a good turn to the left, so took the route, soon taking our stand not far away from another of the gates of the city, where we sold a few books, and Scarborough preached. Here we learnt that military and literary examinations were going on in the city. Still we kept to our work, but soon the crowd so increased that the street was fairly filled up through which we were going, and the people beginning to be boisterous. So we turned to an open space. . . . Here I began to speak, when Scarborough's hat was knocked off. The crowd being very large and noisy, we could not preach long, so moved on, when stones began to fly around us, and they jostled, kicked, and hustled, but kept buying books most of the time. Then my hat was knocked off, and they tried to get both it and the books out of my hand, but succeeded in neither, we quietly keeping on towards the gate after one halt to quiet the crowd by a few exhortations. Then outside the city both Scarborough and I had a good long preach, which for my part I intensely enjoyed, for the people listened most eagerly, and the Lord helped me as I had not been helped all the time before. I felt He was there and stilled the violence of the people. Having talked till I could not talk much longer, I went on towards the boat, from which we sold a few books, and then just as we were departing the hundred-and-fifty or two hundred people who lined the high river bank gave us their farewell

benediction by pelting us with clods of earth, a little harmless diversion to them and no hurt to us.'

No one who has ever known David Hill will fail to hear and see him in this last transcript. Most noteworthy are the words, "I intensely enjoyed." A man with a large heart, it has well been said, never lives a small life. He has his sorrows, but he no less surely has his joys. One deep, sacred passion filled David Hill's heart—the salvation of China. For this he was well content to endure and to suffer, but it was not suffering only. To preach Christ, even to hostile crowds, was pure joy, and satisfied the inmost longings of his soul. One can see him preaching till he could no longer speak, but happy to his inmost heart because the people were listening and the Lord Himself was with him.

All this time he was still kept in uncertainty about the land for the new chapel. He had obtained a plot on the main street, but the mandarin refused to sign the deed of sale. Acting on the Consul's advice, Mr. Hill took possession, and turned the existing house into a chapel, which was opened in May, 1869. The congregation improved with the better position, and there were more inquirers, and at last, in December, 1869, the deeds were received all duly signed, and possession secured. "It is," he writes, "I trust the turning tide of victory which has now set in." It was even so, yet the tide turned then, as always, imperceptibly. Very, very slowly the Church was built up in Wuchang, one by one baptisms are recorded, and the largest increase for one year came in 1871, when four new members were added. By this time two schools had been opened, and a house built. The infant Church was the object of constant care and solicitude, but

amidst disappointments and failures on the part of some there grew up a little steadfast company who proved faithful to their Lord and repaid their pastor's devotion by loyalty and love. Amongst these was Mr. Lou, Mr. Hill's first teacher, and one of the earliest converts. He had now begun to preach.

Other events must now be briefly glanced at. In 1869 Mr. Napier married, and took his bride to Hankow until the new house should be built in Wuchang; but all the glad anticipations of the future were soon overcast. Mrs. Napier died the following summer, and Mr. Napier's health became so seriously impaired that it was necessary for him to return to England. In his friend's joys and sorrows Mr. Hill fully shared. He nursed and watched over him in his illness and loneliness, and saw him depart for England with a sad heart. Once more he was left alone in Wuchang. Meanwhile Dr. Smith had left China also, and had been succeeded by Dr. E. P. Hardey.

In July, 1869, there took place in the north of China one of those terrible and murderous outbursts of Chinese hatred to the foreigners with which we have grown more and more familiar in later days—the Tientsin massacre. Hatred of the foreigner, at any rate on the part of the officials, underlies the whole Chinese question, and, in the opinion of so eminent an authority as Sir Robert Hart, these disturbances are not likely to cease unless we have “a miraculous spread of Christianity.” “If,” he says, “in spite of official opposition and popular irritation, Christianity were to make a mighty advance, and so spread through the land as to convert China into the friendliest of friendly powers, and the foremost patron of all that makes for peace and goodwill; that, too, would prick the Boxer balloon and disperse the noxious gas which threatens to

swell the race-hatred programme and poison and imperil the world's future. . . . ”

With the rest of the community Mr. Hill was deeply moved by the painful tragedy at Tientsin, but it led him to look forward more and more to the spread of Christianity as the great cure for this racial hatred and misunderstanding. During the latter part of this period Mr. Cox had been absent on furlough. He now returned, bringing with him his bride, and some rearrangements became necessary. The number of inquirers who had come forward in the neighbourhood of the town of Wusueh and Kuang-chi in response to the evangelistic labours of Mr. Hill, Mr. Scarborough, Mr. Bryson, and others, made an extension of the work in that direction very desirable. Mr. and Mrs. Cox therefore, took up their abode in the new house built for Mr. and Mrs. Napier in Wuchang, and Mr. Hill was set at liberty to go farther afield. He removed to Wusueh to live in the autumn of 1872, having already spent a good part of the year in visits to the neighbourhood. And he left in Wuchang the sure foundation of what is now a prosperous and well-equipped Mission Church, having those three kinds of work which are so essential to all missionary labour in China—evangelistic, educational, and medical. There is now a well-filled chapel, with over one hundred members, a Day School, and a High School so full that scholars have to be declined. Medical work, as we have seen, has been carried on from the first, but this is increased now by a dispensary, and a small hospital for women, in charge of a lady doctor and a trained nurse. Thus is established in this capital of the great province of Hupeh a witness for the faith of Jesus Christ, an agency for doing good to the bodies and souls of men in His name, and last, but not least, a sure proof that David Hill did not sorrow, toil, nor pray in vain.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHURCH AT WUSUEH.

1872-1873. Age 32-33.

WUSUEH, Mr. Hill's new station, was very different from Wuchang. He left a large walled city for a busy country town. It is situated on the Yangtse, one hundred-and-twenty miles below Hankow; the great river is here less than a mile wide. On its opposite bank rise beautiful green hills, whose slopes are clad with whispering pines, and whose sides are furrowed with glades all tremulous with delicate maiden hair. Wusueh itself lies exceedingly low, and is only kept from inundation by an embankment several miles long. Its position on the river gives it considerable commercial importance, though politically it is of less consequence than the much smaller town of Kuang-chi, the residence of the *hsien* or county magistrate, and where the county courts are situated.

From these two towns Mr. Hill travelled forth through a wide country—a district as large as the county of Durham. Here he preached in nearly every town and village, and became well known. There were few people in the whole country-side who did not know Li Mu-shih—*i.e.*, Mr. Hill—and the Gospel he taught. Sometimes he went up or down the river by the native boats, at others he jogged along inland on his old pony, who in his best days never went very fast. Oftener still he walked, preaching, distributing and selling books or tracts, giving medicines, and prescribing simple remedies in all the villages and at all the native inns where he stopped to rest. In the

summer evenings he would go to the river side and preach to the crowds who resorted thither to cool themselves in the evening breeze.

The new station at Wusueh had before his arrival been held by the American Methodists. But the work of this Society was developing more rapidly in another province, and its missionaries were anxious to concentrate their labours there. They therefore offered the W.M.S. the opportunity of taking their Mission in and around Wusueh. This was agreed to, and Mr. Hill came to work which had been begun and was in several ways more promising than that he had left. Candidates for baptism were already waiting. But though the work was in a rather more advanced stage and more fruitful than that at Wuchang, it had its own special cares and responsibilities. He had to protect the Christians from attempts to oppress and injure them, he had to watch carefully over the adherents and attendants at public worship, and admit none to Church fellowship who were living openly sinful lives, and he had even in the church itself to dismiss some for serious moral fault. Such sins as stealing, lying, wife-beating, opium-smoking, and adultery called for prompt and faithful dealing, and in all these things Mr. Hill administered a discipline at once faithful, wise, and kind. For such administration he was now well qualified. He had been in China for nearly eight years. During that time he had had much experience of the peculiar trials of a missionary's life. Especially had the sorrows of his own heart deepened his sympathy and tenderness in regard to all spiritual conflict and his hatred to all sin.

Besides his general oversight and work in behalf of the Church, he was most anxious to train native agents, who should preach Christ in their own tongue, and with no

faltering foreign speech. His thoughts and prayers were much concentrated on this most important subject.

His position was a very lonely one, and such loneliness as we in this country cannot realise. There was no other European near, and so cut off was he from all old associates and friendly intercourse that sometimes he would look wistfully up the river and watch for the passing of a British steamer to gladden his longing eyes. His friends all told him that he should marry, and glad would he have been to do so could he have seen his way clear. For never could there have been a more chivalrous, devoted husband, or more loving, tender father than David Hill. But as he again and again thought of it he came always to the same conclusion. A home of his own, with a wife and children to care for, would restrict his evangelistic labours and greatly imperil his stay in the country. So for Christ's sake and for China's sake he gave up these joys.

But though he was lonely at Wusueh, it would be wrong to picture him as unhappy. He loved his work, and it filled his heart. His journal clearly shows that after recent conflict his soul was finding peace, that the work in Wusueh engaged his deepest interest, and that often the presence of his Lord filled him with joy. There is, indeed, a paradox in all such lives as this which has never been so fully expressed as by the Apostle Paul when he wrote, "As unknown and yet well known, as dying and behold we live, as chastened and not killed, as sorrowful yet always rejoicing, as poor yet making many rich, as having nothing and yet possessing all things." The same idea is not inadequately set forth in Myers' "St. Paul":

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land, and homeless on the water,
Pass I in patience till my work be done,

"Lonely and homeless." That is a pathetic picture, for home and friends are earth's best gifts, and to such lonely souls our hearts go out in very sympathy. But this is only the earthward side, and there is also the heavenly:

Yet not in solitude, if Christ anear me,
Waketh Him workers for the great employ ;
Oh, not in solitude, if souls that hear me,
Catch from my joyaunce the surprise of joy.

* * * * *

What was their sweet desire and subtle yearning,
Lovers, and women, whom their song enrobs ?
Faint to the flame which in my heart is burning,
Less than the love wherewith I ache for souls.

Yes, this is true, too, and this is the heavenly side. For David Hill might have summed up his life as did another eminent servant of the Lord Jesus, the late Professor Tholuck, "I have one passion, and that is Christ." Therefore, though he was lonely, he was not alone, though homeless he was not desolate. It was to the first missionaries that Christ said, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world," and the words are true. So we see David Hill, for his friends have described these things for us, sitting in his dingy, dreary study, walking through heavy roads in winter from place to place, walking under the hot sun in summer till tired out, staying in crowded, dirty, evil-smelling native inns, or sailing in native boats surrounded by gambling, swearing, opium-smoking Chinese, returning at last to an empty, comfortless house overrun with rats and barely keeping out wind and rain, burdened with many cares, often face to face with danger and peril, yet through all calm, serene, and happy. "My life in China," he said once in the writer's hearing, "is such a very happy one that I cannot call it self-denial,"

Yes, to him, too, was "this grace given that he should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ," and this joy had so fused his heart that it burned with the passion for saving souls, nothing else mattered to him very much by the side of this absorbing principle. For this everything else might stand on one side. Here is the key and solution of his life, and there is no other. Such a man needs not pity, for his being is lifted up out of the ordinary human plane. He is not alone, for Christ is with him. He it is who is ever directing him, inspiring his heart with tender pity and divine compassion for the helpless and suffering, and enabling him to declare the evangel that saves men from sin and raises them up into new manhood and to holy purpose, and irradiating his own life with His blessed presence.

Francis of Assisi was no truer follower of Jesus Christ in poverty and simplicity of life than was David Hill. They are kindred spirits indeed in their sweetness, purity, and loving kindness, and in different ages and in different climes they were both possessed by the same dominant idea literally to follow Jesus, and to witness for Him to men, and in this fact is the explanation of their similarity. We need not go back to the middle ages, or even to apostolic times to see how to follow Christ, for the nineteenth century has given us to see how our modern life may be lived according to the apostolic method.

The reaction against asceticism has gone far and wide, and to-day we are in no danger from this evil. And let us not confound things that differ. Self-denial and asceticism are poles asunder. Christ came into this world and lived the life of a poor working man, and He was no ascetic. Following Him, David Hill lived a life of poverty and self-denial, and his beautiful and holy renunciation was

not the old monastic ideal of thereby purifying his own soul but that China might be saved.

During his life at Wusueh Mr. Hill was free to develop his own ideas, and adapt his life, as he thought best, to the needs of the work. A growing feeling on the advantages of poverty was one result. This will be seen in the letters and extracts from his journal which follow. And this view he kept to the end of his life. He believed that this was the will of God for him. But he did not judge others. His brethren were as free as he was to follow the Lord's will as they understood it, and as it was revealed to them. In his large-hearted charity he ever acknowledged the sincerity and devotion of others where they differed from himself. His own methods were undoubtedly successful, and won for him a wide influence, and the love of the Chinese. Loneliness, self-denial, and humility were the externals of David Hill's life on earth henceforth, but far more than these outward things, which captivate the imagination and arrest the attention of the most careless, was the spirit of inward devotion and ardent love to Christ. In this spiritual fellowship he was one with other men who differed from him. They, too, however diverse their views might be, reverenced him and loved him. As one of them—Rev. T. Bryson—says most truly and tersely, "You might question his *methods*, but you could never question *him*."

We must turn now to Mr. Hill's own letters and journal. These will be found to have three main currents of thought, as already indicated.

First, how to uphold the law of righteousness by a firm, wise, yet kind and patient discipline. Second, how best to teach and train native agents. Third, how to come as near as possible to his Chinese brethren, to share their lives and their sorrows, in order in every possible way to

preach Jesus. Before doing this, however, a characteristic little story told by Mr. Chü, the beloved and honoured native minister from the earliest days of the Mission, may be inserted.

Mr. Hill once asked me during a visit I paid to Wusueh :

“ What is the most important thing in the religion of Jesus ? ”

“ Love,” I replied.

“ Love to the bodies or to the souls of men ? ” he answered.

“ Both,” I said.

“ You are quite right,” he replied, “ and before I came to China I had decided to spend all I had with this end in view.”

This two-fold love so constantly taught by the Master, both by precept and example, was never forgotten by His servant. He was wont to quote the words of St. James :

“ If a brother or sister be naked and in lack of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Go in peace, be ye warmed and filled, and yet ye give them not the things needful to the body, what doth it profit ? Even so faith, if it have not works, is dead in itself.”

To Mrs. Hill.

Wusueh, Dec. 7, 1872.

I am thankful to God that I am now nearing the *Itinerant* Methodist preacher style more than when in Wuchang. My last letter would be from Wuchang, and, by the way, I may say here that should you now and then miss a mail do not be uneasy, as from Inland Stations in

China there is no regular postal communication as in England.

Well, to begin from where I left off in my last. We left Wuchang on Friday, November 22nd, that is, Mr. Bryson, of the L.M.S., and myself, he having accepted an invitation to go down with me for a few days. I had previously sent several of my goods and chattels by native boat, reserving only one portmanteau and the pony for the steamer. We got down pretty well. The poor nag had the pleasure of a rather cold bath when he left the steamer. He had to plunge clean off into the middle of the river, which, on a November day, would not be most pleasant. The captain feared to put him off into a boat lest he should get restive and some of the passengers come to grief. However, he got ashore not much worse for the plunge. That Sunday Mr. Bryson preached twice in Wusueh, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered after the afternoon service. He preached clearly and faithfully and with power; twenty or thirty present. . . .

The account of an itinerant tour follows, which want of space makes it necessary to omit. He concludes:

Here I am now in my little study, in which the stove I had in Wuchang now stands. The place is becoming settled gradually, and the work familiar. Oh, that it may be blessed of God! The school is only small—some twelve or thirteen scholars. You will be glad to hear that Mr. Brewer is nearing Hankow. The mail he came by was due in Shanghai on the 5th December, so he may be there now.

On Christmas Day Mr. Cox has invited us all to meet there. There is just a doubt as to whether I shall get away,

though I think I must try if I can. I don't want to leave my work if I ought to be here, or to leave my brethren if I ought to be there. The work here is by far the most encouraging which I have had anything to do with since I came. You will pray for me I trust that I may not hinder but help forward the work of our Lord. It seems as though it indefinitely postponed my return, but for such a work I don't think either you or father will object; indeed, father is kind enough to relieve me of doubt on that point; but in all this may light from above be granted, and grace to walk in the way be given. Mr. and Mrs. Cox were well when I last heard. They thank you for kind remembrances. With love to father and all,

Yours affectionately,
DAVID HILL.

To the same.

Here I am in a funny little room at the back of our Native School Room, with your letter before me. But if I were to write a sheet full about the room you would have a very faint idea of it. I will tell you one thing, however. It is boarded off from the rest of the house, and through the crevices between the boards I every now and then see some Chinese sisters come and peep. The old teacher's wife lives with him on the premises, and she seems to have a good many friends whom she indulges with a sight of the illustrious stranger by these furtive means.

From the Journal.

December 20.—The native brethren gave me a feast in honour of the 18th (his birthday). Chang prayed for me, a prayer which touched me.

January 8, 1873.—Just back from Wuchang, where I have been spending Christmas and attending the District meeting. Met Brewer, who is just out from England.

January 11.—Rode to Wusueh (from Li-mu-ch'iao). Driving sleet on this half of the way. Roads bad. Did it in four and a-half hours. Found on my return that Chang was dead, so I am now without a native preacher here. God is thus teaching me to seek more fully His aid in consultations and decisions, and to cast myself more entirely on His mercy, grace, and guidance, and on His Holy Spirit's ever-present aid. Chang's loss I have already felt not a little. His honesty, sincerity, and reliability were a great comfort to me. His sympathy with a foreigner, his respect for his pastor, his feeling with and for me in many little things had attached me more to him than to any other Chinaman in so short a time as I had known him. His loss will be deeply felt amongst our people, for he was faithful with them, and they could trust him. His wife had come up and was with him when he died. She asked, "Does the Lord save you now?" He raised both hands, calling upon God as in final victory, and so passed away. The last interview I had with him affected me to tears. After I had prayed, he, sitting up in bed in feeble-ness extreme, voluntarily prayed the blessing of God on me, on Li-mu-ch'iao, on the work of God, and then I bade him good-bye, fully expecting to find him alive, better I hoped, for he was improving. But he is gone, and our next meeting will be on the Resurrection morning.

January 20, 1873.—Went by east road to Kuang-chi, rested at Ssu-fu-ssu. To this place the roads wretched. From this to Kuang-chi better, scenery finer. Hills

snow-covered, very pretty. The fir woods dark on the white background of snow. Arrived at Kuang-chi 6 p.m.

21.—Drew out plans for the new chapel. Wood purchased, etc. Met the brethren in the evening, twenty or more. Spoke from Matt. xxvii. 18-20. The presence of the Spirit felt. Praise, praise to God.

22.—Investigating Chu Yin Chü's affair. His chief offence is in his unguarded tongue. He raises enemies to himself, and sets the brethren at loggerheads through it. Went to the house of Hsia Chien Shih to get at the bottom of "the squeeze" affair. At night met the Li-mu-ch'iao brethren, read the Rules to them and explained them. Spoke to Chu Yin Chü of the public scandal his doings had caused. Could wish he felt it more.

February 14.—*Foster came down to stay a few weeks.

February 22.—Foster took Wusueh, and relieved me for Li-mu-ch'iao, where I dwelt on the sifting of Satan. Luke xxii. 31-32. On Monday went round by Chu Yin Chü's and Hsia Hsin Fa's to investigate reports about them. The former that of illtreating his wife, the latter of adultery. The former acknowledged to scolding and using bad words, the latter denied *in toto*.

March 9.—Foster left. His visit was a refreshment. It has, I trust, deepened a friendship begun in Wuchang, and one for which I trust I shall have to bless God for ever. There is nearer similarity of view, plan, purpose and hope in life between us than between myself and, I think, any other man in China. He will, I trust, be used of God for a great work in this country. His earnestness has here and there shown me my laziness and lack.

13.—Scarborough came down to preach opening sermons in Kuang-chi.

14.—Went to Kuang-chi. Surprised to find so much still to do in the chapel.

March 15.—The total cost of the chapel is 500,000 cash, or £100, and will be, I trust, erected free of funds from England. The place was lighted up with eighteen grand native lamps, borrowed for the occasion, and looked well.

March 16.—The opening services of the Kuang-chi-Methodist Chapel.

7.30.—A prayer-meeting. Not many present.

10.30.—Chapel crowded. Scarborough preached. After the service the people, chiefly Christians or Christian inquirers, left at our request, and the chapel was immediately refilled by outsiders. I spoke about the burning the books at Ephesus, and when I had finished Mr. Chang* addressed the people.

2.0. p.m.—Scarborough preached again on "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." After his sermon was concluded, T'ang Shih-fu and his son T'ang Chiüng Po and Chang Yün Hsing were received into the Church by baptism. Then the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to about twenty Christians. In the evening we had a crowded chapel at public evening prayers, after which addresses were again given, and thus ended one of the most remarkable days I have seen in China. To God be all the glory!

Kuang-chi has for many years now been a prosperous and settled Church, with a foreign resident married missionary. In its early days it went through strange vicissitudes, the story of which Mr. Hill afterwards told in his

* Son of Mr. Chang, the Native Teacher.

"Twenty-five Years in Central China." Briefly, they are as follows. About the time he went to Wusueh it happened that a missionary was speaking at a meeting held in a quaint old hall in the city of York, and said, amongst other things, that a colporteur could be maintained in China at a cost of £12 a year. Thereupon a lady present offered to give that sum, and Mr. Chang Ho Chin was forthwith engaged. He was enthusiastic in the work and travelled far and wide in the Hupeh Province. In the course of his journeyings he visited Kuang-chi, on the eastern border of the Province. Here he found some farmers and fishermen who professed interest in the books he sold. They urged him to open a station there, and he returned to Wuchang to consult on the subject, leaving his books under the care of Farmer Hsia Hsin Fa, but no sooner had he left the place than his boxes were rifled and his books burnt. Mr. Hsia was an unsafe person to trust with his books, it appeared, for he had enemies among the Roman Catholics, and was only seeking the aid of the Protestants to help him fight his foes. Soon Mr. Hill came down to inquire into the affair of the book-burning, and, failing to bring the culprits to order, he appealed to the Kuang-chi Mandarin. The Mandarin was all politeness until he learned the object of his visitor's call, and then he was very surly indeed, and when Mr. Hill, as a last resource, quoted the Treaty-Clause by which missionaries, their converts, and their property are to be protected by every Mandarin, he only said rudely: "What do I know about your Treaty-Clauses?" So Mr. Hill returned to Hankow. There, as he was walking on the bund (embankment) in the British part of the city, he met Mr. Alabaster, the British Consul, who accosted him cheerily:

"Hallo, Hill! Any news?"

"None for the Consul," was the reply.

"Well, then for Mr. Alabaster," said the Consul, with a twinkle in his eye, "if he promises not to tell the Consul?"

But he had to coax Mr. Hill for some time, until he elicited the fact of the Kuang-chi Mandarin's contemptuous words about the Treaty-Clauses. That proved to be more than the official mind could bear, especially as he had himself just been badly snubbed by the Chinese Foreign Office. He wrote to Pekin and mentioned the Kuang-chi Mandarin in such terms that his dismissal promptly followed. The facts became known at Kuang-chi, and the excitement was immense, and the respect for the foreigner who could have a Mandarin dismissed at his pleasure went up by leaps and bounds. A deputation waited upon him promptly. Hundreds wished to join his Church that they might enjoy his prestige and profit by his influence. Kept back and discouraged, they still continued to come, and there were no more popular places of resort in all the country than the new preaching halls. Only gradually did it dawn on the people that Mr. Hill was not to be cajoled and that his refusal was a fixed one. Then the numbers began to decline. For years the tide ebbed away, and few remained of all these would-be Christians. In the neighbourhood of T'ai-tung-hsiang out of seventy or eighty names only two or three inquirers remained. But one of these was a certain Liu Chou Yün, who for years afterwards proved one of the brightest and most useful Christians in the Church. "He took charge of one of our country chapels, and, besides sweeping and dusting it, preached daily without charge to the society for a long time. On one occasion, being rallied for his folly by an old acquaintance, he replied:

‘You say I am a fool to do all this menial work for the foreigner, but you are mistaken; I am not doing it for the foreigner at all. I am doing it for the Lord Jesus Christ.’” Through his energy and self-sacrifice a small chapel was erected near his home.

CHAPTER VIII.

ITINERANT EVANGELISM.

1873—1877. Age 33—37.

MR. HILL'S careful and wise administration in due time brought the Wusueh Church to a higher and purer level. Gradually those who had sought Church membership from interested motives were weeded out and those whose lives were sinful and inconsistent were dismissed. The difficulty of ruling such a Church is better understood when we learn that in Wusueh alone there were two hundred opium-dens, and that with these were associated other vices unspeakably degrading. It was only, therefore, by constant vigilance and watchfulness, by earnest and faithful teaching of the Gospel of Jesus, that it was possible to keep the flock from the contamination of evil, and to set before them the beauty of holiness. Gradually, as the people grew to understand Mr. Hill's doctrine and his motives fewer inquirers came out of idle curiosity and more of those who desired to learn the truth as it is in Jesus. By this time, too, Mr. Hill's facility in the language was, of course, very much increased, and as he travelled up and down the river, or walked from village to village, he grew familiar with Chinese usages and Chinese modes of thought. His letters are filled with interesting descriptions of many kinds, now, perhaps, of new mining operations, and of the probable effect of Western science on China, and now of the curious Chinese villages, with the individuals of each community all related to each

other, and settling at once all the village and family business in the ancestral hall. Sometimes the consciousness of his isolated, restricted life peeps out, as when he expresses the wish "for the calming influences of music," or, again, when he regrets his "intellectual barrenness." Here, indeed, he considers himself to blame for "laziness." Some men keep stock excuses for themselves. Mr. Hill kept stock reproaches, and, when everything else failed, he wrote himself down lazy.

Of the events of this period other than those mentioned in the following letters, a few words must be said.

The changes in the Missionary staff were numerous. To the deep regret of his brethren, Mr. Cox's health failed, and his valuable work was cut short, and he was obliged to return to England. About the same time Mr. Scarborough also returned home on a much-needed and well-earned furlough. Other missionaries were sent out—Messrs. Race, Brewer, Nightingale, Tomlinson, and Bramfitt. Mr. Race, until he married, lived at Kuang-chi, and he and Mr. Hill divided the work between them.

The reference to Mr. C. W. Mitchil's* arrival is of importance not only as noting the first steps in what proved a faithful and devoted life for China, but also as being the voluntary service of a layman, and thereby suggesting to Mr. Hill the idea of the Central China Lay Mission afterwards founded by him.

The murder of Mr. Margary about this time (1875) made a most painful sensation.

Mr. A. R. Margary,† of H.B.M.'s Consular Service, was directed to make a journey by way of the Yangtse up to Hankow, and thence through the provinces of Hunan,

* Mr. C. W. Mitchil died at Kuling, China, August, 1902.

† David Hill: Missionary and Saint.

Kweichow, and Yunnan, to Bhamo, that there he might meet a party under Colonel Horace Browne, and, returning as their interpreter and guide, open up a trade route between Burma and Western China.

He was furnished with all necessary credentials from the British Legation, and with passports from the Throne, and he successfully accomplished his long journey. On the return journey Margary, who had gone on a day or two in advance, was murdered, Browne's party was attacked, and the expedition was abandoned. The Chinese officials almost certainly connived at this treacherous act, and by it they secured the continued isolation of their western provinces and the exclusion of foreign trade. Great pressure was brought to bear upon China, and the British Secretary of Legation was sent with a high mandarin to investigate the case and secure the punishment of the murderers. Needless to say that the crime was never brought home to anyone, and that those who were probably guilty continued in high office. But an indemnity was paid, an Imperial proclamation was issued and posted up throughout the empire, asserting the right of safe conduct for all foreigners travelling with passports, and finally several new ports were thrown open to the commerce of the world. One of these was Ichang, on the Yangtse, four hundred miles above Hankow, at the foot of the mighty gorges through which the Great River rushes with terrific speed in its time of flood. It is only inch by inch, and very unwillingly, that China has been forced into contact with the outer world. She has never grudged a few thousand pounds and a head or two as the price of a murder which secured the closing of a trade route, but the result has always been the opening of other ports to all the world, for the English policy is

steadily to claim no exclusive advantages. A good deal of excitement was caused throughout the Yangtse valley by the reports of the vengeance to be taken, but this gradually died away for want of material to feed upon.

To his Father.

Wusueh, 22nd March, 1873.

The wealth of England is undoubtedly one of its greatest dangers. There is a loud call for earnest self-denial in the expenditure of daily life on the part of our people at home, and this example should be set by the ministers. . . . You will be glad to hear that three men and one boy were received into the Church on Sunday. May the Lord Himself keep them unto that day! The last few weeks have been very fully occupied with general visitation of the persons who have entered their names as candidates for Christian instruction. They are scattered far and wide. It is almost as though you had one minister in York, and he had to visit Malton, Pickering, Thirsk, etc., and villages intervening too numerous to name. How one man is to keep ahead of such a work is a problem for the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society to work out at their leisure. It is more—it is a question which ought to drive me and all who love the Lord Jesus to more earnest prayer for the raising up of native agents. For this I have lately been more stirred up, but do not yet give the time and earnest thought to it that I ought under the circumstances.

From the Journal.

June 29, 1873.—Once this week I felt as though a voice said, Look up! It was a gracious and seasonable word. Who it was that was praying for me I do not know. Sure

I am, however, that my great High Priest was. He ever liveth to make intercession. To-day, Sunday, have had a day full of work, not up till about seven, hence had prayers about nine, read and explained part of Mark ix. One or two prayed. Morning service: The attraction of the Cross. Afternoon: If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me. Wang Chün San baptized. May the Lord preserve his going out and his coming in from this time forth for evermore. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper, thirteen present. At six started for Ts'ai-chia-wan. After prayer in the house, spoke to a large and attentive congregation just as dusk was passing into night. After that went on to Hsi-chien-hu. Small meeting, spoke about the manna. The Lord helped me. The morning's subject, the attraction of the Cross, was most moving. Δόξα Θεῷ,
δόξα Θεῷ. Laus Deo! Laus Deo!

Wusueh, 5th Sept., 1873.

MY DEAR FATHER,—

. . . . I have been thinking a great deal lately about not taking any allowance at all from the Missionary Society. As far as I can see, in ordinary years I think my expenses need not exceed the £100 you are good enough to allow me. . . . It would hardly cost me anything, so that as a sacrifice it is not to be considered, and when placed by the side (nay, it should not be that) of the great sacrifice of Himself which Jesus Christ the Son of God made for us it only reveals the immense disparity which exists between us and Him.

To the same, undated.

The difficulties of Church administration are pressing upon me now—how to hit the right mean—not too hard

so as to drive men away, not too lax so as to retain men whom it were a disgrace and injury to retain. This line needs much wisdom, and experience tells me that it must be a wisdom in Love. For a fellow-sinner to have to administer discipline on another needs much more humility and love than I possess. But, blessed be God, the storehouse is open to me! "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." And out of His fulness we may receive. To be like Christ is Christian perfection, and we can only be so by union with Him.

To the same.

Wusueh, Sept., 1873.

There are several marks about the work in this Circuit now which make me feel unwilling, without sufficient cause, to entertain the idea of a return just now. The Lord in great mercy and unwearying kindness blesses me often-times in it, and there is more of a feeling of attachment springing up I trust between some of the natives and myself than I have known before. The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places, and I ought to say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!"

To the same, undated.

There are amongst the candidates for Church membership some upon whom I look with interest and hope. Baptized with the Holy Ghost in Pentecostal measure, they might prove mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds of Satan. If our friends will unite in earnest supplication for them and for me, too, that every hindrance to the onward triumph of the Holy Spirit may be removed they would do us a great, yea, an unspeakable service. . . .

As to my not getting married and "putting off the evil day," as you say, I can only say that it is a piece of advice often given in Methodist class meetings "to live a moment at a time, and that to the Lord." What this moment next year may indicate I can't say, but the present moment points to singleness of life, and so I don't worry myself about getting married; more than this I can't say. One of my best friends here, a member of the L.M.S., named Foster, sees in the state of the work in China a call to our young men *to devote themselves* to a celibate life for the sake of Jesus Christ and for the spread of His Kingdom, and there is doubtless a great deal to be said for it; but yet my view is that entire devotion to the Lord Jesus will give a man—each one for himself—an inward inspiration by which he will recognise what is the will of God without making any preconceived plan. But I do believe that with men of this stamp, enthusiastic in their love to Christ, there would be a large proportion of single men, and I should like to see this sign of the presence of God in the Church, both here and at home.

To the same, January, 1874.

Many thanks for the £150.

I blush in all things to abound,
The servant is above his Lord.

To the same.

November 23, 1874.

Since my last I have heard again of a large house in Wusueh which was offered to us last year, but the price being high and funds low, we did not negotiate. It may be that this is the answer to the prayer as to the proper disposal of your good gifts.

To the same.

January 9, 1874.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,—

. . . . We have received an offer of service from a Mr. Mitchil, a local preacher from the Loughborough Circuit, who has come out to China quite unexpectedly with the hope and purpose of aiding in bringing the Chinese to a saving knowledge of Christ. He seems a zealous young man, and the arrangement entered into is that he shall occupy Mr. Cox's old rooms at Han-yang, and proceed with the study of the language. He makes no application so far for pecuniary support, having some means of his own; but whether those means will prove sufficient is doubtful. I have no doubt, however, but that he will find enough support from one means or another should he approve himself to the brethren and show himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

To the same.

June 22, 1874.

On Friday last I came to Kuang-chi; against my usual practice, I took a chair, a mode of travelling I much dislike, but one which I thought would most shield me from the sun, the heat being now intense. On the way it rained heavily, and I could not help thinking, as I looked at those who were bearing me, of the contrasts between wealth and poverty which our Lord so pointedly shows in the narrative of the rich man and Lazarus. That narrative strangely excludes the moral element when speaking of those two men, and if considered apart from the other Scriptures most strongly favours a state of poverty and even suffering in this world. Poverty presents greater attractions to me as

I go on in life and look round on the world and on the New Testament records of the teachings of our Lord.

In 1876 Rev. E. E. (now Dr.) Jenkins, Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, arrived in Hankow, and presided at the District Synod, which Mr. Hill, of course, attended.

From the Journal.

January 16, Hankow.—Heard Mr. Jenkins on Thomas seeing and believing, in the English Church. A sermon for sceptics. The argumentative part not so effective as that in which he touched on pain, the fellowship of suffering which makes men cry out in agony “My Lord and my God!”

January 18.—Left [by steamer] with Mr. Jenkins, a man of deep and tender feelings. He proffered daily prayer for me, a real treasure for which I had not liked—dared—to ask. Hankow visit quickening and encouraging. The Kingdom of Christ is coming.

To his Father.

June 16, 1876.—The poor are the representatives of Jesus, and He has a great many in China. So many, indeed, that it is a puzzle to know how best to distribute to their necessities.

In October, 1876, Mr. Hill heard of the death of his brave, beloved and honoured father. With Mr. and Mrs. Bryson, he had come down from Wuchang, where Mr. Hill had been for the Chinese examination for literary degrees. They had visited also two or three of the smaller places, and then gone on to Kuang-chi. Leaving Kuang-

chi again, they travelled the twenty-three miles to Wusueh. Mr. Hill marched gallantly along by Mrs. Bryson's sedan, wearing his old "reefer" jacket and talking brightly of many things, but chiefly of home and of his father, and of the English mail he was expecting to find at Wusueh. They reached his close, gloomy rooms at last, with their floors of beaten earth, paper windows, and rough, uncovered rafters. Gloomy though it was, he had evidently done his best to make his poor abode look its best for his lady visitor. The mail was waiting, indeed, in Mr. Hill's dreary study, but alas! among the letters was a black-edged one with the York postmark. It brought the sad news, and it was well for the lonely man that he had friends with him that day, and that one of them was a good sweet, tender-hearted woman.

"We spent the next day on the hills across the river," says Mrs. Bryson, "singing hymns like that grand old Methodist one :

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee.

I have always since associated it with David Hill and that day. We also sang :

Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

We talked, too, about the state of the blessed dead and the mystery of the future life. Then we drifted, as was

always the case with those in the company of David Hill, into schemes and plans to help on the work of winning China for Christ.

" 'My last strong tie with home is broken now,' he said at last, standing up in a characteristic attitude on the green hillside; then, looking over to the low-lying crowded town on the further shore, with its white-walled houses, and strange tiled roofs sheltering the great population over which his soul yearned, he added: 'I think the Lord's purpose for me in this sorrow is to lead me to throw more strength and thought than I have ever done before into the work of winning these poor people for Him.' "

And those who watched him saw that he whose chief witness for Christ in China was in tenderness, compassion and kindness had more of these things than before.

" His father's death," says one of his colleagues, " made him more and more tender in all his dealings with men." It was a great loss, the unfailing sympathy, the wise, strong, faithful counsel, and the deep affection were missed indeed. It was an additional sorrow to Mr. Hill to think that he had disappointed his father's greatest earthly desire—to see him once again. He refers to his coming home in the last letter he wrote to his father, and after his removal naturally longed that he had been able to gratify his last wish.

Wusueh, October 13, 1875.

The news of your illness, which Edward's letter brought me, has led me to ask the Lord again to teach me His will as to returning home. I have not yet heard the command " Go," and would be guided by God rather than take my own way. A heaviness of heart comes

over me when I think about your nearing the journey's end, but the Lord will not leave you, His eye will guide you, His tender mercy will sustain you. "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust; His truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

The son's thoughts now dwelt much on the unseen life and the reunion in Heaven.

Writing to his brother, Mr. J. R. Hill, he says:

His death makes this earthly life a very different thing when I come calmly to look at it, and, as you say, lifts one's thoughts away to the great gathering above "of the spirits of the just men made perfect and the general assembly and Church of the first-born, and to God, the Judge of all, and to Jesus." And the removal of father to that great meeting-place makes one feel that it is near, and that we are come to it, that

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death!

By his father's will Mr. Hill inherited a large sum of money. The care of this was at first felt as a great burden. In the letter already quoted he says:

You refer to father's will. The burden of so much money is more than I can bear, unless, indeed, God calls me to it—and, therefore, I pray and hope that some way may be shown me of disposing of at any rate the greater part for the relief of the poor and the suffering either in China or in England. Your prayers on this behalf will be appreciated, for I don't wish by imprudent haste to go

wrong in this. It is out here a most difficult matter unless a man gives himself wholly to it. Being called to give myself to prayer and the ministry of the Word, I cannot see my way to do that; but the Lord will not leave me in this question, I trust.

He thought and prayed over the matter, and talked it over with his friend Arnold Foster, and finally came to the conclusion that he ought to retain in his own hands, as a trust to be used for God, this unwelcome responsibility. His journal shows the further working of his mind on this subject:

Another change which the loss of my father has brought about is the responsibility of a larger income and personal property. The responsibility of action rests upon me, and the thought broadens out, not only covering the one particular but the whole spiritual life. God gives us a will—a solemn and awful power—a will He expects us to employ, a will which He will not use for us. He will not do for us in willing and determining what we can do for ourselves. “Our wills are ours.” Emphatically so, but they are ours “to make them Thine.” And the Evangel of the Son of God is to the effect that these wills which had lost the power of executing their mandates may regain that again when we make them God’s by receiving His Spirit within us. But—and here has been my great error—God still requires of us the exercise of this faculty. He requires that we do will. He demands the concentration of all our force, the surrender of our whole mind to this dominant power, and then the subjection of this power itself to the Divine Will. And He gives us power to will, thus restoring the lost image of God, bringing back our perfected humanity in Jesus Christ, to whose

Cross all self-will is crucified. And consciously to possess this power of willing is as a resurrection from the dead. It is gladness and joy, an inspiration of life to all who know it, and to doubt this is death, paralysing and killing, whilst to believe it through Jesus, through faith in Him to be mine, this is life and victory, and it relegates the responsibility of action, which sin would have us throw off or ignore, and indolence would have us throw back upon God, to the right party, to him to whom God gave the power of willing, to me who may not guiltlessly throw it off.

“Who may not guiltlessly throw it off!” In this spirit did the man, who coveted poverty, accept the burden of wealth as a trust to be used for the glory of God.

This is almost the last entry in a journal which had been kept from the time of his arrival in Hankow in 1865. There are gaps latterly which show that his life was becoming too full for this tax on his time. Between the leaves, on separate sheets of paper, are to be found his prayer lists, long successions of subjects, covering all his work, and including the names of fellow-workers, converts and friends. Often they are headed by two Greek words—κατηγωνίσαντο βασιλείας—a contraction of Hebrews xi. 33. “Who through faith subdued kingdoms.” With his heart stayed by this sublime thought, David Hill knelt to pray. The last entry of all is a prayer. It is given here exactly as it stands:

Oh Lord, set my feet upon a rock, for I am very vacilating and am often not quite sure of my foothold.

Remove from me, O Lord, all that renders severe sifting a necessity, all that gives place to the devil to try

me. Give me singleness of eye and perfect purity of motive, so that there will be no need to hold over me the dread of shame, such humility of mind that all ends sought by outward humiliation may be anticipated, such forgetfulness and thoughtfulness for others that my own petty troubles may be lost in their joys.

Be thou, O Lord, nearer and more precious to me than a wife is to her husband.

In 1877 the first Shanghai Conference was held. Mr. Hill went to it reluctantly, fearing lest valuable time should be wasted in fruitless discussion. It proved far otherwise, and the value of mutual counsel and co-operation was very apparent, and he found his visit stimulating and refreshing. He had not been to Shanghai for eleven years, and notes with great interest the many changes and the advance towards Western civilisation. Most of all the spiritual fellowship and counsel stirred his eager spirit and aroused his keenest sympathies. He spoke himself in the Conference on three subjects :

1. On the value of itineration as an evangelistic agency.
2. On the translation of the Greek New Testament into Chinese, advocating a more correct and scholarly version than the existing one known as the Pekinese, and
3. On the Opium Traffic. He warmly supported Rev. A. E. Moule in a strong protest against the trade between India and China.

After the Conference it was suggested that it would be a good thing if Mr. Moule's paper, together with the discussion and the resolutions passed by the Conference, were printed for distribution in England. Mr. Hill, on his way back from the Conference to his station, wrote, "We ought not to let that idea drop—about printing the

essay and circulating it." Shortly afterwards he ordered at his own cost an edition of five thousand copies, and caused them to be sent to a number of ministers in England as well as to all members of both Houses of Parliament, and to some, if not all, of the Mayors of England. He returned to Wusueh invigorated and cheered, and soon after, in June, he wrote the following letter to his brother:

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

June 19, 1877.

As to help to the poor, I find that here in Wusueh these representatives of our King come right before me, and the thought comes home that I ought to do something for them. The sight of suffering poverty is very touching, very mysterious, very sad. If we saw and knew as much of it as Jesus did we should be men of sorrows too; and the real philosophy of life is to live near to it, mix with those burdened with it, and, as far as we can, relieve it.

Before many weeks had passed "suffering poverty" had made a fresh appeal to him, and one for which the years in Wusueh and Kuang-chi were meet preparation. Again, and in a deeper sense, he was to feel the burden and sorrow of the poor, for he was called to go to minister to the starving thousands in the North of China. So did the blessing of God rest on the labours of his friends and himself that the "parched ground" became "a pool" and the "thirsty land springs of water." The missionaries carried relief for the body and food for the soul, and there are now in the lands that the great famine desolated Mission Churches which are among the most prosperous in China. Before passing on we may glance once more

at Wusueh as we read Dr. Jenkins's summary of Mr. Hill's life and labours.

With regard to his consecration to the work he approached as closely as any man I ever knew, whether in the intimacies of friendship or in the biographical records of the Churches, that highest standard where the missionary assumes a responsibility for the condition of the people he is sent to convert, making the dishonour and the humiliation of that condition his own. In this respect he possessed, in a degree that amazed his brethren, the cross-bearing spirit of his Master; he wept over the iniquities of the people amongst whom he dwelt; but he also bore their sicknesses and carried their sorrows. When he was stationed in solitary missions like Kuang-chi and Wusueh, where he spent many years, he lived in almost ascetic severity. He was anxious to take from the mind of the natives any impression of distance or racial superiority. In food, in dwelling, in social habits, he lived as nearly as he dared after the manner of the people. His wealth, and the munificence of his charities, in spite of his modesty and humility, became gradually and widely known, and to the outsider, both foreign and native, this circumstance lent a public sanctity to his devotion. I was once travelling on the Yangtse in a steamer. There were several gentlemen on board, and the missionaries in China formed the topic of our conversation. They did not know me or my profession. One of them had nothing better for the missionary calling than a sneer. "I don't believe in missionaries or their work," said he. Then he paused, as if to correct himself. "Yes," he added, "there is one missionary I can believe in, and only one. His name is Hill." . . . In quiet courage, in the saintly

patience of a steadfast faith in his work, and in that enthusiasm whose very depth makes it still and constant, in these and in the other qualities I have attempted to depict, David Hill takes his place in the very front rank of the missionary host, with Xavier, with Brainerd, and with Henry Martyn.*

*Dr. Jenkins in "Fallen on the Field."—Missionary Notices, 1896.

CHAPTER IX.

TO THE AID OF THE STARVING.

1878—1880. Age 38—40.

THE great famine of 1877—9 summoned Mr. Hill to work which proved to be perhaps the greatest opportunity of his life. *Mr. Barber says:

The drought commenced in 1876, and that winter the province of Shantung was famine-stricken. The missionaries there, foremost among whom were Revs. Dr. J. L. Nevius and Timothy Richard, administered much relief; but the next year the drought was repeated, and famine of more or less intensity was reported from thirteen of the provinces. Among all these regions of hunger the worst was the province of Shansi. The peculiar formation known as the *loess*, a dry, porous, friable soil, while giving great fertility when well watered, allows moisture to run away with remarkable rapidity. Thus, when there was no rain at all for three years the barrenness of the land was appalling. What rendered the disaster the harder to combat was the absence of road communication. The causes which led to the famine and its relief are well and tersely put in a descriptive lecture subsequently given by Mr. Hill. In his introduction he says:

It was in Southern Shansi that there was the most fearful loss of life, and therefore it was to this province those who went for the express purpose of distributing relief

* David Hill: Missionary and Saint.

directed their steps, though at the same time there were in the adjoining provinces of Shantung and Chih-li, of Honan and Shensi, earnest workers previously stationed, who joined as heartily in this good work. But as my own experience was limited to the province of Shansi, it is of that that I shall speak more particularly.

The whole of this district covers an area of fifty-five thousand square miles, being as large as the kingdom of Denmark. Its capital city is situated in the heart of the province, and travelling northwards from that point every step will take you away from the region of desolation and death to that of peace and plenty, whilst the journey southwards will lead you more and more deeply into the land of the shadow of death, where hunger gnawed and the famine wolf howled, and men were mown down by millions by the sharp scythe of the gaunt reaper. And yet in ordinary years this is a land of beauty and fertility, where rich harvests of wheat and rice, or of maize and millet, twice in the year crown the labour of the agriculturist and fill the barns with plenty.

The land is usually spoken of as dry or watered land—the former being dependent almost wholly on the rainfall, and comprising by far the larger proportion of the cultivated soil; the latter blessed with some supply of water, natural or artificial, which renders it the much more valuable of the two.

This dependence on the rainfall, as will readily be seen, renders the establishment of the Government granaries doubly necessary in this province, and the more so because of the lack of that abundant water communication which in other provinces answers in some measure to the railway system in our own country and marvellously facilitates the transport of grain. This district, five hundred

miles from the seacoast, is moreover cut off from the outside world by the formidable mountain ranges of the Han Hsin Ling, which crosses the province from east to west, and of the frontier hills which separate the provinces of Shansi and Chih-li. . . .

But years of continuous plenty had rendered the people unmindful of the possibility of a reverse. Like the tanks in India, the Government granaries had fallen into comparative disuse. The opium poppy had over a vast area supplanted the cereals of former days, and its abuse was sapping the strength of the people. The abundance of recent years had been employed to repair the ruin which the Taiping Rebellion had caused when it swept through these populous cities, and now, when like an armed man grim famine sweeps down upon them it finds them all unprepared to meet it. As one season of drought succeeds another, their stock of grain dwindles down, until at last it is entirely exhausted. Prices rise to double and treble their ordinary rates, adjoining provinces transmit their surplus stores, but they too are suffering seriously, and this source of supply soon fails.

In October, 1877, Mr. Hill wrote to his brother, Mr. John R. Hill, as follows:

Lung-p'ing, Oct. 20, 1877.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I must send you a line by the earliest mail I can to tell you the news I hear from Mr. Foster. He has gone up to Chefoo and Tientsin to inquire as to the prospects of the coming winter, reports having reached us of another severe famine in Shansi and Pechili. And his idea is that the Missionary Societies should do as much as possible to relieve the distress. A letter received the other day, though not giving particulars, states the

prospects to be very dark. Mr. Foster has been discussing a plan whereby we may aid in distributing food to the sufferers. He wishes some of us to go, mentions Mitchil, and, of course, expects me, and suggests trying to get a third party. He had written to Mr. Hudson Taylor to inquire if two members of the China Inland Mission could be spared for the work too, and hopes for another batch from Pekin (from the London Missionary Society probably). He says that he will come up to Hankow about the beginning of November, and make definite arrangements. In the meantime I must seek light from the Lord as to my duty in the matter. If affairs be so serious as he states I have little doubt that I shall be guided to give pecuniary, if not personal aid, perhaps both; but I cannot see as yet what course the Lord would have me take. As to money, it is not unlikely that I shall have to write to you for a good amount, and hence I thought I had better send a line at once that you might know how matters stand. Scarborough's return (from England) and Race's removal (to Kuang-chi) look as if the Lord were opening the way for my going up, too.

By the way, Foster's idea is that someone should visit England or America to raise funds. This, being, as he supposes, the most difficult part of the business, he proposes laying upon his own shoulders, though he offers me the post and has written to ask Mr. John, of Hankow, if he will go. This is about all I know at present; as I hear more I will write. . . .

P.S.—From accounts already received I have little doubt that I shall want a pretty heavy sum, but expect I shall have to telegraph to you. . . . If I should find men dying from starvation I could not, of course, sit down and see them without moving a hand to help. These

Indian and China famines are a solemn lesson to Englishmen.

The plans shadowed forth in this letter were ultimately carried out. A committee consisting of members of the several Protestant Missionary Societies met at Shanghai. Rev. James Thomas, now of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Rev. William Muirhead were successively secretaries, and by them was received and forwarded to the various relief parties a sum altogether of £50,000 from many Christian churches.

And, after some hesitation, Mr. Hill, having already subscribed largely to the Relief Fund, decided to go and help in the work of distribution. He was joined by Mr. Turner, of the China Inland, and Mr. Whiting, of the American Presbyterian Mission. They were compelled to wait till the melting of the snow enabled the steamers to reach Tientsin, the nearest seaport to Shansi, and, travelling by the first boat, they reached Tientsin from Shanghai in March, 1878.

In Tientsin, we may note in passing, Mr. Hill adopted Chinese dress, shaving the front of the head and plaiting his hair into a queue, and he wore this dress in China for the rest of his life. He desired to be like his Chinese brethren, and this was one more step in that direction. Also he found it much warmer and more comfortable, and he had suffered much from cold the previous winter. From Tientsin they travelled across the intervening province of Chih-li by a rough springless cart, which bumped and jolted excruciatingly along tracks much worse than an ordinary river bed. Before they reached their destination, T'ai-yüan, the signs of famine were evident in the gaunt skeletons that staggered along the road and occasional corpses lying in the houses. Pestilential famine fever, too,

was all around them. Of this they had been warned in Tientsin, but they were quite willing to risk their lives in the work they had undertaken. They reached T'ai-yüan, and were joyfully welcomed by Rev. Timothy Richard, of the Baptist Mission, but the Sunday after their arrival Mr. Whiting sickened with the fever, and in three weeks his sorrowing companions had to lay his worn body in his coffin.

And now began the busy life for which David Hill had come. His letters of this period are few, as his time was fully occupied, and sending letters was a difficult and uncertain matter in this far distant place. Such letters as he did write have been already printed. It is, therefore, with much thankfulness that the writer is permitted to insert here the following pages from Mrs. Howard Taylor's (C.I.M.) most interesting book, *One of China's Scholars*.* The story of Mr. Hill's work in this famine-stricken land is most faithfully and graphically told in this history of one of his own converts, Mr. Hsi, and nowhere has "the graceful tact, the Christian art," with which David Hill sought to win men been more lovingly, more truly described:

Mrs. Taylor says :

Month after month the agony had increased ; and now the winter was again upon them, and millions were on the verge of starvation. In his own village, the Chinese scholar Hsi could number house after house, empty and deserted. Famine fever raged over the populous plain. Old people and children were dying off in thousands. Crowds of refugees had left their homes to try and gain

* "One of China's Scholars," by Mrs. Howard Taylor (Geraldine Guiness), of the China Inland Mission. London: Morgan and Scott. A sequel is shortly to be published.

the more favoured regions of the south. And in many cases, despairing of relief, whole families had committed suicide rather than face the horrors of another winter. People hardly dared to enter forsaken houses now; it was so common to find them ghastly with the silent dead.

But worse than this were the tragedies, now become so common, in the lives of women, once happy and sheltered, in all parts of the province. Strangers from the south had come: men with carts going round from village to village. They seemed to have plenty of silver. It was young women and little girls they wanted. And soon the carts began to go away full. Young wives and mothers, girls, and little children, disappeared in hundreds. Where they had gone, no one could tell. One thing only was certain: they would never come back.

And yet Hsi managed to live on and keep his home about him. When the winter was at its worst, just before the dawn of that terrible New Year, he heard that the English missionaries from the capital had passed through the district again on their way south. They could speak the language better now, and, when interrogated, told of the appalling condition of things all along the route they had travelled.* The barren country, swept by bleak,

* "During that journey," wrote Mr. Turner, "we saw scenes that have left an indelible impression of horror on the mind. . . . We passed men, once strong and well-dressed, staggering over the frozen ground, with only a few rags to shield them from the piercing wind. Their feeble steps, emaciated bodies, and wild looks told only too plainly that they were about to spend their last night upon earth. As we passed along the road in the early morning we saw the victims of the preceding night lying dead and stiff where they fell. Upon that road we saw men writhing in the last agonies of death. No one pitied them; no one cared for them; such sights had long ago become too common. There were hundreds of corpses lying by the roadside. We saw them. Some had only just fallen; others had been there longer and were stripped of the rags that had covered them. As

piercing winds, everywhere bore traces of the fate of famine-stricken multitudes. Men and women who had left their homes in search of food, fallen by the roadside, were frozen as they lay. Dogs preyed upon the dead, and were devoured in their turn by the living. In many places where, a few months before, the young men had been followed by crowds of starving people, wailing for bread, all was now silent and deserted, heaps of human bones and skulls alone revealing the horrors that had transpired. Cart-loads of women and girls were still met with, travelling south. And in some districts terrible tales were current about human flesh being in use as food.

Shudderingly the scholar listened to the story brought by the strangers, filling in many details from his own knowledge of the sufferings around his home where the famine was at its worst. All that they said was true, and far, far more. He was glad they did not seem to know everything. For in his neighbourhood not only the dead had been devoured for food. As the awful agony went on, parents had killed and eaten their own children, and even children their parents. In almost every village such things

we drew nearer we saw hungry dogs prowling about, only waiting for one bolder than the rest to commence the attack. Many of the corpses were fearful to behold. Birds and dogs had been feasting upon them, and the soft parts of the body were all devoured. Others were mere skeletons, with here and there a piece of bleeding flesh. Men, women, and children were among the victims. Outside some of the cities we saw a heap of skulls, bones, rags, and pieces of human flesh; and very often, away across the open country, we saw numbers of corpses lying side by side, evidently the remains of wanderers, who, exhausted by their weary search after food, had huddled together to die. Families are broken up: the wife sold, the children sold or cast out on the mountain side to perish, while the men wander about in the vain search for food. The whole district through which we passed (three or four hundred miles) was in the same condition."

were happening, so that the wretched survivors scarcely dared venture, unarmed, beyond their homesteads. In one place, not far away, five women had been seized and burned alive by the authorities, for killing and eating children they had kidnapped. Evidently the foreigners had not heard the worst.

But what was to be the end of these things? Surely it meant the extermination of the race!* Seventy-five per cent. of the population had already perished. Unless Heaven intervened, who could survive? At times the scholar did not wonder when he heard prayers turn into curses, and the ceaseless groaning of the sufferers to their gods give place to bitterest maledictions.

Meanwhile he knew that the authorities were doing all they could to meet the crisis. Government relief was being distributed in the cities, and Hsi had even heard of foreigners at the capital giving away large sums of money sent from outside lands. But no such help reached his district; and the scholar knew that in the year that opened upon such scenes of anguish multitudes more must inevitably perish..

But there were things he did not know nor dream of. He did not know that the young English missionaries had safely reached the coast, after the perils of that awful journey; that their story had awakened deepest sympathy;

* The London "Times" early in 1878, wrote as follows:—

"It is stated on authority which cannot be questioned that seventy millions of human beings are now starving in the famine-stricken provinces of North China. The imagination fails to cope with a calamity so gigantic. The inhabitants of the United Kingdom and the United States combined hardly number seventy millions. To think of the teeming populations of these lands, all crowded into an area very little greater than that of France, starving and eating earth, with no food to be had, and with no hope of succour, is enough to freeze the mind with horror."

that letters had been written home, and money telegraphed from England ; that one of them was coming back, accompanying another, older missionary, with means to succour multitudes of the distressed ; that already David Hill was on his way to P'ing-yang, and the time was drawing near when they should meet.

Still the famine was at its height, when, one day in early summer, 1878, startling news reached the Western Chang village. Foreigners were coming to P'ing-yang : coming not on a passing visit, but actually to settle in the city ! And, more wonderful still, they were coming not as merchants or speculators in mines, but as doers of good deeds, to distribute food and money among the famine sufferers, and to preach a religion from the West.

Great was the consternation that prevailed. Not among the poorest of the people, for they were too suffering and imperilled to care much even about so unprecedented an event. Nor among the official classes, for the mandarins were glad to welcome anyone with power to help. But in scholarly circles, and among the gentry who were still able to hold their heads above water, there was a good deal of indignation against the authorities for allowing foreigners to take up their abode in the city.

Meanwhile the friendly, yellow-robed priests, in the Temple of the Iron Buddha, were persuaded to give the strangers accommodation. There were a number of unused apartments within the precincts of the temple, and the most suitable of these were slightly swept and garnished for the reception of Mr. Li and Mr. Teh. In the end of the month of May they arrived ; and people were relieved to find that they were dressed in civilised, that is to say, Chinese garments, and had heads properly shaved, and hair plaited behind in the becoming queue. The teacher

Li (Mr. Hill) seemed the older of the two, and had the conversation and manners of a gentleman, through long residence in the country. Mr. Teh (Turner), his companion, had been seen before in the city. He also was familiar with the usages of polite society, and seemed possessed of energy and ability. They were like elder and younger brothers in their relationship to one another. So far so good. But they must be carefully watched.

Before long the fame of the strangers began to reach the scholar Hsi, in his village home, ten miles from the city. Sick, sorrowful, and impoverished, the once proud Confucianist had still enough of the old spirit left, hotly to resent the idea of foreigners coming to his very doors to pry out the condition of his people, and cast over them their seductive spells. Had they not done harm enough already, with their wars and their opium? What were they wanting now, when money was no longer in question, unless it were to bewitch people's hearts, and take the whole country for themselves? He, for one, had no curiosity to see the strangers, nor would he receive their pauperising gifts.* Had he been in authority, they would never have been able to settle in the province at all. What

* Not far away, at the capital of the next province, K'ai-feng Fu in Ho-nan, help was actually refused. Two members of the China Inland Mission went up there, in May, 1878, with money for famine relief. They found a terrible state of affairs at the very gates of the city. Dead bodies lay exposed in all directions, fearfully mangled; and hundreds of miserable famine refugees were lying by the roadside—mere skeletons; spiritless, exhausted, and covered with dirt and dust. Government relief was being distributed to these unfortunate creatures, whose only dwellings were hovels dug out of the sandy soil, and covered with scraps of matting. The foreigners were received with marked coldness by the officials of the city; and when it was found that they had come to distribute relief, *their help was immediately declined*, and they were requested to leave the city. This of course they were obliged to do.

good could come of their so-called religious teachings? By far the safest policy was to keep them at arm's length.

Too busy to care much as to what reports were being spread about them, Mr. Hill and Mr. Turner worked on through the long hot summer days, praying for rain to come and set a limit to the sufferings of the people. The mandarins of the district were grateful and friendly, doing all in their power to help the missionaries, while leaving them a free hand. Temples were everywhere put at their disposal, and lists given them of the families in each village they took up. These were then personally visited, the missionaries going from house to house, sometimes giving away tickets, which the people carried to the temple to be cashed, and sometimes making careful notes and forwarding the money through the headman of the neighbourhood. In one case, when the silver was sent to a more distant village in this way, the messenger came back to return the shares of no fewer than twenty people who had died of starvation in the few days since the lists had been made out.

Heartrending scenes were constantly witnessed as the missionaries went about their difficult work. People were reduced to living on the bark of trees, and chaff cut up and boiled with weeds, without even salt to make it more palatable. In some places they were making cakes out of a soft stone, ground to powder, mixed with millet husks and water, and baked in the embers of whatever fuel they could find. Many haggard faces had become strangely dark, almost black, through feeding upon such horrible concoctions, and severe disorders supervened in those who managed to survive.

Human flesh, also, was still being eaten in the neighbourhood of P'ing-yang. In some places it was even

publicly exposed for sale. So terrible was the condition of things, that people dared not go beyond their own towns and villages, for fear of being hunted down for food, and any who wished to secure their dead from such a fate had to wall up the corpses in strongly-built houses over which they could keep guard. But a general impression seemed to prevail that those who fell so low as to feed upon human flesh could not long survive. Whether from physical or mental causes, certain it was death soon closed the scene, and this was regarded as sufficient condemnation of the revolting practice.

Many lives were lost in these dreadful days through the attacks of wolves, grown desperate with famine. Scarcely a village was without experiences of their ferocity. In open daylight they would spring upon children, and even grown-up people, and devour them within sight of horrified onlookers. Mr. Hill was one day passing through a village and noticed traces of blood that seemed quite recent. Upon inquiring the cause, he was told that a girl of eighteen, walking down the street with an older woman, had just been dragged away and torn to pieces by a wolf in the presence of her neighbours, who could do nothing to save her. Sad comment upon the enfeebled condition of whole communities.

Mr. Hill himself almost lost his life on one occasion through a wolf. He was lying awake one night, in his gloomy quarters in the temple, tired after a long day's work, when he heard a low, sad sound that immediately attracted his attention. Quick to respond to any cry of need, he sat up and listened, wondering who could be outside at midnight. The piteous moaning was unmistakable. Some one must have fallen down at the door to die. Sights and sounds of sorrow, though so common

all round him, never became matters of indifference to that Christ-filled heart. He was up at once, and made his way across the courtyard to the great doors of the temple, from which the sounds had come. He intended to go out and call the stranger in, but to his surprise the door was shut and fastened. One of the priests had evidently locked it and taken the key away. Not hearing the sounds any longer, Mr. Hill went back to rest. In the morning, upon inquiry outside as to who had been moaning during the night, he learned that a great wolf had been prowling about the doors of the temple in search of prey.

During the summer the mandarins, finding Mr. Hill would prefer it, arranged for him to rent a house of his own in a quiet part of the city, and he no longer had to be guest in the Temple of the Iron Buddha. Thankful for the change, he and Mr. Turner set up housekeeping for themselves in the commodious premises put at their disposal, and thus established the first Christian home, the first mission-house and station in southern Shan-si. From that simple beginning how much was to grow! For more than twenty years that dear old spot has been hallowed ground, for scores and hundreds of souls have been won to Christ through the work started there.

Already the drought had lasted three, and in some places four years, and it almost seemed as though it never could rain again. But as summer wore on great clouds began to gather, and at length all over northern China the saving showers fell. Then the despairing survivors of those terrible years began to pluck up heart once more, and the missionaries redoubled their efforts, encouraging the people, and providing them with money for grain, that

they might sow their fields and take advantage of the promise of better days.

But in many places, even when the rain did come, it brought little or no relief, for men were too feeble to put the seed into the ground ; ploughs were no use without animals to draw them ; and sometimes whole families had died out entirely, leaving the land without owners and the villages without inhabitants. In one hamlet no fewer than seventeen families had become extinct, and out of fourteen hundred (Chinese) acres belonging to the village only a little over a hundred could be put under cultivation when the rain came. For the rest the people had no seed, and no strength to sow it even if it had been given them. The rain, however, saved the province. Wealthier people put in their crops, and the poor had more wild herbs, grass, and weeds to mix with the bark and roots they were able to gather. They were a long way still from the edge of the wood ; but the worst of the famine was over ; and gradually hope returned to many a broken spirit.

CHAPTER X.

HOW PASTOR HSI WAS WON FOR CHRIST.

1878—1880. Age 38—40.

AS time went on Mr. Hill was increasingly impressed by the conviction that something further should be done to reach the literati of the province, the proud Confucian scholars, in their strong antipathy to Christian truth. Frequently meeting these men, he could not but be struck by their contemptuous attitude toward the Gospel, their hatred of foreigners, and their prejudice against missionary work. His whole heart went out to them in genuine sympathy. He saw all the power that such men could be if only laid hold upon by Christ. He longed to win them to at any rate a fair consideration of Christianity, and pondered much how this could best be done.

At last the thought came to him—why not offer prizes for first-class literary essays upon Christian themes? Only scholars could compete, and the study necessary for such writing would bring their minds under the influence of the Gospel. With the instinct of a true “fisher of men,” David Hill saw at once the value of the idea, and decided to act upon it. He knew that in the early autumn the great triennial examination would be held at the capital of the province, and that thousands of scholars, holding their first degree, would be going up to compete for the second—corresponding to our Master of Arts. What an opportunity! It must not be lost.

And so, long before the scholars began to start for the capital, the eager missionary went on ahead to make all arrangements for carrying out his project. With the help of his friend Mr. Timothy Richard, who was heartily in favour of the plan, several tracts were carefully prepared, to accompany the prospectus offering four valuable prizes for the best essays upon given subjects taken from the Christian classics—the Scriptures.

In the middle of the eighth month, when the moon was full (September, 1879), the graduates began to gather from every county in the province: the very flower of the intellectual life of Shan-si; men who were everywhere looked up to as the natural leaders of thought and action, and future rulers among the people. The ranks of the competitors were markedly thinned by the sufferings of the recent famine. Still, six or seven thousand students were enrolled, and entered the examination hall for their searching test.

Three days later, when the doors were opened and the weary scholars trooped out, thankful to be through with the first part of their examination, they were met at the great gateway by a few foreigners in Chinese dress, who rapidly handed to each man a packet containing papers of some sort. The surprised scholars received them courteously, and some even seemed pleased and friendly.

Thousands of books and tracts were thus put into the hands of the men the missionaries were most anxious to reach. On the cover of one of the pamphlets was printed a map of the world; and all were stamped with the indication that further literature could be obtained from any of the missionaries whose addresses were given, who would welcome visits from the graduates.

Little did those Confucian gentlemen guess the hope and longing hidden by the quiet exterior of the men who handed them those books. Much prayer had been made by the missionaries that God would, through this effort, draw to Himself some, whom He purposed not only to save, but to use in the salvation of others. Eagerly they scanned the faces of the students as they hurried by: strong faces, clever faces, some thoughtful and refined, some coarse and heavy, many pale and tired with the strain they had been through, some thin and worn from the distress of famine. If one seemed more courteous than another, would not the missionary's heart throb with sudden hope—"Is *this* the man God means to bless?" Like Samuel looking for David among the sons of Jesse, again and again they would feel, as some promising graduate stopped before them—"Surely this must be he." But though many of the students showed signs of interest, and not a few came to inquire more about the truth, and held long conversations with the missionaries, the man in whom, especially, those prayers were to be answered did not come out of the great examination hall that day. Among all the multitudes that passed before them, David was not found. But the word had gone forth, "send and fetch him"; and the messenger that was to find him was already on the way.

For there was one Confucian scholar, in his home in the south of the province, who had not come up at all to the triennial examination. His interest in literary studies had faded as the years went on. Opium had enslaved him; sickness and trouble of mind robbed life of its spring; famine had brought him to poverty, and ignorance walled him in with an impassable barrier of prejudice. No man in all the province at that time seemed more

beyond the reach of the Gospel than Hsi of the Western Chang village. He had given up the search for light and truth that had so impelled him in earlier days. He had not the slightest desire to acquaint himself with the new religion, though brought to his very doors. Foreigners and everything connected with them stirred his deepest animosity. He really believed the dreadful things that were said about them, and thought that even to have received help at their hands in the famine was a thing to be ashamed of. Had he met the missionaries at the entrance of the examination hall he would probably have passed them by with contempt, and certainly one glance at his hard, proud face, with its too evident traces of opium, would have made them turn sadly away, hopeless at any rate of him.

Yet that very man, out of all the thousands of scholars in Shan-si, was the one whom God purposed to save and bless. Whether Hsi came up to the examination or not, the net cast there so skilfully was to draw him in; for God has ways of working beyond our ken, and with Him nothing shall be impossible.

Great excitement prevailed in many a county town and village as the scholars began to reach their homes, and the papers distributed by the foreigners were spread out for inspection, fathers and brothers gathering round with interest and surprise. In the Western Chang village, at the foot of the mountains, this was especially the case. One of Hsi's elder brothers had come back from the city full of the strange news.

"Old-Four, Old-Four,"* he cries, "where are you? Just come and look at this. You are the man for literary

* A familiar way of addressing the fourth son in a family.

essays. No one better! Here's your chance; if you are not afraid."

"What is it?" responds the scholar, coming slowly out of the inner room, strong with the fumes of opium. "What's up now? Have you heard news of the examination at the capital?"

"News—yes, indeed! Several of the fellows have returned, with degrees, as proud as can be. But look at these papers they have brought. Some announcement by the foreigner Li of P'ing-yang."

The younger man thought long and carefully, and looked through the papers again and again. There must be something uncanny behind it all; but for the life of him he could not make out what it was. The subjects seemed natural, and properly worded, and they were certainly full of interest. Mr. Li, the foreigner, was well known by reputation, living in the city only ten miles away. To be sure, the reports about him were strangely conflicting. Some maintained that he was a doer of good deeds and a man of great benevolence, while others could find no words strong enough in which to express a contrary opinion. But in any case there would be no occasion to come into personal contact with the foreigner. To study and write quietly in one's own room could surely do no harm. So, by degrees, Hsi made up his mind that he would go in for the competition, and at the same time do his neighbours a good turn by writing four essays instead of one, reserving, of course, the best for himself.

Meanwhile Mr. David Hill had returned to his home at P'ing-yang, and was busy with arrangements for awarding the promised prizes. A hundred and twenty essays had been sent in from all parts of the province. These were first read and arranged by competent native scholars,

who carefully selected the best, which were then submitted to Mr. Hill and Mr. Richard, who awarded the prizes. When the final results were declared great was the delight of Hsi and his friends to find that his essays had been successful. Under different names, he had carried off three out of the four prizes.

The next step, of course, was to go to P'ing-yang for the money; and this, though apparently simple enough, was the cause of much anxiety in the family of the successful scholar. So far, no serious risk had been run, for there had been no actual contact with the foreigner; but to go in person to his house and receive the money from his hand was a very different matter. That Hsi determined he could not and would not do if it could possibly be avoided. The only way was to get a substitute, and a suitable one was soon forthcoming in the person of his wife's brother, who was a daring sort of fellow and quite willing to undertake the job.

But then a new difficulty arose. The young man was ready enough to go and get the money, but whether he would be equally willing to transfer it to the rightful owner seemed more than doubtful. So an arrangement was come to that, as the sum was considerable, Hsi should go with him to the city, and wait outside the house while he obtained the silver; and that then they should take it to the silversmith's together, and have it weighed and examined; by which means Hsi hoped to get into his own hands at any rate the larger portion.

Accordingly the two men travelled into P'ing-yang, half-a-day's journey over the plain; and Liang, the brother, presented himself at the foreigner's house. Mr. Hill, well pleased to hear that the prize-winner had come, went out to receive him courteously. He had been

interested in the successful essay, and desired to obtain an interview with the writer. But as soon as he saw the young countryman he knew there must be some mistake.

"Have I the honour of addressing the distinguished scholar Hsi?" he inquired kindly.

"No, sir," replied the young man; "my unworthy name is Liang. I have come on behalf of my elder brother to receive the honorarium bestowed on his paltry composition."

"Sir," was the unexpected reply, "the silver can only be given into the hands of the gifted writer himself. I fear it will be necessary to trouble him to come in person."

This being final, the only way out of the difficulty was to inform Hsi, who was not far away, and to convince him that he must go himself if he wanted the money. Very reluctantly the scholar yielded, and followed his guide to the house in the quiet street. A handsome doorway entered a spacious porch, from which a view could be obtained of the courtyard beyond. Seeing nothing to arouse his fears, Hsi ventured in, and called for the gate-keeper, when, to his immense relief, a nice-looking Chinaman appeared. Bowing politely, Hsi inquired his name.

"My unworthy name is Sung," replied the old gentleman, who was none other than Mr. Hill's first convert and devoted friend. "But forgive me; I have not yet inquired your honourable title."

"My insignificant name is Hsi," replied the guest. "May I hope for the honour of an interview with the English teacher Li?"

"Mr. Hill will be delighted, sir. He is anxiously awaiting your coming. Pray enter the guest-hall and drink tea."

A good deal reassured by the presence of Sung, and

one or two other Chinamen who dropped in, Hsi began to look about him, and ask a few questions as to the foreigner and his manner of life, keeping an eye on the door, however, by which Mr. Hill must appear.

"Are you not afraid, old teacher Sung, to be so much in company with the foreigner, by day and by night?"

"Why, sir, what should I fear?" was the smiling reply. "Do you see anything alarming, or feel conscious of magical influences? I see you do not venture to drink our tea. But indeed, sir, such fears are ungrounded."

"Yes," chimed in the brothers Li, "the more we are with the foreign teacher the more we love him."

Annoyed at being caught, Hsi lifted the cup to his lips, bowing politely; but nothing would have induced him to drink a drop of the foreigner's tea. Still things were not so bad as he had expected. He must be on his guard, however, and make his escape at the first opportunity.

Presently, steps approaching caught his alert attention. A rather tall, slender man, in Chinese dress, entered the room. Hsi heard someone say:

"The teacher Li."

He rose at once and met the stranger in the middle of the room with a profound bow, which gave him time to notice the blue cotton gown, white calico socks, and native shoes worn by the missionary; but for a moment he dared not raise his eyes to the face he almost dreaded to see.

Mr. Hill, returning his salutation, constrained him to occupy the place of honour, taking himself a lower seat at the opposite side of the table. The pleasant voice was prepossessing; and as the missionary turned to pour out fresh tea for his guests, Hsi at length looked up, to take him in with one swift, searching glance.

How much may be compressed into a moment. A whole lifetime of prejudice and suspicion melted away from that proud, cold heart, like snow before the sunshine, with just one look into the quiet, radiant face of David Hill. Years afterwards Hsi said of that moment :

“One look, one word, it was enough. As daylight banished darkness, so did Mr. Hill’s presence dissipate all the idle rumours I had heard. All sense of fear was gone ; my mind was at rest. I beheld his kindly eye, and remembered the words of Mencius : ‘If a man’s heart is not right his eye will certainly bespeak it.’ That face told me I was in the presence of a true, good man.”

So, after weary years, those two were brought to meet. Side by side they sat at last : the Confucianist, disarmed of all antagonism, friendly and satisfied ; the missionary, his whole heart filled with sympathy and longing for the soul he had come so far to bless. “God’s clocks keep perfect time.” Through all the years the moment had been fixed. For that hopeless, opium-smoking Chinaman, life would never be the same again ; and for David Hill to all eternity a star of singular brightness lit up the crown that he should lay at the Master’s feet.

Kindly and courteously the missionary complimented his guest upon the admirable essay that had won the prize, saying that some learned scholars at the capital had seen the paper and commended it highly. Tea having been drunk, the silver was produced and handed to Hsi, who received it with many polite protestations of his unworthiness. As soon as the money was in his possession he felt impelled to go, and the thought flashed through his mind :

“Perhaps, after all, this foreigner is just bewitching me! Better leave at once and see him no more.”

Noticing his uneasiness, Mr. Hill made no effort to detain him. He was far too wise to be in any hurry. Letting him have plenty of time, he bade him a friendly farewell, and said nothing about meeting again.

Greatly pleased, Hsi went home with the silver. Thirty taels was a small fortune in those hard times. His wife and family were delighted to find that he had succeeded in getting the money and had come back none the worse. And there, for the time being, the matter rested.

A few days passed, in which Mr. Hill did nothing further, though he waited much upon God. And then, one sunny morning, a stranger arrived at the Western Chang village, asking for Mr. Hsi. Upon going out to meet him, the scholar to his surprise found Sung, with a message from the missionary, who desired to see him on important business. With characteristic promptitude Hsi started at once. The invitation pleased him; and this time he felt no fear. After apologising for troubling him to come in to the city, Mr. Hill opened the subject by saying :

“I have a favour to ask of you, Mr. Hsi. I am needing scholarly assistance. Will you come and help me in my work?”

“Sir,” replied the amazed Confucianist, “I fear I have no understanding of foreign matters.”

“It is not in foreign matters that I seek your help,” returned the missionary, smiling. “I want to have essays written. Can you do that?”

The visitor bowed assent.

“I want help in studying the classics and other books.

In a word, I want you to be my teacher. Can you come to me in this capacity, Mr. Hsi?"

"Certainly," replied the gratified scholar. "That office I will gladly undertake, provided that my family are willing."

But, naturally enough, the family were most unwilling, and would not entertain the proposal. What? Go to be teacher to the foreigner? Read his books? Live in his house? Help him in his mysterious affairs? Who ever heard of such folly—such reckless madness? Surely he must be bewitched already, even to contemplate such a thing. Hsi's stepmother and his young wife were especially emphatic. He would never be the same again if he went to live with the foreigner. It was simply throwing himself away. They would not hear of it for a moment.

Thus, for a time, matters seemed at a standstill, and Mr. Hill had to be informed that the ladies were not willing. Greatly to their surprise, he returned a courteous message, to the effect that he respected their anxiety for the well-being of Mr. Hsi, and would on no account consent to his acting contrary to their wishes. This was most unexpected, and did not a little to disarm prejudice. Surely, if the foreigner were capable of such right and kindly feeling, he could not be so black as he was painted. At last perseverance was rewarded, and Hsi managed to win a reluctant consent to his proposed undertakings, but only for ten days to begin with. At the end of that time, if he still seemed in his ordinary health and spirits, the ladies assured him they would urge no further objection. Thus the unexpected, the almost impossible, came to pass, and Hsi went to live in the home of David Hill.

Picture then this proud Confucianist, this opium-

smoking scholar, in middle life, with all his sad, dark past, his heart hunger, his disappointed ambitions, his bondage to sin, brought near to Christ, the living Christ, for the first time. Thoroughly sickened with self and disillusioned with the world, he is at last face to face with Truth as it is in Jesus. In his hand he holds the Word of God, and before his eyes from day to day he has its best exponent.

From the commencement, the quiet happy life of that Christian home made a profound impression upon Hsi. Unobtrusively, he noticed all that was taking place with searching keenness. Privacy is rarely to be secured in a Chinese *ménage*, and the life led by Mr. Hill at P'ing-yang was entirely native in this respect. Whether alone in prayer, or occupied in preaching; whether conducting daily worship, or Sunday services; reading and studying, or preparing books and tracts; taking his meals with chopsticks in Chinese style; caring for opium patients; writing letters; attending to housekeeping; or receiving his guests, the missionary was ever under the observation of his silent, courteous, but watchful teacher, who lost no opportunity of forming his own conclusions.

Hsi did not join the household at morning prayers or evening worship. He had no desire to be identified with the little company of his fellow-townsmen, mostly illiterate people, who were already enrolled as Christians or inquirers. When not studying with Mr. Hill, or conversing with gentlemen who visited the guest-hall, he spent most of his time alone, smoking or reading in his own room on the front courtyard. And all the while, how little he suspected the eagerness with which his missionary friend was watching him.

At the end of ten days, true to his promise, Hsi had

to return home, to relieve the anxiety of his family and friends. As soon as his familiar figure was seen approaching, interested relatives gathered to meet him and hear all he had to tell. But first he must submit to thorough scrutiny. His wife had prepared an entire suit of garments for him, and he was persuaded to change all he had on and to perform somewhat thorough ablutions. Then the clothing he had laid aside was carefully searched and examined, pockets turned out and investigated; and he himself straitly observed and questioned, that no trace of anything suspicious might escape. Finding, however, no foreign drugs or charms about his person, no traces of poison, nor anything unusual amiss, the apprehensions of his family were relieved, and they were ready for the story of his experiences. Finally, the unanimous verdict was in favour of his return; and with much satisfaction Hsi was able to resume the duties that were already becoming congenial.

Encouraged by this favourable turn of affairs, Mr. Hill renewed, more earnestly than ever, his prayers for the conversion of his friend and teacher. But though he prayed much, the missionary was wise enough to say but little. He trusted the power of another Voice that he knew was speaking to the heart of the proud Confucianist in those days. Upon the table in Hsi's little room lay a copy of the New Testament. It was but natural that he should keep it there, for to that book Mr. Hill invariably turned during study hours, and the teacher needed to make sure beforehand of any doubtful characters. But was it this necessity that led him to take up the book so often? Was it to refresh his memory only, he would pore over its contents for hours, losing all count of time as he slowly turned the pages? No: it had become more than

a book to him ; it was a revelation, telling him all his heart for long years had hungered to know.

Gradually, as he read, the life of Jesus seemed to grow more real and full of interest and wonder, and he began to understand that this mighty Saviour was no mere man, as he had once imagined, but God, the very God, taking upon Him mortal flesh. Doubts and difficulties were lost sight of. The old, unquenchable desire for better things, for deliverance from sin, self, and the fear of death, for light upon the dim, mysterious future, came back upon him as in earlier years. And yet the burden of his guilt, the torment of an accusing conscience, and bondage to the opium-habit he loathed but could not conquer, grew more and more intolerable.

At last, the consciousness of his unworthiness became so overwhelming that he could bear it no longer, and, placing the book reverently before him, he fell upon his knees on the ground, and so with many tears followed the sacred story. It was beginning then to dawn upon his soul that this wonderful, divine, yet human Sufferer, in all the anguish of His bitter cross and shame, had something personally to do with *him*, with *his* sin and sorrow and need.

And so, upon his knees, the once proud, self-satisfied Confucianist read on, until he came to "the place called Gethsemane," and the God man, alone, in that hour of His supreme agony at midnight in the garden. Then the fountains of his long-sealed heart were broken up. The very presence of God overshadowed him. In the silence he seemed to hear the Saviour's cry—"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death :" and into his heart there came the wonderful realisation—"He loved me, and gave Himself for me." Then, suddenly, as he himself records,

the Holy Spirit influenced his soul, and "with tears that flowed and would not cease" he bowed and yielded himself, unreservedly, to the world's Redeemer, as his Saviour and his God.

Words can tell no more. The mighty miracle was done. The living Christ had come Himself into that silent room. There, all alone, the stricken soul, with eager faith, had touched the hem of His garment, and straightway was made whole.

"With tears that flowed and would not cease," the pardoned, renewed, rejoicing man knelt there before his Lord. Time, place, circumstance, were all forgotten. He was alone with God.

Then, gradually, there rose upon his soul another supreme revelation. As to Saul of Tarsus, long ago, Jesus Himself was revealed from heaven; a Light above the brightness of the sun, blinding him thereafter to all other, lesser lights; so to this man, in the first hour of his new-born life, came the vision of the risen Christ. It was not that he saw a visible form or heard an actual voice, but, alone in that quiet room, the living, present, personal Jesus was so wonderfully revealed to him by the Holy Ghost, that he was ever afterwards as one who had seen the Lord. Silently, and with deep solemnity, the very presence of the living Christ overwhelmed his soul. He saw Him then, not only as his Saviour, but as his absolute Owner, his Master, his Lord. And to the first glad, wondering consciousness—He has redeemed me—succeeded the deeper more adoring conviction—He has enthralled me: I am for ever His.

It was now Hsi's chief desire to confess Christ before men, by openly uniting himself with the little band of believers meeting daily for worship and instruction. Feel-

ing unworthy to ask in person for this privilege, he went about it in correct Chinese fashion, and requested Sung, as his senior in the faith, to lay the matter before Mr. Hill and obtain his permission.

Hastening to meet the returning messenger, what was his disappointment to learn that Mr. Hill thought it early yet to take so pronounced a step, and counselled him to wait a little.

“Wait!” exclaimed Hsi, with surprise. “But what do the missionaries come for? Is it not to lead men to believe in Jesus? Why, then, reject me? I earnestly beg the teacher to reverse his decision.”

“Mr. Hill is afraid,” returned the old man, “lest, taking this step suddenly, you should afterwards regret it.”

“Tell him,” urged Hsi, “that I now worship God, not because of any outside influence, but through the teaching of the Holy Spirit. I understand for myself, having read His Word. I know my sins are great, and deserve the punishment of hell. I know, too, that Jesus has forgiven all my sins; that He will save me from them; and grant me to live with Him in heaven for ever.”

Mr. Hill, though full of thankfulness, still hesitated. He was afraid of hindering, by over-haste, the good work he could see was begun.

“Perhaps, Mr. Hsi,” he said kindly, “you might enter the religion of Jesus very zealously and go back again just as quickly. Had we not better postpone it for a few weeks?”

Sadly then and reproachfully the new convert made reply: “From this day until death and beyond, I will never, never draw back.”

Moved by his deep sincerity, Mr. Hill hastened to reassure him, saying, with warm affection:

"Come with us then by all means. We rejoice to bid you welcome."

Never to be forgotten was that first hour of fellowship in Christ. The prayers, the hymns, the teaching from the Word, all seemed so satisfying to his new soul-needs. Young as he was in the faith, Hsi could feel and appreciate the warmth of divine love flowing through Christian hearts. Years afterwards he remembered it and recalled with the old freshness:

"Returning from worship, Mr. Hill was extremely pleased. Oh, how kindly he treated me! I loved him as a father; he loved me as a son."

But it was not all calm sunshine. Conflict and darkness lay ahead in the valley of humiliation and the shadow of death, where Apollyon waited, determined by some means or other to recapture his escaping slave.

Immediately upon his conversion the conviction came clearly to the scholar's mind that his opium-habit must at once be broken. There seems to have been no parleying about it. Ever since he first entered the missionary's household his conscience had troubled him on the subject. Mr. Hill's kind but sorrowful words would not leave him, and their reproach was burnt into his soul.

"Mr. Hsi," he had said, "you are a distinguished member of a scholarly family. I deeply regret to see you brought to so enfeebled a condition through opium. If you do not cleanse yourself, how can you be an example to others?"

But at that time he knew no power that could enable him to cleanse himself from the degrading vice. Now all was different. He belonged to Christ, and there could be no doubt as to the will of his new Master. It was thoroughly in keeping with the character of the man to come

to this clear decision at once. Of course, he knew well what leaving off opium-smoking would involve. But there was no shrinking ; no attempt at half measures. He saw it must be sacrificed at once, entirely, and for ever.

Then came the awful conflict. It was as though the great enemy of souls, seeing his prisoner escaping, fell back upon this opium-habit as an invincible chain with which to bind him. How critical was the struggle, how momentous the issues, Hsi himself hardly realised. Upon its outcome all his future power and usefulness depended. As angels lingered near the Saviour tempted in the wilderness, may we not believe the watchful ones lingered near Hsi in the hour of his great need. By the merciful aid of God he was at last victorious.

Full of happy work and fellowship those too short months passed away, and the time arrived when Mr. Hill must leave for the coast. Winter was over (1879) and the wheat was springing fast for a new harvest. The terrible famine had passed away. Missionaries had come, and thousands of copies of the Word of God were already in circulation in Shan-si. Better still, souls had been saved that were becoming in their turn saviours of others ; lights had been kindled in the darkness, never again to go out. David Hill's work was done ; and after an absence of two years the needs of his mission in Central China claimed him once more.

During those last days at P'ing-yang the missionary's heart was much drawn out in prayer for the little group of Christians he was leaving behind him. Mr. Turner had come down from the capital to take charge of the station, so that the young converts would not be uncared for ; but the man who had first led them into the light, who had so truly loved them, lived in their lives, and spent himself in

prayer on their behalf, felt like a father parting from his own children. Thinking and praying much about their future, there gradually came to him a strange and very marked impression that one of that little band was chosen to be used of God in quite a special way in the spread of the Gospel throughout that region. He did not clearly know which: whether old Mr. Sung, who had a natural gift for pastoral work, the heart of a shepherd; or one of the younger men, full of love and zeal; or his teacher Hsi, educated, cultured, with unusual force of character and evident enduement of the Holy Ghost; but that one of them was set apart for special service he felt convinced.

The last night came, and they assembled once more for worship. Looking round upon that little company, Mr. Hill's heart was deeply moved. With the impression strong upon him that one of them was called of God to be a leader in their midst, he felt he must tell them of it, and earnestly warn them never to allow a moment's jealousy or any spirit of rivalry to come in and hinder blessing. Very solemnly he urged them, when the Divine will should be made apparent, gladly to recognise the chosen leader in the position that God's purpose designed.

Deeply impressed by the words of his friend, Mr. Hsi at once recalled the experience of a few weeks before, when he had been conscious of a Divine appointment to the work of the ministry. He could not but feel that Mr. Hill's words confirmed his own definite impression. The circumstance came to him as a second call from God, a re-emphasis upon the solemn conviction already given. But he said nothing. Though his heart was all the more drawn to his beloved teacher and friend, he could not, even to him, speak of a matter so sacred.

At early dawn the following morning preparations were

all complete for the long journey, provisions packed, the cart loaded, and the little group of Christians waiting to bid farewell to the loved friend who was leaving to return no more. From full hearts the last words were said, the last prayers offered, and Mr. Hill turned his face toward the city gate. But not alone. Not there, not then, could his sorrowing teacher leave him. Together they passed through the silent streets and left the city, following the cart along the great north road down to the river. Neither could say much in those last moments, but their hearts were one in the deep love that united them.

At length the old stone bridge is reached and crossed, and still they linger, till the carter becomes impatient. The sun is rising and the traveller must be away. In silence the last courteous bow is made, the last long look taken. Then the distance widens between them as the heavy cart rumbles slowly away. For long a solitary figure leans against the old stone coping of the bridge, watching until the travellers have passed out of sight. Years afterwards the sorrow of that hour was still fresh in the memory of the man who walked back alone to the city in the early morning light.

"We dwelt together rather more than two months," he records. "When Mr. Hill was taking his departure he could not restrain his flowing tears. I, also weeping, accompanied him outside the city to the north of the great bridge, and there we parted. Returning, my heart was straitened as I thought of the people round me in great darkness, like sheep without a shepherd; and I feared it would be extremely difficult to find another pastor like him."

But faithfully and earnestly Hsi held on his way, testifying to the grace of God, and doing all in his power to

advance His kingdom, and six years later he was ordained pastor of his whole district by Mr. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission. He had by this time done an extensive and blessed work, and had been much owned of God. At the same time Mr. Sung was ordained as the native pastor of the P'ing-yang Church, he also having been led to Christ through David Hill's ministry. With these brethren some others were set apart as deacons, in whose hearts also David Hill and his friends had sowed the good seed at the time of the famine, and there is now as the result of the work then done a fine chain of prosperous and self-supporting Christian churches in the land once desolated by the great famine.

"For in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert, and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land pools of water, and an highway shall be there, and it shall be called the way of holiness."

Mr. Hsi never forgot his spiritual father. He lived to do a great and wonderful work in preaching Christ and establishing opium refuges for the benefit of the victims of opium-smoking. He died two or three months before Mr. Hill. When Mr. Hill was told by a friend of his death he said, "How much we shall have to talk over when we meet in the glory!"

For their services in connection with the famine Mr. Hill, Mr. Richard, Mr. Turner and others were offered the honours of mandarin rank. This was declined. A stone tablet was also set up to commemorate their devotion.

Mr. Hill remained in Shansi till the spring of 1880. Even then he left most reluctantly. The heroic days through which he had passed when he and his companions suffered untold hardships from privation, exposure, from

risk of wolves, and from the peril of famine fever, were yet days full of pleasure. "I have often," says Rev. Arnold Foster, speaking of Mr. Hill, "seen his eye sparkle and his face beam as he told of the joy he had had in this service and of the wonderful grace of God which was vouchsafed to him."

While he stayed in Shansi his thoughts dwelt much on the condition of the very poor, and on some permanent work in their behalf.

"The matter which weighs on me most heavily," he writes, "is the question of what to do for the lost of Chinese society. These people are the very class Jesus would seek out to save, though I am not sure that the publicans and sinners were quite so low in the social scale as the 'lost' I speak of. The people I refer to are simply the scum of Chinese society, chiefly opium smokers and gamblers. . . . I have sometimes thought I might or ought to give my whole time to do something for these lost."

He left Shansi with a strong desire to return there and commence a Mission of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. It was one of the greatest disappointments of his life that he was not allowed to do so. When he left for Hankow he handed over to the China Inland Mission a large and prosperous Church in P'ing-yang. He laboured, and others have entered into his labours, and the work he did for the hungry and poor, and for the literati has been abundantly fruitful, and the day will come when those who sowed and those who have reaped will rejoice together.

The prize essays referred to in the preceding pages have been published as booklets and have been printed and reprinted, and, both from their high literary style and their lucid setting forth of their themes, have been welcomed in many a literary home.

Other works of Mr. Hsi's are sold with these under cost price, and are year by year being published by the Central China Religious Tract Society, of which David Hill has been vice-president and a liberal supporter. Their message has gone out into all the provinces, and will continue to do so.

CHAPTER XI.

RETURN TO ENGLAND ON FURLough.

1880—1882. Age 40—42.

MR. HILL'S missionary life falls naturally into two halves. The first begins with his arrival in 1865, and closes with his return from Shansi in 1880, the second extends from the close of the year 1880 to his death in 1896. We have, therefore, reached the end of the first half, and as we do so we see more clearly the growth and development of the life we trace. The devotion, energy, and hopefulness of earlier days has deepened and widened. The stream runs with a greater volume as it nears the sea. More striking than the many activities and the actual results of his ceaseless evangelistic and pastoral labours are the spirit and character ever unfolding themselves. The *man* is seen all the time rising above the *work*, seeking by self-surrender and self-discipline not only to accomplish some great end, but to accomplish it in the way most acceptable to Christ and most worthy of His follower. During this time his mind was continually dwelling with a great sense of sorrow on the terrible evils around him, the vice, ignorance, cruelty, squalor, and wretchedness of the Chinese. And with this went a deepening sense of the responsibility of the Christian Church in regard to it. As the existing agencies were so pitifully meagre and inadequate, he was ever planning and devising new schemes. His own evangelistic efforts taught him to desire a much larger and more widespread

system of evangelisation, whether by ordained pastors, lay agents, or native ministers. The very limited opportunities at his command for relieving the physical suffering he saw all about him turned his thoughts towards the need for medical missions, and also for some organised system which should on a considerable scale minister to the wants of the destitute and starving.

In these Eastern lands (he writes in his notebook) year after year the cry of the suffering, the moan of poverty, ascends to heaven from unnumbered myriads of starving, ill-clad, wretched men and women who might be amply supported by the mere superfluities of English homes. Threepence a day would place many a man in a better condition, so far as daily food is concerned, than he has been all his life. As this state of things becomes known there will arise the need of a Benevolent Society for the relief of the poor in foreign lands and a call for men to give themselves to this task. Missionary societies are doing a great work in presenting spiritual sustenance to these vast heathen lands, but as the spirit without the body is dead so faith without works is dead also. When the natives of India and China see not only a dazzling display of wealth, as they almost invariably do when they meet with foreigners, but also a striking display of self-sacrificing benevolence, of self-denying, Christ-like love, then they will see and know that this pure Gospel of the man Christ Jesus is the Gospel of the Son of God, a Gospel for universal man!

In June, 1880, we find Mr. Hill back from Shansi, and writing from Hankow. The success of the scheme for reaching the literary class by means of the distribution of

Christian literature among the candidates for literary degrees, as well as the plan of offering prizes for essays, engaged his attention a good deal. Great as was his sympathy with the poor, he did not forget the duty he owed to all classes of the people. "We must," he was fond of saying, "be all things to all men. We must be literati to the literati." The opium traffic also was constantly on his mind. The desire to multiply opium refuges where victims might be medically and morally treated went hand in hand with the longing to stir the Christian conscience in America and Great Britain in regard to this evil trade.

From these many plans and purposes he was suddenly diverted by unforeseen claims. His young colleague, Mr. Race, died of typhoid fever, leaving his widow and infant children in David Hill's care. He was named executor in his friend's will, and he had the administration of the estate and the arrangements for Mrs. Race's return to England to carry out. Mr. Hill was the man to feel the sacredness of such a trust to the uttermost and to be constrained to fulfil his obligations as completely as possible. He decided, therefore, to take his charge back to England himself. As soon as it was possible the party started. They sailed in s.s. "Teucer" November 24, 1880, and reached London in January, 1881, where Mr. Hill's brother, Mr. Edward Hill, met him. Having delivered up his charge, Mr. Hill went home to York, after an absence of nearly seventeen years. The beloved father was no longer there to welcome him, but his brothers with their wives and children and a host of old friends hailed his return with joy.

This visit to England unquestionably produced a deep and lasting effect. This was not due, I think, to his

public speaking, for he was no orator. He was not "popular" in the ordinary sense of the word, he did not attract great crowds, or charm large audiences. Sometimes he spoke fluently, earnestly, and well, but at others with manifest effort and considerable hesitation. He was at his best when preaching. Then his soul was inspired by the sublime truths he declared; his face kindled into light as he spoke of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it was with a full heart and free utterance that he proclaimed His great salvation.

I heard him preach at this time from Luke xix. 10, "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." This subject was after his own heart, and I shall never forget the sermon. It was very clear, very simple, very earnest; the preacher's whole soul was in it, and it left a deep impression.

The great influence Mr. Hill exerted in this country was due first of all to the report of his self-denying life in China. For, though he had been always extremely reticent about his own doings, and endeavoured at all times to escape "the praise of men," his brother missionaries had not been silent, but had rather taken a pleasure in telling what manner of man he was. When, therefore, he came home he was received by those already familiar with his life. And, in the second place, the effect of personal contact with him was, to say the least, unusual. His most winning and gentle personality naturally inspired affection and reverence. But it did far more. It created a fresh conception of what the service of Christ might be. For Mr. Hill's intellectual gifts were far above the ordinary level, and the consecration of these and of his whole energies, and of his private fortune, the facts that he remained a single man that he might be freer to do the work of an

evangelist, that he lived as a poor man on a few pence a day that he might be nearer in sympathy and experience to the poor among the Chinese, were things to move and impress everyone. And then, his wide outlook, broad philanthropy, and far-reaching charity, joined with a tireless enthusiasm and a deep, reverent, glowing love to Christ, were a fire that kindled many another heart.

But the whole effect and influence of that gentle presence are simply indescribable. It was very unassuming, perfectly kind and courteous, yet so absolutely intense and earnest! One tries in vain to paint in words the living portrait, or to convey truly the impression so indelibly stamped on the hearts and memories of his friends. Cowper's beautiful lines come to mind at such a moment :

When one who holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings.

At the time of his return we were living at Headingley College, Leeds. We heard of his landing, and soon after—it might have been a week or ten days later—my father came into our dining-room, bringing with him a rather tall, slender, bronzed and bearded man.

“Children,” he said, “who is this?”

For the moment we were puzzled. We had many missionary friends in all parts of the world, and this entrance and query were by no means a new thing. Who was it? But the next instant the stranger smiled, and he was strange no longer. It was David Hill! After that first visit he used to come often, sometimes to stay and speak at a meeting, sometimes to ask for a night's lodging when on one of his many journeys all over the country. How well I can recall those visits. First

his arrival, bag and baggage, at the front door. He always carried two bags, the smaller holding his personal belongings, the larger a supply of literature, books, tracts, pamphlets on China and Chinese affairs. Under his arm would be his large roll of maps. Without these things he never travelled. Having arrived, and being seated in an easy-chair on one side of the hearth, he would talk to my father on the other side—talking eagerly, and bending forward in his earnestness, his face alight and aglow as he poured out his hopes, his plans, his purposes, his prayers for China. It was something to sit and listen to him and to watch him. It was no new thing in our house to hear a returned missionary talk. What was new in this case was the utter, absolute selflessness and earnestness and the way in which his whole soul and heart and mind were engaged. I remembered—I thought of the words again and again as I listened—how his Master had said: “My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me and to finish His work.” This servant was surely like his Lord! His talk was not only earnest, but it ranged over many subjects, and it showed much insight, much knowledge, much intellectual force. Martin Luther, I believe, once said that a Christian ought to be the most worldly of men, and in Martin Luther’s sense of the word, that all the affairs of this world were the affairs of Christ, David Hill was very “worldly.” To hear him discuss Mission work in China was to hear him discuss China and all that belonged to her. That her whole national life should be subjected to Christ involved much thought, force, and enterprise on the part of His followers, and it was not possible that they could be content with the inadequate resources and the partial and limited operations that already existed. One day he came to the College on

purpose to speak to the students and appeal for volunteers for China. It was arranged that he should make this appeal at evening prayers, and we who knew how greatly he had the matter at heart waited for it with much sympathy and deep interest. Just before prayer-time my father asked him if he would choose the hymn.

“What is the one appointed?” he asked.

It was the one beginning :

Christian, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
Thou art in the midst of foes,
Watch and pray.

“Let us have that,” he said; “that is just what I need.”

We went into the dining-hall, the long tables were quickly filled as the students took their wonted places, the chapter was read, and then at the head of the table David Hill rose to speak. Quietly, simply, and clearly he described China as the grandest mission-field in the world, and as presenting the greatest opportunities for serving Christ. He pictured the great cities with their large populations, and told the means of travelling. He spoke, too, of the millions to whom in one language the gospel could be preached. A simpler, less impassioned appeal I never heard. Clearly to his thought the knowledge of the need was call enough, the description of such unparalleled opportunities sufficient appeal. We sang the hymn, and quietly the brief service ended. Next morning my father entered our dining-room, where Mr. Hill was, to tell him that one student had responded to the call. That one was Rev. Joseph Bell. The Rev. W. H. Watson also volunteered at this time.

Before he had been a month in England he went to

the Leys School, Cambridge, where his beloved and honoured friend and tutor, Dr. Moulton, was Head-master. Of that visit and of Mr. Hill's whole life and influence Mrs. Moulton writes as follows :

I wish I could give any adequate idea of the impression that saintly life made upon me from the moment of my first contact with it. I saw David Hill very frequently during the first two years of my life at Richmond, and when he went to China he left a great blank, even though there were amongst his contemporaries several of very exceptional excellence and charm. The winsomeness of Mr. Hill's personality was then, as always, in his absolute selflessness and deep, unobtrusive piety. And how this stamped itself even on his countenance! I specially recall the far-away look in his eyes which made one feel as if he were actually seeing already and yearning with tenderest pity over the people of distant China. This look I associated particularly with the affecting farewell scene between himself and Dr. Moulton. He was deeply moved in parting with his friend and tutor, but as he spoke of the work to which he was going a most beautiful, glad light broke through the tears in his eyes, and it was thus I always remembered him during the years of his absence. Through those years his letters to my husband were very numerous and self-revealing. But through all there breathed with passionate fervour the spirit of the lines :

Too much to Thee I cannot give,
Too much I cannot do for Thee.

As the time for his visit to England, in 1881, approached he became very eager about coming to speak to the boys at The Leys, for he was anxious to use his time

in this country for making a special effort to get recruits for the work in China from amongst those who could afford to go at their own cost as he had himself done.

When he did come to the school the extreme simplicity of his appeal and the pains he took to veil the personal heroism, which lay behind his plain, unvarnished tale perhaps robbed it of some of its effect. The boys could hardly find out that a saint and a martyr was speaking to them, because in his intense absorption in the thought of the *work* he would not let them see the grand self-sacrificing *worker*. Still it was impossible that an effort into which David Hill put so much prayer should remain without the fruit of quickened interest in China. Two future and most valued missionaries, his own nephew, Joseph Kimber Hill, and Ernest F. Gedye, were indeed amongst his hearers, and the immediate result of his visit was the formation of the Leys Missionary Society, with its weekly committee held in the headmaster's library, and its terminal meeting addressed by distinguished missionaries fresh from the field. Mr. Hill re-visited the school ten years later, and I cannot doubt that there were some who heard him then who will be foremost in the response to the new century's call for largely-increased gifts to the great cause of Foreign Missions.

Wherever he went, in schools, colleges, and in the homes of his friends, Mr. Hill spoke to the young people. He loved them, and he coveted their young energies and consecrated lives for the work so dear to him.

He came to address my children's class once. It was his own proposal, and he travelled over from York on purpose. He invited us all to tea, too, and wrote to an old

friend of his in Headingley and asked her to get the tea ready. And on the appointed day he came, brought with him his Chinese dress, and put it on, and after tea he talked to the children for an hour, and, as I saw how those children fell under the spell of his gentleness and sympathy, and how eagerly they listened to his clear, simple talk, my own childish days and the happy hours I had spent with him in his study at Richmond seemed to come again. The children hardly knew how to part with him; they followed him to the tramcar, for he was going back to York that night, and only when the car was quite out of sight did they turn from gazing after it, saying wistfully, "Gone to China on a tramcar." They never forgot him, they prayed for him constantly, and at least one little girl grew up with the resolve to devote herself to missionary work, and she is on the Mission-field to-day, though not in China, for a young missionary has secured her for himself and for India.

Mr. Hill's furlough was spent in unremitting toil and activity. He attended the Wesleyan Conferences held in 1881 at Liverpool and in 1882 in Leeds, and he spoke at many missionary meetings all over the country. He was almost bewildered by the extent of the work to be done in a small space of time. Writing to his friend, Rev. Arnold Foster, he says, "John* writes me strongly urging me to make 'more men' my great business. Sadler and Farnham say, 'Take up Tract work.' Another correspondent says, 'Go in for an Anti-Opium Campaign.' What am I to do? Which is God's will and way?" In two of these directions he worked most earnestly—to secure more men and to rouse sympathy for the anti-opium movement. Concerning his success in this first enterprise Mr. Barber says:

* Rev. Dr. Griffith John, Hankow.

But surely never was a missionary campaign more successful. We have already seen that his visit to Headingley College secured two men, one partially self-supporting, one maintained apart from mission funds by a circle of friends. One of his visits to the Richmond students, and his presentation of the crying need for a medical man who should build up the ruined hospital and heal the multitudes, led S. R. Hodge to take the medical course and give his life to the work he superintends to-day. His pamphlet* pointing out the splendid opportunity for higher educational work among the upper classes in Wuchang it was which led to the going out of the colleague who now writes this *Life*. It would be no exaggeration to say that directly or indirectly for the next ten years almost everyone who went to Central China was a direct volunteer for that field through the influence of that visit home.†

His attitude on the Opium Traffic may be illustrated from his speech at the first Missionary Conference in Shanghai in 1877. He said :

There appears to be some doubt existing in certain quarters as to the evil effects of opium smoking. No doubt exists in the minds of the Chinese themselves. Again and again I have heard Chinamen say, "If you want to be revenged on your enemy you need not strike him, you need not go to law with him, you have only to entice him into smoking opium. If you can give him a taste for opium you will take the surest means in your power to ruin him utterly." Remarks of this kind sufficiently indicate the views which the Chinese themselves hold of the tendency of opium smoking.

* Hupeh: Its Claims and Call.

† David Hill: Missionary and Saint.

Another evidence of the immoral tendency of the practice is that opium smoking is generally to be found closely associated with prostitution. A large number of opium dens are infested with prostitutes.

Opium is also a common cause of suicide.

It has been said that this traffic produces a revenue to India of eleven millions sterling. It matters not if it is eleven millions or eleven hundred millions. If the source of the revenue be immoral its amount cannot justify its collection.

Not only did Mr. Hill address many meetings in some such burning words as these, but he brought out at considerable expense a series of Chinese coloured pictures depicting the gradual downfall of the opium smoker. It was a sort of Chinese edition of "The Rake's Progress."

As he went through the country he had many thoughts. The incessant occupation made him sigh at times for "the blessed, quiet, calm onflowing of Eastern life." He travelled so constantly that his letters were often written in the train, and his occupation was so great that he sometimes never went to bed at night. He had little time for privacy or prayer, to him a great deprivation. On the other hand, he felt "the privilege and opportunity of bringing the China Mission before the people, and the being employed to excite a deeper interest in it—a broader charity and a vaster vision is no small honour."

But notwithstanding the undoubted success of this visit home in all that related to his work, he was often deeply disappointed. He was disappointed because so few cared for China, so few pitied her sins, her sorrows, her degradation. Few considered that the only hope for that great empire lies—to repeat Sir Robert Hart's words—in a

miraculous spread of Christianity, and few cared to give her that hope. He met with scant sympathy, too, from some quarters where he was most entitled to receive it. He was counted a dreamer and a visionary where he might have reasonably expected practical aid. A dreamer and a visionary! Is it not through the visions given to such men that God's purposes and will are seen? Is that not the promise, "your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams"? Was this man, who for seventeen years had been putting his ideas to the hard test of experience, and deducing his opinions from the actual facts around him, a mere idealist? No, he was not. He was, like many more of God's prophets, in advance of his day and generation. His lead shall yet be followed in the evangelisation of China, and many shall tread—ay, are already treading—in the paths that he has marked out.

Many failed in sympathy and discernment, and the causes were not far to seek. A growing love of ease and luxury possessed the Home-Churches. The love of many had grown cold through increasing riches and greater self-indulgence. And as this single-hearted gospel-man travelled up and down he saw clearly enough why the hearts of so many were not in unison with their Lord. He writes to his friend, Arnold Foster: "From conversation . . . I imagine that even amongst Christian people if they are well-to-do there is a great deal of scepticism on the subject of prayer, and I don't wonder at it when I consider the wealth and comfort and ease of many persons in England. How can they have faith in the Unseen, in a kingdom spiritual and intangible, when they are themselves so surrounded by everything which tends to and fosters a life of sense? What the Christian world of to-day in England needs, it seems, are examples of practical forsaking of all

that men count dear to them in this life. This would resolve a thousand doubts and clear up haziness on all sides."

Yes, there are certain great compensations given to lives of self-sacrifice and of simplicity. Jesus draws near to those who forsake earthly goods for Him, and a divine fellowship lights the soul with joy.

But if Mr. Hill deplored the worldliness and apathy which were enfeebling the Churches, he met here and there like-minded friends, who hailed him with joy.

One such was found in one whom he had left a little girl at Richmond, Mary Katherine Barrett, the wife of the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes were in London, and the sins and sorrows and needs of the destitute and degraded were already laid heavily on their hearts. Such problems are, after all, very much alike whether considered in relation to Hankow or London. And as Mrs. Hughes heard Mr. Hill talk of these things and of the great necessity for men and women to live lives of simplicity and self-denial in order fully to carry out the teaching of Christ, she felt entire sympathy with him, and when some years later the "Life of St. Francis of Assisi," by M. Sabatier, was published and she read of his also following his Lord in poverty and self-denying love, she said to herself, "That is David Hill."

The one great gift Mr. Hill asked for in all his speeches, lectures, and sermons—far more than for money—was prayer. He aroused men to a deeper consciousness of their own responsibility in sending men abroad, and he claimed from them that they should not leave missionaries alone in their difficult toil in the high places of wickedness, but that in faith and in constant intercession they should

support them and strengthen their hands for their great work.

Thus in many ways striving for the good of China, and using his voice, his time, his pen, his opportunities to the utmost, the time sped swiftly by, and in August, 1883, he once more left these shores. He travelled back through America, and, after a brief stay in New York, went across to San Francisco, and thence, by steamer to Yokohama. He reached Shanghai November 19, 1883.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FRIEND OF THE POOR.

1882—1885. Age 42—45.

ARRIVED at Shanghai, Mr. Hill took one of the river steamers for the remaining part of the journey—six hundred miles up the Yangtse.

These steamers, built on the American pattern, have a small portion luxuriously fitted up for the officers and a few European travellers, a second class which provides private cabins for the wealthier Chinese, and a lower after-deck where the multitude congregates in one long room. Each man reclines or squats beside his wadded quilt, the babel of tongues is never ending, the sickening fumes of opium float heavily from many a little lamp where pale smokers are inhaling. China unadorned is everywhere.*

In this last-named—the steerage class—David Hill chose to travel, rejoicing in the opportunities afforded him of contact and conversation with those whose spiritual, physical and moral welfare occupied all his thoughts. He landed at Wusueh, and took a journey round his old circuit in company with Mr. Bramfitt, who was now in charge. He writes to Mr. J. R. Hill:

We reached Wusueh, landing at the steamer office about five on Saturday morning. In this comfortless place the eight or ten Wusueh passengers waited till day-

* David Hill: Missionary and Saint.

light, that is about seven o'clock. Then through the dirty streets of Wusueh I made my way to the Mission House.

One sight I saw [as I went] echoed forth Christ's call to his followers to remember the poor we have here always with us. Two miserable objects, wrapt in rags, just getting up from their bed of straw strewn on the cold, damp street, where they had spent the chill November night, one of them quite blind, to spend another weary day in begging from door to door. This subject now occupies my thoughts, and may God grant us grace to devise the wisest measures and to execute them with equal faithfulness.

So the pitiful, tender-hearted man was back once more where he was so much needed, and already beginning to scheme and plan new work.

Five minutes more (the letter continues) brought me to the Mission Chapel, in the principal street of the town. On the other side the street, down a narrow alley, a few steps led to the house of my old friend and colleague, Mr. Bramfitt. It is a strange new sight for these Chinamen to see—two good preachers' houses, such as you might find in any of your middle-class towns in England, planted right in the midst of a Chinese town and marking unmistakeably the striking contrast between Western wealth and civilisation and Eastern poverty and unprogressiveness.

After a hearty greeting and an English breakfast, I made a call or two in Wusueh, and then, accompanied by Mr. Bramfitt, started off on foot for Kuang-chi, our inland station, twenty-five miles distant. . . . I was glad to note the increasing friendliness of the villagers and their thoughtful attention as we spoke to them. There are scores in these Kuang-chi villages only waiting to be

gathered into the Church of God. We started late, the way was long, and, through waiting for our baggage bearers, we were let in for a long moonlight walk; but the hearty welcome of one good old friend, Liu Chou Yün* was ample compensation. I was cheered to find that he had grown both in knowledge and in grace these last few years. . . . Fifteen hours' steam from Wusueh brought us to Hankow. It was just dark. The roads in the British Concession were quiet and still, contrasting strangely with the busy, noisy, bustling, hustling streets in the native town. These have recently been very well paved, and until nine or ten o'clock at night are crowded with Chinese.

I noted on my way up to Mr. Scarborough's house that the door of the city temple was open, and on inquiry learnt that three native gentlemen were paid for the purpose of exhorting the people of the place to morality. There must have been one hundred or more hearers standing around in the dimly lighted, open courtyard. This is a new departure and one naturally concludes that it is one effect of the persistent preaching of the Gospel in the Mission Chapels of Hankow, and in many respects a result we should be thankful for. Time permits me no more space this mail. Wuchang is my appointment—my last, as it was my first. Mr. Tomlinson's departure decided residence there. His absence will necessarily limit the itinerant evangelism which so much needs to be done, but with a diminished staff we have to arrange ourselves as best we can and wait and pray for more labourers. Mr. Fordham is down with low fever, and Mr. Mitchil has had to take a run to Japan for his health. The rest of our circle are well and just commencing the

* See page 89.

work of another year. With Christian greetings, in one common fellowship, believe me, affectionately yours,

DAVID HILL.

Mr. Tomlinson had to return to England owing to the failure of his wife's health, and Mr. Fordham was obliged to give in after a long struggle with malarial fever and to return also. Thus the two Headingley men expected, Messrs. Watson and Bell, instead of being extra workers, had to supply the gaps made, and it would be necessarily two years or more before they would be able to speak the language. During Mr. Hill's absence in England a specially interesting development of the work had taken place in Tê-an, the capital of the prefecture north of Hankow, one hundred and twenty miles distant. Some three years before a Christian colporteur, named Hu Tê Lin, came to this city, where he was cordially welcomed by a druggist who happened to be a native of the same province as himself. Their conversation excited in the friendly druggist a good deal of interest in the book-selling business, and he presently urged that Hu Tê Lin should invite the foreign missionary to the city, saying he could get quarters for him in the Chiang-hsi Guild. The invitation was endorsed by twenty or thirty citizens, and Mr. Brewer went up there. He met with a friendly reception, stayed three days in the Guild, had a continuous flow of visitors, was urged to rent a house, was aided in doing so, and thus began the now prosperous work in Tê-an. Then followed Mr. North, then Messrs. Bell and Mitchil, all of which the druggist is in the habit of telling, and reminding you "what a good man I am" as he does so.

Larger premises were required, and one of the best sites in the city was secured.

They had not been occupied long before a spirit of opposition began to show itself. The premises were attacked and broken open, and the furniture, books, and medicines maliciously spoiled. The county Mandarin arrested some of the ringleaders, but at the bidding of the prefectoral Mandarin set them at liberty. Our two friends, Bell and Mitchil, came down to Hankow, and Mr. Hill went up to see what could be done. By this time, however, the Civil Examinations had begun, bringing with them some thousands, either of students or attendants. And one of the texts specially selected for the essayists was: "Discountenance and banish strange teaching, in order to exalt the true doctrine."

The practical application was inevitable. The Mission House was attacked three times, and at last reduced to a complete wreck. Mr. Hill escaped with some dark bruises and a temporarily maimed wrist.

The matter was placed in the hands of H.M.'s Consul Alabaster, and a special commissioner was appointed to examine into the case. Three things were arranged: 1. That for the sake of goodwill, our just claims to the new premises should be waived, on condition that other suitable ones be found instead. 2. That personal and Mission losses should be refunded. 3. That the leaders in the last riot should be punished.

The money was promptly sent in, but how could the investigating officials carry out arrangement No. 3? It was never done. And in the matter of premises there was much obstruction. A site was offered, but in accord with an ancient custom of local veto, an old woman was found (probably compelled) to object, as the county Mandarin told Mr. Hill. "Then why not let us have our own former

premises? There had been no one to object to their occupancy before."

Feeling sure that his superior, the Prefect, would cancel any promise made, and wishing to get rid of an importunate guest, the county Mandarin consented. "Would the Venerable Brother kindly put that into writing?" Thinking that a bit of thin paper would not matter, he did so, when Mr. Hill immediately put his hand on his teacup, the recognised sign in official visits that the business is over. "Chairs!" shouted the retainers, and the visitor bowed himself out into a sedan-chair.

"Not home!" he exclaimed to the bearers, "but to the river as fast as you can go!" He guessed rightly that the prefectoral Mandarin would cancel the bond if he stayed, and that he would probably be chased.

"A boat! A boat! Hankow, as fast as ever you can row. An extra thousand cash for you if you get there quickly."

How hurried the foreigners always are! Yes, and what a commotion when the Prefect knew that the foreigner had gone! Three gunboats, with ten rowers each, gave chase. Every muscle was strained, on the one boat to get down to Hankow, on the other to stop the fugitive with the bit of paper. Little boats are so much alike that it was sighted several times and stopped; but no foreigner was to be found. The capture of wrong boats but delayed the Prefect's rowers. Thus on and on for two days and two nights. The Han is reached, but all the more boats to deceive the rowers. "Have we passed him?"

Not quite; he has just escaped to Hankow, to the Consulate, to that truly British Consul, Alabaster, who goes over the Yangtse, interviews the high authorities

there, and to-day in the premises that the Prefect denied us there has been preached, by word of mouth and by kindly dispenser, the victorious love of Christ, and that in a city of peace, if not of complete virtue.*

And, humanly speaking, that is due to David Hill's smart, prompt action, aided by the friendly British Consul Alabaster.

But these riots which took place during Mr. Bell's residence at Tê-an were such a shock to him that he never recovered. His bride, who reached Shanghai shortly after the disturbance, found him greatly changed, and within a month was told that an immediate return to England was the only chance to save his life. They returned to England, and on the very day on which the restored Tê-an Chapel was opened by rejoicing Christians, on July 5, 1885, the saintly Joseph Bell passed peacefully away to the service of his Lord in the better and eternal life.

This story anticipates a little, and we now return to Mr. Hill. We watch him as he sets to work again with renewed earnestness, and see how his busy brain and heart find fresh channels of activity.

About this time, with Mr. Brewer's aid—then on furlough in England—he founded the China Prayer Union. By this gradually several hundreds of friends were joined in constant daily prayer for the work in Hupeh. The Prayer Union Letter, for many years edited by him, indicated the subjects for special prayer, and has long given its readers "the truest, most accurate pictures of the inner history of a Mission's work that is to be found anywhere." The sorrows of the poor and destitute still pressed heavily on his heart, but the difficulties of

**Life of David Hill: the Apostolic Chinese Missionary.* By W. A. Cornaby.

administering relief were so great that he could not at once see his way to any practical scheme, and he was obliged to wait. Meanwhile other projects crowded on his attention. Evangelistic work he regarded as his own special field, but his experiences in Shansi had quickened his desires to reach the literati; he was anxious also to re-establish the medical work, which had lapsed for want of a qualified man; he wished to open the way for unmarried women workers to come and evangelise the women, and also he was planning how a less costly agency than the fully-trained and married pastor might be employed. These subjects will again recur to our notice. Meanwhile the letter following gives a vivid picture of the missionary on one of his itinerant journeys:

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

Native Inn, Chin-niu, March 1, 1883.

... These native inns would astonish you by their roughness and bareness. We are in a room far rougher than a gentleman's stable, and quite exposed at one end to the eyes and ears of our neighbours. It is, moreover, when the door is closed as dark as night; beds of boards on trestles, nails hammered into the post for pegs, stools to sit on about three inches broad, and without a table or indeed a stool either till we brought them in from some other part of the establishment. Outside our room door in the public court is a litter of pigs; all the fire we get is (if we get it, which we only have done on one day) a little earthenware hand-stove with the dying embers of the cook-house fire. Yet these things don't trouble me at all hardly. The Lord has given me physical strength for them, and thus He fits men for the work they have to do.

To-day in the street I was invited into two houses, but soon found that it was chiefly to let the women of the house have a look at me. Of course, I don't talk to them, but they listen and look all the same.

This innkeeper tells me that a tax of 10,000 cash is levied on him for theatrical festival and idolatrous worship—as house-tax for Church rates. This makes the people so unwilling to rent us their houses, for these festivals are their glory, and they would write Ichabod over the door if they could not levy the tax. I have brought Kingsley's "Hypatia" with me, and am reading it with another book Edward sent, "Old Faiths in New Light," which is hardly the book for a weary man.—With love, yours affectionately,

D. H.

The following letter also gives a graphic picture of Chinese life :

To the same.

Wuchang, March 21, 1883.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have this day visited a native dispensary—the only one in this city—which was brought to my notice by a naval officer (Chinese) living not far away from me. He very kindly offered to go with me, so we went together, and found the medical officers busy at their work. They have about 160 patients—all outdoor—who are attended to by three doctors and two surgeons. They commence much earlier than we do, not later than about six o'clock in the morning, and do not see patients after noon. The house they occupy is, I believe, rented, but they have arranged it very well. The patients wait in an open court till their turn comes, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other, and, after examination by the doctor, receive their medicine over a

counter facing the court. Behind these front rooms and court there is a guest-hall, where visitors sit. This is an institution we don't provide for, which I think is a mistake, especially if we wish to have our hospitals supported by the native gentry, as they might be. I was surprised to learn that this was the only dispensary in the city, and only opened last year, since Hankow and Hanyang have had them for years. There is no idolatry connected with this establishment, so I think of giving them a small donation, for they must be doing some good.

It is pleasing to see this kind of work going on and the Good Spirit working in men's hearts, even though it is not so confessedly Christian as we should like, but relief of suffering and pity for the poor must be from the great Fountain Head of all goodness, and he that is not against us is on our side. But many of these Chinese benevolent institutions are so unsatisfactory that one cannot contribute to their support. For instance, those hospitals for the maintenance of the aged and infirm, which seem to be doing so much for the really indigent, are burdened with exactions and extortions which render it almost impossible for a really poor person to gain admittance, the entrance fees being so heavy that they are excluded. Then many of the inmates have to go out and beg because the allowance made them is so meagre as to be utterly insufficient.

March 24.—Yesterday I went for the first time to the Opium-Smokers' and Beggars' Refuge outside this city, where the most miserable and hopeless of society find shelter for the night. In one of these there were seventy men, in the other thirty, when all came in from their daily round of begging. All were opium-smokers who had been reduced to lowest destitution, and were so far under the

power of that vice that they had given up hope of ever getting free from it. They live in mat huts provided by the benevolence of a military Mandarin, and sleep on straw spread on the ground. One man had died the day before, and his corpse was lying out in the open, for they had not collected sufficient money to purchase a coffin. Others of them cannot last long. The keeper of the place said bitterly: "Yes, they would never have come to this if it had not been for foreign opium!" It is a most pitiable sight—most pitiable because so hopeless—and yet these men seem to be nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than many of the haughty literati, and reminded me of the publicans and sinners with whom the Lord companied in days past. I wish we had a medical man in this place who would open an opium asylum, for some of them, as brands plucked from the burning, might yet be saved, and these are just the classes of society Chinese benevolence does not provide for.

Work was constantly threatened by the unrest and disquiet of China. These are increasingly manifest. In May, 1883, he writes to his brother:

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

Hankow, Monday, May 12.

. . . . The mail leaves to-day. I reached Hankow on Saturday, and found, on crossing the river, that Wuchang was in a state of intense excitement, the plot of the insurrectionists having been discovered and trials going on. Before night thirty-six men had been beheaded, since that time several others. The gates of the city are guarded and rewards offered for the capture of the leaders, seven in number. It seems from general report that they really did

purpose rebellion against Government, and had been canvassing for supporters for some time past. Their number, now some hundreds, or thousands, was to proclaim themselves when signal fires, lighted by kerosene, were set ablaze. Then, after freeing prisoners, Mandarins were to be slaughtered and the movement set afloat in Hankow, this being a good place for loot. These three cities are the best in the kingdom probably. Thank God it has been discovered before it came to that, and the decisive action of the officials may quash it, though the heads have not yet been apprehended.

But it shows what a sad unrest there is below the surface of this phlegmatic country, and means more than one can tell of injustice, oppression, discontent, disquiet, though, to all appearance, on the surface of things there is peace. We have been saved here by the skin of our teeth. Three hours' delay in the discovery of the plot might have seen Wuchang in flames and blood, and, according to the last evidence, Christian blood was to have been the first to flow. How much it should lead us to rest in the Lord, who restrains the remainder of men's wrath. . . .

To the same.

Wuchang, September 16.

. . . The insurrectionists are giving trouble again, and agitating rumours are spreading around, not so extensively as before, but widely enough to give officials anxiety, and there is an uneasy restlessness among the people which murmurs that the present dynasty has had its day. And, lastly, the French annexation of Annam is a bitter cup for China to drink, and well it may when France is acting as if might were right and doing what she dare not do to any Western Power.

In regard to this I have been grieved to note the utterly worldly and selfish tone of the letters and articles in the British press in China. Ignoring the right and wrong of the case in great measure, and simply looking at it in the selfish light of British interests, which means the probability or otherwise of making a pile of dollars out of China or Annam, as though because China is not able to cope with a first-class Western Power, the rights of the case are to be shelved when dealing with her. But the Lord reigneth and He will sooner or later avenge injustice and oppression. . . .

In the following letters he returns again to the subject never long absent from his thoughts, the sorrows of the poor:

To the same.

November 1, 1883.

But the poor are the Lord's, and infinitely more dear to Him than to any of us. Hence we may hope that He will deign to guide us. To me it seems a matter of vital interest. Ellice Hopkins says in an article entitled "Social Wreckage" that it was a frequent remark of James Hinton's that future ages would look back upon the present one in regard to the Church's disregard of practical benevolence as we look back upon the disregard of intellectual progress which so marked the middle ages as to count them the Dark Ages of Christianity. And to my own mind the tardy progress of the Kingdom of God in the East—India and China—is in a great measure due to this. But, how to act? That is the question. How much one needs the teaching of God's own Spirit! It makes me feel this keenly. And surely this will not be withheld!

With regard to works of benevolence, as things are at present, spiritual benevolence is the easiest to organise for, educational or intellectual the next, and physical the most difficult, and that simply because for the latter there is so much greater a demand.

If the Christian Church would but take note of the actual demand, the conscious need of the peoples to whom she goes, she would win her way more rapidly, and, perhaps, awaken a sense of higher and deeper want amongst peoples preoccupied through poverty with mere physical craving. To me it seems a marvel that this is so much, so entirely one might almost say, disregarded. . . .—

Ever affectionately,

D. HILL.

The year 1883 was marked by heavy loss in the Mission circle. Mrs. Scarborough died, after a sudden and brief illness. She had long been associated with the Mission. Her gentle, consistent, Christian character and gracious kindness had endeared her alike to her English friends and to the poor Chinese women who attended her meetings. Mr. Hill deeply sympathised with his old friend, and his own life was the poorer for this unexpected loss.

The following letter emphasises the need for new enterprises :

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

Hankow, June 16, 1884.

With regard to China, or rather, Central China Mission work, two or three things have occurred to me. One is, as you suggest, lay agency. The position of affairs is this. From the finest centre of missionary work in the East—perhaps in the world—the Gospel has been preached daily for about twenty years. The sixty-seven

county towns of Hupeh have been informed of the message, but we have hardly anyone to go and gather the results into the Church. Since I left England three missionaries have been removed, the consequence is that instead of going out to occupy new fields, our strength has been taken up with holding these old stations. The Wesleyan Methodist Church does not seem to be able to raise up a sufficient staff of ordained men to carry on this work, or, at any rate, to carry it forward. Are we then to stand still or are we not rather to seek for other agencies than that of the regular ministry? This should be put strongly before the Home Churches. A second point is Work for the Women of Central China. Hankow is now without a lady, for though we have two ladies residing here they are only temporarily occupying these houses, and here we are, two large cities, Hankow and Hanyang, a large women's class in Hankow, a smaller one in Hanyang, a girl's school, and a proposed Bible-woman, all without a lady directress. Of course, we do something to keep on the work, but a real missionary woman is needed. Missionaries' wives die and leave, and so something more ought to be done.

Now the third point is educational. This will be a matter of slow and steady growth. I specially wish to refer to this. We hope in future to have science classes, and it is not unlikely that some Chinese students may attend these and not desire to attend any Scriptural classes. The question will probably arise, should Scriptural teaching in every case be compulsory? My own opinion is that it should not, but that these classes should be held as a means of drawing men towards us, and by making Scriptural lessons voluntary we should attract more to come in of their own accord.

The next year Mr. George Miles arrived in China, and his coming marked the commencement of the Central China Lay Mission. Ever since Mr. Mitchil, of his own accord and as a layman, had come to the Mission, especially since Mr. Hill had learned that some Methodists had joined the China Inland Mission, because there were no such opportunities presented them by their own Church, this matter of lay agency had been in his mind and the subject of much careful thought. During his recent visit to England he had secured for it the sympathy and co-operation of his two oldest and best friends, Dr. Moulton, who became secretary, and his own brother, Mr. John R. Hill, who is Treasurer of the Lay Mission. Since Mr. Hill's death the organisation he now initiated has been adopted by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. The Lay Mission has secured for China some most faithful, devoted workers who are still on the field, and still doing invaluable service. But it has not yet secured as many labourers as its founder hoped for. Mr. Hill especially wished to obtain men who, remaining, at any rate for a time, unmarried, should be free for itinerant and pioneer evangelistic work. But such work involves more actual sacrifice and self-denial than can be comprehended at home, and Mr. Hill, who had faced the facts and counted the cost himself, hardly, perhaps, sufficiently estimated the difficulties in the way of men who had had no opportunity of doing either, and who could not judge what was actually required; and it was in the nature of things also that a man who did not consider his own devotion as an exceptional thing should be disappointed that more men of like spirit did not flock to swell the ranks of the Lay Mission, either coming out at their own expense or with the limited means guaranteed by its executive. Nevertheless, and not-

withstanding these things, the Lay Mission has done great service, and still provides a new avenue of service for an unordained and less expensively-trained worker.

In 1884 another of the missionaries was suddenly called away. Mr. Nightingale, who had returned only two years before with his bride, was seized with malarial fever, and died after a very short illness. It was a sad blow to his friends and the Mission. His young wife, who had thrown herself heartily into the work, returned to England, and the Rev. F. Boden came out shortly after to fill the gap in the ranks.

The Rev. W. Scarborough, who had never recovered the shock of his wife's death, returned also to England in the following year, and on his departure Mr. Hill became his successor in the Chair.

And thus it came to pass that the various agencies he was trying to organise and the men whom his influence had brought to China were alike placed under his care. The following Synod was held under the Presidency of the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in April, 1885, and at this Synod Mr. Hill was appointed Chairman of the District.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HIGH SCHOOL AND THE HOSPITALS.

1885—1890. Age 45—50.

IN this chapter we enter on the last period of David Hill's earthly life—on the eleven years when, as Chairman of the District, he superintended all the activities and agencies of the Mission. He was never busier than in these years, and no part of his life was so important unless we except the time spent in Shansi. His hands were filled with ceaseless occupation, on him rested the care of all the churches, the direction of all affairs concerning them, and his eager soul was ever devising new enterprises and further developments of work already undertaken.

Early in the year he wrote to his brother as follows, and the letter indicates his concern for the progress of the Lay Mission and his anxiety to secure by its means more recruits for his beloved China.

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

Hankow, 23rd Jan., 1885.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It was encouraging to hear of your meeting with Dr. Moulton, and that Lay Agency has not been altogether laid aside. I have been reminded of it by two things recently.

First, by the news from Cambridge of some forty or fifty undergraduates rising at Mr. Hudson Taylor's request after one of his meetings as expressive of their determination to enter Foreign Missionary work. This is a good

sign. Several C.M.S. men were amongst them. The Moules have a brother* in Cambridge who takes an active part in all Evangelical and Missionary movements in connection with the University.

We see here *The Christian*, and that paper gives account of these agencies. Our denominational papers cramp us up too much. It is well to have one undenominational paper, and *The Christian* seems a fairly good one.

Well, the second thing I referred to is the departure (from Hankow for the interior) of six China Inland brethren, hearty, earnest young fellows. One a Methodist Evangelist from the south of England, one an English Churchman, one a Presbyterian, and so on. Really good fellows they were, ready to dare and do, lacking the gymnastic training which college life gives in mental and spiritual matters, but of strong physique and of earnest zeal, and they are going far away, a thousand miles or so beyond Hankow, some of them. With regard to our Lay Scheme, our Methodist brother said he had never heard of it at all, nor had he any idea that men might go out as laymen in connection with the Methodist Missionary Society, and, indeed, they cannot, but still they ought.†

With the prospect of Mr. Scarborough's return to England, and my possible retention in Hankow and settlement there, I fear that my former hopes of joining in the Outside Work‡ will not bring forth fruit. All the friends here think my duty is at the centre, and though it has cost me something to come to it, necessity—perhaps it is—is leading me to the same view. I would to God His will were certified to me. Surely assurance will come if we wait on God.

* The present Bishop of Durham.

† By recent legislation of the Wesleyan Conference, the W.M.S. is permitted to send out laymen.

‡ Itinerant Evangelism.

Little Marion Brewer has been very ill with a bronchial affection, but is now getting better. Love to Mary and all the boys and dear little Kathie.—Yours ever affectionately,

DAVID HILL.

In April, 1885, Rev. Dr. Jenkins arrived in China and presided at the Annual Synod. The past work and the future plans were here fully discussed, and David Hill was placed in charge of the entire Mission, which, with an increasing staff of missionaries and new departments, was becoming a large and important one. To the evangelistic work this new branch of lay agency was now added. In the educational department the High School was already projected, and was an important feature, and besides these the Medical Work was being started again, both for men and women. Twenty years before, in Wuchang, David Hill had agonised and prayed for an entrance there, and now how widely had the gospel been preached in that great city and far beyond, and how manifold the appeal made in the behalf of Christ! Yet, as at first, with David Hill it was "always something more, always something better," and the Chair of the District did but offer a new starting point for further enterprise and conquest for Christ's kingdom. To us looking back how easy it is to recognise the ruling of God's providence in placing him at this time in the position to organise new work, and to infuse and inspire others by his love and zeal.

Still he counted it his chief joy to declare the glad tidings in places where Christ had not been named, but he surrendered to a life in the great cities as to the will of God. For business routine and the administration of a large Mission he had little taste and not much aptitude. But he recognised the necessity and accepted it as his appointed service.

The Missionary staff was now much enlarged. The Rev. F. Boden had already arrived ; he was shortly followed by Revs. W. T. A. Barber, M.A. (who had specially volunteered for the High School) and W. A. Cornaby. The first lady missionaries came this year (1885), the Misses Watson, sisters of the Rev. W. H. Watson. The following year (1886) brought two more, one for medical and one for school work—Miss Sugden and Miss Williams—and also a medical missionary, Dr. Arthur Morley, and the Rev. G. G. Warren.

Of his own arrival Mr. Barber thus writes :*

How can I ever forget the first morning on the river-steamer, when on coming to the breakfast-table I met the long-robed Chinese figure with the eager, deep-lined but wonderful, winsome face ! After breakfast he took me into his cabin to pray and thank God for the safe, long, four months' journey during which I had been wandering over India and Ceylon ; how he spoke of the splendid possibilities of winning a place in the hearts of the jealously guarded rising race of the literary class, and at the same time of bringing the blessed Christ into those hearts. My whole life was conscious of a purer spiritual air while he was with me, my whole aims I felt were on a higher plane. How we loved him, all of us ! I remember in every detail the pleasure of my first inland journey made in his company. We were in a little boat with its mat covering ; anchored for the night, and fast asleep, we were subjected to a tremendous downpour of rain, which the leaky matting filtered in upon us in copious streams ; he rose and did his best to protect me, and when with the strength of healthy youth I woke refreshed next morning from damp slumbers, I found he had taken off his own rug and covered

*David Hill : Missionary and Saint.

me over from harm. So throughout the journey, amidst the constant rain and gaping crowds, in the wreck of the ruined Tê-an premises, in visiting the mandarin, shielding me and belittling himself always. And then those prayers! the pouring forth of the whole soul, face rapt, voice thrilled, the zeal of the Lord's house consuming him. Prayer has been a different thing to me since I heard him pray.

Of these new arrivals Mr. Boden and Mr. Barber were the direct result of Mr. Hill's own appeals, while Dr. Morley was the brother-in-law of his old friend and chairman, Rev. Josiah Cox, and as such warmly welcome.

The responsibilities and work of the new chairman were now increasing rapidly. Here was a large staff of workers, both of men and women, to superintend, and all the new departments to organise and to house. He soon set to work, and no time was lost. A new Women's Dispensary for Miss Sugden, and the Wusueh Chapel were built in 1886. The Industrial Blind School and the High School were opened in 1887. The Women's Hospital in Hankow, and the Hospital for Dr. Morley at Tê-an erected in 1888, and in 1890 the Men's Hospital in Hankow for Dr. Hodge was built, while the High School in Wuchang was transferred to a better position in a house adapted for the purpose.

We have now to follow Mr. Hill through the work of these busy years.

If he was obliged to limit his beloved evangelistic journeys, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the work was not undone, and that through the lay agency the seed of the Kingdom was being sown more widely than ever.

And he himself, in another direction, had the opportunity of doing far more than had yet been in his power. In everything that he did David Hill strove to follow Christ, and to be guided by His voice, and never was he so certain that he was obeying His Master's call as when he was caring for the poor, the sick, and suffering. Did not the Lord Jesus minister to these Himself in the days of His earthly ministry? Did He not feed them? Did He not heal the sick, and did He not say that whosoever relieved the wants of the poor relieved His? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of My brethren ye have done it unto Me." Not only did he believe that the care of the poor was especially Christ's call to him, but he knew that by this active kindness Christ was preached as plainly as by word of mouth; and that thus to set Him forth was to make men see Him in His essential character, and as in the days of the Shansi famine, mercy had prepared the way for the coming of the Lord, so it would be in Hupeh. But philanthropic work has its great difficulties, and to encourage men to receive Christianity for the sake of earthly benefits was the last thing Mr. Hill desired. He saw that the problem could best be solved through Industrial and Medical Missions, and so long ago as his Wusueh days he had had a road made in order to provide employment for the destitute. Thus in the next five years he was chiefly engaged in erecting buildings for the medical and industrial work.

To the expenses of these buildings Mr. Hill contributed largely out of his own private purse, and his expenditure in these years seems frequently to have exceeded his income. This was a satisfaction rather than regret, for he writes to his brother a little later than this date as follows:

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

. . . Thanks for annual statement (*i.e.*, of his private accounts). I see I have overstepped my income by £450. The cost of building house and orphanage account for this, but I shall be glad when the steady increase of ordinary work necessitates the lessening of my capital, for why should I have so much when others are in need? The question is how to expend it wisely. . . .

In the autumn of 1885 the triennial literary examinations, similar to those held in Shansi, took place, and all the missionaries with those in Wuchang united in order to distribute copies of the Scriptures and Christian literature to the candidates.

Of this work Mr. Hill thus writes :

Upwards of ten thousand candidates are mustered in the great Examination Hall for nine days. It was determined to place in the hands of these ten thousand students a copy of one of the four Gospels and a little book on the evidence of Christianity, as they leave the Examination Hall. To carry out this scheme the aid of our lay brethren was essential. The three Missions—the London, the Wesleyan, and the China Inland—agreed to beat up native Christian volunteers—twelve from Wuchang, twelve from the Hankow churches, the missionaries themselves superintending the work. The twenty thousand books were stored in the London Mission Chapel, as being the nearest to the Examination Hall. When the day arrived, September 23rd, the missionaries and native brethren met in that place. Work was then apportioned to each. The books were then separated into three large piles, and the native brethren divided into three corps—one for the Central Gate at the Examination Hall, another

for the Eastern, and a third for the Western. All were to be ready to proceed with the distribution as soon as the gun, which told of the opening of the gates, was fired ; this was not expected until seven or eight in the evening. Imagine then the surprise of all when at twenty minutes to four in the afternoon the gun was fired and the news came that students were pouring out of the Hall helter-skelter. The brethren posted off with hundreds of books, and were soon at their respective stations. In their eagerness and haste, they lost for the time their presence of mind and the crowd of coolies and chairbearers, soldiers and loafers, street urchins and yamen runners took advantage of the situation and made for the books. Some hundreds in this way failed to reach their proper destination, but with this exception they were placed in the hands of those for whom they were intended. To get matters into working order two missionaries left the chapel for the distributing stations, one in foreign and one in native costume. [This latter was no doubt Mr. Hill himself.] The former gathered around him such a crowd that the mandarin stationed on the spot to keep order politely requested him to retire ; the latter, however, continued at the place in peace and quietness, and from time to time through the night the missionaries in native dress reconnoitred the native forces without attracting attention. The night was cold and stormy, heavy rains falling almost incessantly till the streets were deep in mud and mire. This sudden change of weather had taken place within twelve hours from the commencement of work, so that our native brethren were some of them shivering with cold as they waited the second and third guns and consequent reopening of the gates, but bravely they stuck to their posts and when, next morning about half-past eight o'clock, the last

packet of books was handed out, they showed no signs of regret though the work had cost them so much more physical discomfort than they had bargained for. Mr. Owen, of the London Mission, who had provided refreshments during the night, now invited the whole band of workers to a substantial meal, after which we separated each to his own home. Now the Word has gone forth. The seed in one night has been scattered over an area half as large as the whole of England and Wales. The Truth of God has been placed in the hands of some of the most influential men in every one of the sixty-eight counties of this province and

Watered by His Almighty hand, the seed shall surely grow, but the prayers of God's remembrancers are surely needed that He will pour down the continual dew of His blessing and cause the seed to spring up and grow, "first the blade and then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear," and that we may be ever ready to follow up with all our might the work we have put our hands unto, and that others again may be raised up to gather the sheaves which shall ripen in the sunshine of God.

In order to carry out his philanthropic plans Mr. Hill now bought a large plot of land in Hankow, only divided by the main road from the existing Mission premises. Here he first of all, and at his own expense, built a row of almshouses for aged and destitute persons. The absolute need of the applicant was made the reason for admission, and no question of Church-membership entered into consideration lest a premium should be thereby offered for joining the Church. In most cases the poor men thus sheltered through David Hill's care did become Christians, being won indirectly through this Christ-like spirit.

Having erected the almshouses, he desired to build on this new land some industrial school for the aid and employment of the destitute. It was, however, a matter long considered before it actually took shape. What industry it was best to encourage, where to find his helpers and a superintendent for his school, were the subjects of much thought, and references to them continually appear in his letters. At last, however, the case of the poor blind creatures whom he met in strings as he walked the streets was laid especially on his heart, and he determined to build his Home for them, and to gather them in and teach them a useful trade.

At Pekin a similar work had been started by Rev. W. H. Murray, and at first Mr. Hill sent for one of Mr. Murray's pupils to come and teach his boys. But not much progress was made till Mr. Crossett, formerly of the American Presbyterian Mission in Shantung, came on a lengthened visit. He was a man of undoubted devotion, and utterly self-sacrificing nature, but of eccentric ideas and strangely unbalanced mind. His goodness and unselfishness greatly touched Mr. Hill, and his help was a valuable assistance. He stayed long enough in Hankow to start the new school. He began at once to instruct the blind boys to make cane-seated chairs, and he and Mr. Hill together adapted the Braille method of teaching the blind to read for the Hankow dialect. After a few months, during which both lived in the Blind School with the boys, Mr. Crossett went on his self-elected way, travelling up and down, preaching the gospel, and living a life of the greatest poverty and self-denial until his death a few years later.

In this year also the new Dispensary was erected for Miss Sugden. The medical work which she came to do was

already begun, and was the fruit of the loving care and sympathy shown to the Chinese women by Mrs. North (wife of the Rev. T. E. North, B.A.) from the time of her arrival in China. At her husband's station at Wusueh she had prescribed medicine and administered relief to those who came to her in her own house. On their removal to Hankow she had carried on the same work with such increasing numbers of patients that she was obliged to ask Mr. Hill to allow her the use of an empty room for a dispensary. This he gladly did, and saw with deep interest and sympathy how she was winning her way amongst the women of Hankow by this loving ministry. By the time that Miss Sugden came she had had, she wrote, "the pleasure of ministering to two thousand women and children, and the intense joy of seeing some little fruit gathered for the Master." The work Mrs. North began has grown and prospered ever since, and now that she, too, has gone to be with Christ, we remember that it was her gentleness and kindness that by God's blessing laid the foundations of the successful Women's Hospital there is in Hankow to-day.

Another lady joined Miss Sugden in hospital work, Mrs. Bell, widow of Rev. Joseph Bell. After her husband's death she went through a course of training in nursing, and then returned to China and to the work she loved. She has done good service and still continues her labours. After Miss Sugden married and left Hankow, Dr. Ethel Gough, a fully qualified lady doctor, was appointed, and has carried on the work of the Hospital with increasing success. According to a recent report the number of in-patients in the year was 200, and of out-patients 3,557.

In November, 1886, a new chapel was opened in

Wusueh. The dingy house in which David Hill had lived and worked and prayed was now replaced by new premises in a good position. They consisted of a good airy chapel, a school-room, guest-room, prayer-room, together with sleeping accommodation for school teachers and several native guests if necessary.

Mr. Hill preached the first sermon to a good congregation, a large proportion being Church members.

In the afternoon four candidates for admission to the Church were baptized, and afterwards the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. David Hill rejoiced over this growing prosperity, and prayed earnestly for a baptism of the Holy Ghost which should quicken and extend the work yet more and more through that whole district.

This year of fresh accessions and new enterprise did not end without its special sorrow. Mrs. Brewer, endeared to the Mission circle by her gentle spirit, was taken Home, and Mr. Brewer was compelled in consequence to take his motherless children to England. The loss of a missionary so valued was greatly felt. On his return to England, Mr. Brewer became secretary for the China Prayer Union, which now included 600 members. The thought of all these praying friends in England was constantly with Mr. Hill, and the Letter regularly sent from the field shows evident signs of his hand and of his anxiety to set forth the needs of the Mission, so as to benefit most by this prayer and sympathy and intercession.

In an undated letter of this year to Mr. J. R. Hill occurs the following concerning his old friend Mr. Hsi:

. . . *The other day I had a letter from that gentleman

* See Chapters IX-X.

in Shansi who took the prize in the examination we gave and who afterwards became a Christian. He tells me that two months ago fifty men and twenty-two women were baptized in P'ing-yang Fu. So the Lord is gathering souls to Himself there, and Stanley Smith and the other missionaries are being cheered by the presence and power of God. . . .

The High School was opened in 1887, and David Hill, who in his early years had declined a good position as teacher in a Christian college in Japan, had become so thoroughly alive to the importance of reaching the educated classes that he himself initiated the scheme for the High School which it was hoped would educate future Christian teachers and officials.

Rev. Ernest F. Gedye, M.A., subsequently appointed to its charge, has kindly written its history up to the present time, and in such a story as the following we see clearly how China may be won for Christ and how great are the opportunities for serving Him in that great empire. It is indeed in itself a wonderful appeal to educated and Christian men in this country :

The Wuchang High School.—Mr. Hill was a missionary of broad views, and realised the importance of medical and educational work in spreading the news of the Kingdom of God. During his life nearly all the educational missionary work of China, with the exception of very elementary day schools, was done by the Americans. They have always given their best, both in men and women, and in money, to the establishing and carrying on of schools and colleges for the Chinese. But, with very few exceptions, the English Societies have been so busy with evangelistic and medical work that they have neglected educational.

One such exception was the founding of the Wuchang

High School. Through Mr. Hill's appeal, the Rev. W. T. A. Barber came to China in 1885 to begin educational work amongst the literary classes in China. Classical studies have always been pursued in China with an enthusiasm and devotion worthy of Eton or Oxford, but mathematics and science have been almost entirely neglected. In opening a school in Wuchang for such studies it was hoped that the help and sympathy of the officials would be secured and a number of literary men would seek instruction from Mr. Barber.

But these hopes were not realised. From the first the officials did their utmost to prevent the missionaries from buying land in the city, and when in 1887, two years after Mr. Barber's arrival, a fairly good house was rented the response was very disappointing. Scholars were not numerous, and many of them were the stupid ones who could not succeed in the classical schools, or those who hoped in a week or so to exhaust the mysteries of the calculus.

Land was purchased, but the vendor was cast into prison, and, although in 1890 the school was transferred to the new plot, it was not until 1894, eight and a-half years after the purchase, that the authorities sealed the deeds and legalised the purchase.

For many years Mr. Barber carried on the hard struggle, and when, in 1893, his wife's health compelled him to leave China and return to England, he left a school of about forty boys to his successor, Rev. T. E. North. Since then there has been steady progress, and, though political events in China have sometimes reduced the numbers and hindered the work, these untoward events have always passed away, leaving the school stronger than before.

To-day (1903) there are about fifty boarders, and only the limited accommodation prevents the number being very many more. Instead of the adapted native buildings, simple but good brick buildings have been erected, including two large dormitories and three class-rooms. Scholarships of the value of from £7 to £10 a year have been established, which enable a few poor but hardworking, clever Christian boys to attend the school. Two other missionary societies who have no school of their own, have sent us some of their boys to educate, and last year the highest official in the city sent two of his grandsons to the school.

A Theological School has also been established in Wuchang, the students of which dine in the High School and attend many of the classes there. At the same time the need of more extensive buildings and at least one other European teacher is greatly felt, and the need has been recognised by the Missionary Committee.

The following extract from *Work and Workers*, September, 1902, will give an idea of the success of the school in training Christian boys :

Many years ago there lived in Wuchang a Chinese gentleman named Shen. Like many other Chinese gentlemen, he was heavily in debt. Some of his debts were his own, some he had inherited from his father. His family consisted of a daughter and a young son, about six or seven years old, a bright little fellow, who even then gave promise of developing into a good Chinese scholar. At school little Shen heard strange stories of the foreigners living in Hankow and other ports of China, how they bewitched poor Chinese, stole their hearts for medicine, and their eyes for making photographs. He heard how some

of the sons of Han, bewitched by the hateful foreigners, had swallowed the foreign religion, and for the sake of silver had become Christians. One day his schoolfellows told him that his own father was one of these foreign-religion-swallowers, and little Shen was angry, as any boy will be when he hears his father insulted. When he came home he told his father what he had heard, and the father, instead of denying, acknowledged that he had been attending Christian services, and, moreover, told his son that the Christians were good men, and so far from bewitching people and stealing their hearts, spent their time in deeds of love and charity. This was very strange to young Shen, and his heart burnt with shame at the thought of his father becoming a religion-swallow. One day his father introduced him to the missionary, an English gentleman with a face so wonderfully kind.* The missionary spoke kindly to him, and gave him a picture, and little Shen's opinion of foreigners began to change. Some time afterwards he told his father that, after all, the Christian teaching was not all false, for in his Chinese studies the teacher had told him that from of old the Chinese worthies had worshipped Shang-ti, the Almighty, and it was Shang-ti that the Christians worshipped.

As time passed on, Mr. Shen became a Christian and was baptized, and his son was sent to a Christian day-school. He soon won his way to the top of the school, and became a great favourite with his teacher, and so when, in 1887, Mr. Barber, now Headmaster of the Leys, opened a high school in Wuchang, young Shen was ready for the education provided there. He soon showed that he could master the elements of mathematics as readily as the old Chinese classics he had studied in the native

* Rev. David Hill.

schools, and before Mr. Barber left China he was his head scholar. Not only was he the cleverest student in the school, but he was baptized, and was developing a strong Christian character. Most of his schoolfellows were rich, the sons of Chinese officials; but in China learning implies higher rank than riches, and Shen's rich friends were proud of their clever schoolfellow, and flattered his ambition as they spoke of future honours in store for him.

Flattery is sweet, and well-earned praise is perhaps sweeter still, and Shen began to realise that the praise of his rich friends was in danger of becoming more to him than the "well done" of his God, and so one day he came to Mr. Barber and asked if he might be allowed to preach in the chapel. Mr. Barber was naturally gladdened when the brightest of his pupils proffered such a request, and asked him why he wanted to preach. "Because," said Shen, "I am afraid of growing proud, and if I preach my schoolfellows will despise me as a Christian." It was a strange call to the office of a preacher of Christ's Gospel, but it was a true call, and Shen took his place on the platform, and preached to his countrymen the good news of Christ's Kingdom.

And when Mr. Barber had to give up his work in China and return to England, it was Shen's life and character which assured him that the years spent in China were not lost. And the promise of the head boy has been more than fulfilled in the after history of Shen Wen-ch'ing. For many years he has been the chief Chinese assistant in his old school. When I first took charge of the school I found his help invaluable, and the more I learnt to know him the more I learnt to honour and trust him. Not only was he a good teacher and a firm but kind

disciplinarian, but an earnest, spiritually-minded man. Nearly every Sunday he preached in the chapel, and his sermons were always such that I wanted to hear him again. In circuit and church matters his advice was sought almost as much as in the school, and when our Chinese minister, Mr. Chü, died, it was Shen who, to a large extent, took his place, and in the hours of freedom from class work found time to care for some of the many needs of our Christian members.

Shen is a good scholar, and is one of the few in China who, in spite of the time given to English and Western studies, has succeeded in obtaining the first, or B.A., degree by the ordinary Chinese examination. Of course, such a man as Shen had many an offer from Chinese officials to become a teacher in their families and schools, yet for years he refused, and gladly worked for the Church when he might have earned three or four times as much in some other employment. The story of how he answered the last of such offers I have partly told in the *Central China Prayer Union Letter*. Let me repeat it:

Late one evening I was sitting in my study when my first assistant master, Mr. Shen Wen-ch'ing, B.A., came to see me with his account book in his hand. We sat down together, and for some time were busy settling our accounts. That duty done, Mr. Shen said to me, "I have received a letter which has given me a good deal of sorrow, and I want you to pray for me; but I cannot tell you what the matter is. In three days' time I hope to tell you about it."

Of course I said I would pray for him, and asked if he was troubled on account of any of his friends. He replied "No," and then after a little more talk said, "Well,

I think I will tell you the matter. Three months ago a friend of mine, a mandarin, asked me to go to Sui-chou with him and open a school. I declined, but he has written again pressing me to go."

When I heard this my heart sank. Shen, Mr. Barber's favourite pupil, is not only my right hand in the school, but a man whose education and sterling Christian character have made him a power for good amongst all who know him. The offer I understood; it meant a large salary, an official status, and to refuse would mean to offend his friend. But to lose Shen was not merely to lose a valued helper, but was to remove at a stroke a great testimony to the power of God, for Shen had before this refused more than one opportunity of earning a far higher salary than we can pay in the school.

I asked him what salary was offered.

"Fifty taels a month," was the answer. His present salary is less than fifteen. "Of course," I said, "we cannot afford in the school to pay anything like that."

"Oh, it isn't money I mind, you know that I have now enough for the needs of myself and my family; but if I go to Sui-chou, in two years' time I shall obtain a degree." The "degree" I found meant rank and a mandarin's button.

What could I say? How many Christians in England would refuse such a chance? In China we have seen missionaries give up their mission work to take charge of Government Schools or to engage in commercial ventures, and they have justified their course by saying that they hoped to wield a wider influence for Christ in their new positions than they could ever do in the old. We have never judged such, and how could we say a word to press Shen to refuse an equally eligible post?

So I said, "Well, you must ask God to show you His will; I don't think you would wish to do what God does not want you to do, either for the sake of fifty taels a month or for official rank."

We continued to talk, never a word on my part to persuade him not to go, when, with a smile on his face, anything but the face of a man who had come to talk about a matter that gave him "a good deal of sorrow," he said, "But I am not in any doubt at all; I shall certainly decline my friend's request. It is very strange; I had no intention of making up my mind to-night, I don't know how it is."

The offer was declined; but since I came to England I have heard from China that Mr. Shen's friend continued to urge him to come to his help in Sui-chou. Finally, Shen replied: "Well, I will come on three conditions: I shall not worship the tablet of Confucius, I must be set free from work on Sundays, and shall preach and carry on Christian work in connection with the Church in Sui-chou. If you will grant those conditions, I will come, but not otherwise."

To his surprise, the conditions were readily granted, and the result is that the Principal of the Government College in Sui-chou is a Christian, whilst from other Government colleges conscientious Christian students are excluded!

This is very briefly the story of one of our students. For years he has been a local preacher, a class leader, and steward; he has paid off all the debts of his father and grandfather, and his children are Christians of the third generation.

I have spoken somewhat at length of Mr. Shen, and must speak but shortly of others.

Chiang Wen-pang, the son of very poor parents, won a scholarship at the High School five or six years ago. A clever lad, he won his way to the top of the school, and at his own desire is now training at Shanghai with the hope of being a Chinese medical missionary.

Li Yü-chin, the son of a poor widow in Tê-an, came to the High School at the same time as Wen-pang, and with him was for some time a pupil teacher. In spite of one sad fall, Yü-chin is a good Christian, and is now doing his best to take Mr. Shen's place as assistant master.

T'ou Chin-p'eng, the son of an old Christian preacher, was not clever, but trustworthy and industrious. For some years he was one of the assistants of Dr. Hodge in the Hankow Hospital. A victim to consumption, he died in the hospital. The doctor wrote to me at the time, and described him as the best and most trustworthy assistant he had.

Another of Dr. Hodge's assistants is also one of our boys. His father was a military mandarin from the once hostile province of Hunan. After his death the son came to the High School. He is now a local preacher in Hankow.

Many others I could mention, some of whom have given up the chance of lucrative posts in the Customs and elsewhere, and are willing to be teachers on very small salaries so as to work for Christ.

The school is only a young one as yet, and the number of Christian boys has always of necessity been small; but of those who have gone out from the school already, many have done good work for Christ. Would that we could say all; but, alas! there are those who once made us glad, but now fill our hearts with sorrow and anxiety, for in

their hearts the love of the world has taken the place of the love of God.

One word may be added to the story of Shen. A letter written by Dr. Hodge has just reached us, saying that Shen was helping the mandarin examine the papers in one of the great literary examinations in Sui-chou. The mandarin sold the highest place in the examination, as nearly every other official in China would have done, but as soon as Wen-ch'ing heard it he refused to help any further in the examination and came down to Wuchang. "Such actions," says the writer, "teach these people righteousness."

The following letters belong to this year:

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

April 10, 1887.

. . . . I have been very busy all the week whitewashing and cleaning that I may hand over the house all clean and tidy to the Hodges, who are expected here to-morrow.

The foundations of the (Industrial Blind) School were marked out yesterday.

To the same.

June 28, 1887.

Mr. Barber opened his school on Monday last. Thank God for this step forward. We have been very let and hindered hitherto, but this native house answers very well, and it is, in fact, better to my mind than a foreign-built college in the first place. He has received into the house into the teens of scholars, and purposes stopping for the present at twenty, which is a wise decision. This makes us in a measure and for the time being independent of the land over which there has been such difficulty. The

Ladies' Hospital and Men's Hospital come next, so we have plenty to think and pray about, and simple evangelistic work has greater attractions for me than this business, if it had been or should be the will of God.

To the same.

November 6, 1887.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—How very good of the Lord it is to keep a little child faithful in prayer, as Mr. ——'s little daughter has been. How He crowns our life with loving kindness! God bless the dear child!

Dr. Morley has adopted the Chinese costume, and has gone alone to Tê-an, where he will commence his medical labours. Thus two of the lay missionaries will have begun work by the time you receive this I hope. Dr. Morley adapts himself to circumstances in a way which is very restful, and seems prepared to rough it very cheerfully. We have had no reply from the Prefect yet as to the Foundling Home, nor have we taken any further steps in the acquirement of land for the Women's Hospital, nor have we met with a suitable workman to teach the boys some industry, nor have we got the Wuchang land question (for the High School) put through; thus there are several matters still pending.

To the same.

November 26, 1887.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I feel strongly the inadvisability of spending heavy sums in plant which the Chinese Church might and ought to provide, but do not, and so keeping them in a condition of helplessness and pauperism, but I see, too, that in the central stations we ought to have the generosity as well as the religion of the West fairly represented, and that the various departments of Christian

activity may and ought to be seen here in actual operation, and when God has so graciously provided us with a medical man and with an educated man, too, we should not let them stand still for want of help. With regard to the Industrial School, I have been a good deal cast down lately. Mr. —— has gone, just when we were getting near to the immediate need of a superintendent, and we have as yet not met with a suitable Christian Chinese artisan. . . .

The year 1888 saw the opening of two Hospitals. In August one was opened in Tê-an, under the care of Dr. Arthur Morley, and this revived and extended the medical work begun by Rev. Joseph Bell; and in December the Women's Hospital in Hankow. This last was a jubilee gift from the Methodist women of England in honour of their good Queen to their poor and suffering sisters in China.

From what has been already said it will be clear that a high estimate was placed by Mr. Hill on Medical Mission work, and that he valued the gift of healing as a means of making known the love of Christ. There lies before the writer an article written by him, and bearing the title, *Do the Nineteenth Century Medical Missions Fulfil the New Testament Ideal?* It is throughout an effort to show how great is the opportunity given to the Medical Missionary to glorify his Lord, and to guard against the dangers that lie in wait to hinder this manifestation, as they do in all such great positions. In the case of the Lord and His Apostles, he says the miracles of healing were always used to show the Divine power of Jesus, and that, therefore, Medical Missions can only do their fullest work as they glorify Christ. That it is not to exalt Western science and the doctor's skill that the medical missionary exercises

his beneficent powers, but to teach men the love of Christ, and that we have need to be jealous, therefore, for this supreme ideal. This is, of course, the very highest ground that can be taken on this subject, and it is well to bring it forward when the great need for a far larger and more extensive development in Medical Missionary work has at last aroused some attention.

It should, perhaps, be noted here that opium cases form one important class with which the doctors in China have to deal. They are difficult always, and most difficult and sad because of their close relation with vice—particularly the vices of gambling and adultery. As is the case with drunkenness at home, opium-smoking is a degrading and debasing habit, and no one will trust an opium-smoker. His character and moral power are gone. It is necessary, therefore, for the missionary to seek by God's grace to recover both the moral and physical man, and the sorrows and anxieties of such work can be imagined better than described.

In 1888 Mr. Hill attended a Missionary Conference at Nanking. The opportunities of seeing the work of other societies and of meeting fellow missionaries was always eagerly welcomed by him, and on this visit he met old friends and new. Amongst the former he mentions Mr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, and Mrs. Taylor's sister, Miss Edith Broomhall. He had many friends amongst missionaries of other Churches. In his later days, from the time of the Shansi famine, he found a kindred spirit in Rev. Timothy Richard, of the Baptist Mission, now Secretary to the Christian Literary Society. They were men of one heart and mind, and laboured together in the Gospel with singular success. It was together they devised the plans for reaching the literary

classes by distributing Christian literature and offering prizes for essays in Christian subjects, which have, as we have seen, had in Shansi and elsewhere such great success.

In this year also his own Church elected him into "The Legal Hundred" of the Conference, into the inner circle of this chief and legislative assembly. It was the first time this distinction had been conferred on an Eastern missionary. The following letter relates to the Blind School :

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

1888.

Mr. Crossett's stay here is so uncertain, and my other duties so varied, that I cannot count upon myself for the management of affairs when he is gone. On this account I have told him that eight or ten blind youths should be our present limit, but if the Lord raised up for us a suitable manager we might treble the number in our present premises; then, if the work still prospers, enlarge, for there is room enough in this compound for very considerable enlargement; but till the master is provided it would be foolish to take any more scholars. One poor boy was brought by a native teacher, who heard that the boy's father was going to kill him. He had, I believe, turned him out of doors, poor lad, for he said he was of no use, and only an additional drain on the family expenditure. Another boy of eighteen has been taken in; he is an orphan and has no home. Another was brought by a Christian man from a country station up the River Han; he knows more of Bible truths than the others did, and is a clever boy. Our plan is, half the day to learn to read and to get off Scripture and hymns, and half the day to make baskets. One boy has left us because he was

unwilling to learn and preferred telling fortunes. This may deter others, but better that we should have fewer and those willing to work than that we should have a large number of lazy boys about.

In the beginning of 1889 Mr. Hill, leaving Hankow in charge of Rev. T. E. North, B.A., crossed over to Wuchang, and once more made his home within its walls.

This year also he welcomed some fresh evangelists sent out by Rev. Thos. Champness, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and known as the Joyful News Evangelists. A year later two more of "the Joyful Brethren," as Mr. Hill playfully calls them, followed, and subsequently several more. Their coming greatly cheered and encouraged him.

CHAPTER XIV.

THROUGH THE FIRES.

1890—1893. Age 50—53.

THE preceding chapter has well illustrated Mr. Hill's broad sympathies and wide views of missionary life. These might be pointed out as matters for commendation, were this book written from any other standpoint, but we are looking at David Hill as Christ's devoted servant, bent only on carrying out His plans with all the strength of his mind and heart. His success was that of faithfulness to the Great Ideal, the rendering of the Love of all Loves, into the daily acts and the many-sidedness of the life about him. He was not an eloquent preacher nor a great organiser. Other men surpassed him in some directions, but no one followed Christ more absolutely in self-denying love.

"David Hill," says one of his friends, "would do anything in this world for a Chinaman, spiritually, physically, educationally." Yes, because he had so learned Christ. He could not give a narrow, impoverished Gospel that aimed only at one half the man when he believed that Christ had redeemed him, spirit, body, and soul.

In May, 1890, the second General Missionary Conference of Protestant Missionaries in China was held in Shanghai. During the thirteen years which had passed since the first Conference there had been a great increase of workers and of work done. There were now forty-one Societies represented in China, thirteen hundred mission-

aries, and thirty-seven thousand communicants. Four hundred and fifty missionaries attended the Conference. It was decided that one American and one British missionary should be chosen as Presidents. The Americans elected Dr. J. L. Nevius; the British, David Hill. That a man so unobtrusive and self-effacing should come thus prominently to the front was at first sight surprising, but it is not really strange; an unselfish life shines with a clear pure lustre, the very light of life, and it was not wonderful that, after twenty-five years, his brethren should recognise this supreme quality and honour it. For love is the greatest thing in the world—the central force of Christianity—it is Christ.

We are told that:

For the first day or two he was troubled by a feeling of outrage to his humility, by the honour thus thrust upon him, and suffered, therefore, somewhat by comparison with his more experienced colleague. But the gracious spirit of his utterances soon won its way, and his natural ability speedily made him a most effective chairman.*

Some of the names of those who elected him to the chair or who took part in the meetings are household words in the various Churches of England and America. Among them were Dr. Martin, of Pekin; the Ven. Archdeacon Moule, brother to the present Bishop of Durham; William Muirhead, the oldest missionary in China; Dr. Mateer, Timothy Richards, and Hudson Taylor. The Conference was a wonderful illustration of unity in variety. At no one moment did denominational distinctions hamper the twelve days' sittings; to judge from the records, the most

* David Hill: Missionary and Saint.

distinguishing feature of the Conference was the spirit of harmony that prevailed, and this spirit not only characterised the discussions, but was especially exhibited in the unanimity when the various important and delicate measures were acted upon.

This Conference of 1890 marked an era in the history of Missions in China ; it gave to the missionary body there due prominence and weight in the eyes of the Christian world. The attention of the various communities in China was drawn to Missions and missionaries as never before. The two daily papers in Shanghai gave up a large portion of their space to full and careful relation of its doings.*

Mr. Hill himself read an important paper on “Lay Agency.”

The famines of recent years in India and China (he said) have compelled us to own our indebtedness to the heathen world in regard to their temporal necessities, but only in their acuter forms, and we have yet to learn that the chronic destitution of heathendom rightfully demands a most thoughtful study and scientific relief.

He then enunciated the following six fundamental principles :

1. The evangelisation of the world is the work of the whole Church, and not of one separate order.
2. That the present agencies are sorely insufficient.
3. That the many-sidedness and broad sympathies of the life of Christ can only be adequately shown forth by the Church.
4. That the whole Church is seriously suffering by her

* *Life of David Hill*: W. Cornaby.

self-centredness, both in the employment of men and money.

5. That the wealth of these Churches needs other channels for its use in the foreign field than the support of an ordained ministry.

6. That the temporal as well as the spiritual destitution of the heathen world justly claims the help which only the laity have it in their power to supply.

As the result of Mr. Hill's paper an earnest appeal was made to the home Churches for such workers.

A united appeal was made to Christendom from that Conference for a thousand missionaries in the next five years, and in five years from that time a thousand missionaries went.

Soon after the Conference another bereavement fell on the Central China Mission, and its youngest member was taken home to God. Robert Bone reached China at the close of 1889, and had only been in the country eight months when he died, after a brief illness. His life, which was cheerfully and unreservedly given up to God, was marked by great promise, and shed light and radiance all around, and his early removal was deeply mourned.

One of the most important events of the year was the District Synod, where Mr. Hill, of course, presided. The members of the Mission were scattered over a wide area, and many of them lived hard, isolated, lonely lives. The Synod brought them all together, and the reunion and mutual counsel and fellowship were keenly appreciated. In the business meetings the Chairman was accustomed to allow his brethren full time to discuss their work and plans, in the hope of their reaching full agreement. A more self-assertive and less considerate senior would pro-

bably have driven on the business faster and secured greater promptness, but the beautiful spirit of the leader spread itself all around and was so manifest in all their discussions that possibly higher results were attained than the quick despatch of business. One whole day was reserved for devotional meetings, and it was, indeed, a day of holy assemblies, and left a fragrant memory for all the ensuing twelve months.

The morning was devoted to prayer and conversation on the work of God, in which the difficulties, problems, successes, joys, conversions of the year would be detailed by one after another. In the afternoon came a Methodist Love Feast, when confession, experience, triumph, and sorrow would knit us together in holy brotherhood.

Hill himself used to take part often in humblest mood, confessing shortcomings in a way that made his hearers, who knew his saintliness, full of shame at their own shreds of self-content. How he would receive advice or utterance from the younger members of the meeting as though his own experience were worth little beside theirs! Those who shared in those meetings will never forget them.

Then came the evening, when one or other preached the official sermon, and all united in the Lord's Supper. The memory of that day of holy assemblies lingered with us all the year round. Differences on details of policy or action are sure to occur among any body of men with character enough to induce them to become missionaries, but as these passed through the purifying crucible of the spiritual atmosphere of those happy services, all that might have been bitter or noxious was purged away.*

* David Hill: Missionary and Saint.

Mr. Hill's own experience, as given at such times, was rarely a very joyous one. This may seem strange at first, but we understand it better when we remember with how eager and strenuous a nature we have to do, and that all emotion is largely a matter of temperament. Such a man was never easily satisfied, indeed, an easy self-complacency was impossible to him. And, still further, he had the vision of his Lord and Master ever before his eyes, and that continually led him on in a more earnest pursuit of holiness. His attitude of mind and heart are best of all expressed in the words of St. Paul :

“Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect, but I press on that I may apprehend that for which also I was apprehended by Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself yet to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press toward the goal for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”

At the Synod of 1891 several new missionaries were present, Messrs. Fortune (New Zealand), Dowson (the new superintendent of the Blind School), William Argent, and last, but not least, the Chairman's nephew, Joseph Kimber Hill. The son of that beloved elder brother, who had transacted all his business in England for him, and who had helped in a hundred ways to forward his plans and hopes for China, was greatly welcome, both for his own sake and for his father's.

And at this Synod not only did David Hill welcome one of his own name and family, but he commemorated two important anniversaries in his own life. On April 2

of the preceding year he had completed twenty-five years in China, and on December 18 he had attained his fiftieth year.

In order to mark their gratitude to God for his continued life, and as a token of their love and respect, David Hill's brother missionaries united at this Synod to make him a jubilee gift. Of all the enterprises of the Central China Mission, one was nearest and dearest to its Chairman's heart—the Industrial Blind School—and, therefore, in order to found a free scholarship there, one hundred pounds was subscribed, and a cheque for that amount was placed in his hands, and the presentation was made by Mr. Barber in the following words :

Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended for the sake of each.

. . . We, incapable to loose the knot
Of social questions, can applaud, approve
August compassion, Christian thoughts that shoot
Beyond the vulgar white of personal aims;
Accept our reverence.

The year on which the Central China Mission now entered is memorable for its deep sorrows, and especially for the tragic events of the month of June, when William Argent was murdered in the riot at Wusueh.

First of all we have to notice that in May Mr. Tollerton, of the Joyful News Mission, died of small-pox. Mr. Tollerton was a man of great ability, of fine mind, and a very prince in prevailing prayer, and his removal so soon after Mr. Bone's was a sorrow and a mystery which the bereaved mission could alone commit in faith to Him who is over all God blessed for evermore.

The storm which burst on Wusueh in June, 1891, was

wholly unexpected. This place had been, as we have seen, peacefully occupied for twenty years, no disturbance had ever taken place there, and the missionaries and their families were dwelling in peace with no thought of danger. The events that led up to the riot are briefly as follows:

Chang Chih Tung, at one time Viceroy of Hupeh and Hunan, is China's greatest statesman. He is a man of profound scholarship, wide information, great mental energy, and restless activity. As a public officer he was distinguished for his loyalty, his purity, and his unselfish devotion to the good of the people under his jurisdiction, and to the well-being of the empire. In one respect he is looked upon as a phenomenon among the officials of his day. The love of money does not seem to be in him.* The great Chinaman has recently published a book called "China's Only Hope," in which he advocates the adoption of Western science and learning. His utterances have made a profound impression. He was at one time bitterly anti-foreign, but latterly he has become acquainted with the literature published by the Christian Literature Society (of which Rev. Timothy Richard is Secretary), and has been so impressed by it that his views have greatly modified. He sent a donation some time ago of one thousand taels to the funds of the Society, and in his book gives prominence to its work and influence. "In 1895," he says, "certain liberal-minded men in Shanghai set up printing-presses and issued much reliable information. Although the papers were not all that could be desired, they opened the eyes of the Chinese, waked them up from

* See preface to "China's Only Hope," by Rev. Dr. Griffith John, C.M.S.

their stupor, and tore away the key of knowledge from the grasp of the blind. Then the bigoted scholars and the greenhorns alike discovered that there are other countries besides China, and that unpractical book-worm, the be-fogged and besmoked literatus, found out for the first time that there is a present as well as a past." But in 1891 the great statesman had not at all reached this position, and sympathised with the anti-foreign riots which took place in that and the following year at Wusueh and Ichang.

*Up to this time he had been Viceroy of Canton, and the Chinese Government were beginning to discuss the desirability of introducing railways into China. They issued mandates to all the Viceroys in the empire requesting their opinions. Chang Chih Tung thereupon replied with vigour that railways were necessary, and that to that end the mineral resources of the country should be developed and iron and steel works erected, so that the rails could be made. Whereupon, with characteristic Chinese sarcasm, the Emperor transferred Chang Chih Tung from his fat Viceroyalty at Canton to the poorer post at Wuchang, and ordered him to put his ideas into practice, to set up steel works and to make rails for a railway a thousand miles long from Hankow to Pekin.

The Viceroy came and set to work with great energy. He began his steel works and a cotton factory, gun foundry, mints and assaying schools, and projected coal and iron mines. But all this activity necessarily meant the presence of foreign workmen, engineers, and technical instructors. Chang Chih Tung remained at this time thoroughly unfriendly to the foreigner, and when the

* David Hill: Missionary and Saint.

intrusion of these new ways and the greater numbers of the hated foreigner roused great animosity amongst the mandarins, he encouraged rather than checked it. The neighbouring province of Hunan was greatly stirred by this bitter feeling of hatred and dislike to foreign ways. The Hunanese determined to set themselves against the inrush of foreign ideas and of foreigners. Naturally they began with the missionary, the nearest, most prominent, and most defenceless. The leading gentry, with the encouragement of the Governor and other mandarins, formed themselves into an opposition Literature Society. Those graceful pencils, so used to the flowing essay style, indited most horrible blasphemies about Christianity. Wuchang was placarded with horrible cartoons, songs were sung, and booklets printed. The songs had for their burden: Drive out the devil religion, cut the foreigners into a thousand pieces; while the booklets described how the foreigners gouged out eyes for refining silver, and digged out hearts and livers for medicine. In Wuchang these things were soon repressed, for the Consuls at once complained to the Viceroy. But all the while the filthy torrent of literature was pouring out, and was finding a wide circulation in towns and villages throughout the province. And soon, as the result, the storm burst.

Two years before a sanatorium bungalow had been erected on the beautiful hills opposite Wusueh; the event proved that the vile reports circulated by the Hunan literature had found in this innocent building a focus-point of suspicion. It was widely believed that the foreigners on this lonely spot were carrying out their devilish arts of boiling babies' bodies, etc. On the fateful date Mr. Fortune, of the Hankow Mission, was in the bungalow, recovering from pneumonia, and Mr. Wil-

liam Argent, a Joyful News Evangelist, who had been in China some six months, after nursing him for a while, was waiting in Wusueh at the river-side home of the English customs officer, Mr. Green, so as to catch the night up-river steamer. The two resident missionaries, Messrs. Boden and Protheroe, were on country journeys, leaving without fear their wives and families in the Mission houses. Towards night a countryman entered the town carrying four children in his coolie-baskets; it is probable that mischief had been deliberately planned, for a number of men with swords had been gathering into Wusueh during the day. The countryman was stopped and interrogated as to his destination. He replied that he was carrying the children on his way to the Roman Catholic Orphanage at Kiukiang, thirty miles distant. Instantly the popular imagination took fire; here was proof positive of the villainies of the foreigner, and a rush was made for the yamen. When the magistrate made light of their charges the crowd returned to the Mission premises, began to stone the building, set them on fire, drove out the ladies and little children, and kicked and beat and bruised them along the streets.

How they escaped it is most difficult to understand, but, by God's great mercy, finally, faint and bleeding, they were all gathered into the shelter of the magistrate's house, several hours elapsing before the children were all collected from various hiding-places and restored to the arms of their distracted mothers. Meanwhile the infuriated crowd gutted the burning premises, tearing up even the floors in their raging search for proofs of the foreigners' guilt.

At the same time Messrs. Green and Argent were roused by the glare of the conflagration, and, knowing the

defencelessness of the premises, rushed to save the Mission families. They were warned of what was going on, but, like truly brave men, found in the danger all the greater incentive to rescue. The mob turned upon them, Argent was at once smitten down with his brains knocked out, and Green fell later on fighting for his life like a lion. The bodies were horribly mutilated and left lying in the streets.

During the early hours of the morning the up-river steamer passed by; it was not until several miles above the Wusueh stopping-place that a torn scrap of paper was put into the captain's hands. This had been written by the ladies who were spending the nightmare of the dark hours in the magistrate's yamen, and told in a sentence of the awful catastrophe. The captain at once turned round and steamed back to Wusueh, where he anchored. After a while a little procession of sedan-chairs came stealing down the river bank, and ere long the band of bruised, bleeding refugees was safe on board. The children were in their night-clothes, the ladies faint and horror-haunted with memory and fears for their husbands still in the interior, but the relief was immense. It was some days before all the inland missionaries safely reached Hankow, and no further damage was done.

In the early dawn of Sunday morning, June 7, a messenger entered the just opened gates of Wuchang to bring the news to the head of the Mission. Who that went through it can ever forget that day? Roused from our beds, we instantly crossed the river, boarded the steamer, and heard from the worn-out ladies the horrible story. As we walked through the streets the air seemed seething and alive with excitement; the news had spread like wildfire, every face was turned towards us as we walked, with every

variety of expression from hatred to fear. Ere night the great cities were thrilled with rumours of intended attacks on the various Missions, but the Viceroy took instant precautions, set guards of soldiers round the foreigners' houses, and for the time quelled the possibility of further disturbance. That Sabbath day had indeed little of peace about it.

Hill was requested by H.B.M.'s Consul to go down to Wusueh and Kuang-chi to be present as his deputy at the trial of those who had been arrested. While he was there, suffering the usual vexatious delays and obstructions of Chinese justice, a scene was enacted in the Hankow Cemetery which left a mark on the memories of the whole countryside. The bodies of the two murdered men were carried to their graves by the bluejackets of the British, French, and German gunboats, which had hurried up the river. All the foreign residents, many of the native Christians, representatives of the Chinese authorities, and a huge crowd of unsympathetic onlookers united to form the largest funeral that had ever been seen in Central China. The trial of the rioters resulted in the execution of two—according to the old Chinese idea of a life for a life—and the heavy punishment of a number of others. Long before this sad but necessary result had been reached Hill had returned to Hankow, leaving his place as assessor to be supplied by Mr. Bramfitt. Meanwhile the Hankow Compound was filled with the families of the missionaries from the interior, who had come in under the orders of the Consul. A week or two later the officials received warning of a contemplated attack on these premises, and by the Consul's orders the whole missionary community was hastily removed one night to the European Concession or to the protection of

the gunboat. All missionary work was for a time much hampered, but gradually quiet was restored, and, notwithstanding many alarms, accentuated by a riot at Ichang, four hundred miles farther up the Yangtse, in which the residences of the foreigners were all destroyed, finally affairs settled into their old grooves.

Of this sad tragedy Mr. Hill wrote to his brother, Mr. J. R. Hill, as follows :

Wusueh, June 10, 1891.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is one o'clock, June 10, but a line before I go to bed to say that I am here at Wusueh, the scene of the recent riot, with Mr. Miles, deputed by the Consul to investigate the affair. It is a strange, sad business. The murder of Argent, and Green, the Customs officer, was awfully brutal. The men who did the deed must have been possessed by the devil to do such a diabolical work. Poor Argent's suffering cannot have been long, the final blow on his head must have killed him at once. His brains were knocked out, and poor Green was even more bruised, and all over his body. And now, what do we find? Why, that the man who brought the infants in the basket into Wusueh is a Roman Catholic, that it was the sight of these which gathered the crowd, and that the fury of this maddened mob was vented on our missionary, who had nothing whatever to do with the business.

Argent wrote a very remarkable letter to Bramfitt a week before the riot. He told how he had been thinking of Bone and Tollerton, and said he fully believed that no Christian died before his work was done.

The two houses and Chapel are, one might say, in

ruins. At any rate, Mr. Boden's house is burnt, Mr. Prothero's partly so, and the Chapel looted.

How Wusueh has raised such a mob puzzles me. But when the murderous spirit is abroad there is no knowing how far it will go. Alas for poor human nature. It only shows how much we need the Christ to save us.

In the midst of these terrible scenes one can hardly grasp the bearing of events. The Lord over-rule it in some way for His great glory. Joe has, I believe, written you fully, so please excuse this brief note. I do not anticipate further disturbance here. The Viceroy rules with a strong hand. But the devil is strong and crafty, and I am beginning to think that the Secret Society which is planning all this campaign is one which has its headquarters in Satan's seat. Our friends will pray for this poor land and for those working here. I expect to be gone before any reply to this could reach me, but this Wusueh trouble throws one out of one's reckonings. I trust the ladies and children have not suffered permanently. The Watsons are safe—all the rest gone to Hankow. Love to all.

DAVID HILL.

But the sorrows of the year were not over. In August Mrs. Poole died, and the loss of this valued worker meant the abandonment of the proposed Foundling Home at Tê-an. In the earliest riots in that city in 1884, mentioned in a previous chapter, a certain Prefect had been conspicuous for his hostility, and for inciting the people to rebellion. In later years this very man astonished the missionaries by proposing that they should have a Foundling Home for the forsaken baby-girls cast out to die by their parents. Mr. Hill had erected buildings for this

Home, and hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Poole would take charge of it. Mrs. Poole had already proved herself a true mother to the blind boys in the school, and had helped by many acts of kindness to win their hearts. Her death was a great sorrow. Over her grave the children of the schools sang the hymns she had taught them, "Jesu, Lover of my Soul," and "Rock of Ages." In her life all had seen reflected the tender love of God.

With Mrs. Poole's death and the furious outbreak at Wusueh, and the inflamed and superstitious feelings of the Chinese on the whole subject of foreigners and orphanages, it seemed better to abandon the project. The Foundling Home, therefore, has never been opened.

Mrs. Poole's funeral took place on August 14. Mr. Hill helped to conduct the burial service, and then went on board the river steamer on his way to America and England. He had been elected as a delegate to the approaching Methodist Ecumenical Conference which was to meet in Washington in October, and he made his way thither via Japan, Vancouver, and the Canadian Pacific Railway. In going to Canada first he had a special object in view. The Canadian Methodist Church was sending out a party of missionaries, and Mr. Hill was anxious to secure them for Central China, rather than the western side of the empire to which they were intending to go. He arrived, however, too late, as their designation was already fixed.

From Canada he writes to Mr. J. R. Hill:

Montreal, September 25, 1891.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It seems so long a time since I wrote you that I begin to feel as though I were treating you

badly, so, before I start for New Brunswick, I am sitting down to send you a line or two.

You know I came to Canada in the hope of seeing the Canadian Methodist missionaries and putting before them and their Board the advisability of uniting with us in Central China, rather than going to the far west. Soon after my arrival I telegraphed to Toronto to know their date of departure. I found I should just catch them before they left, though not be there in time for their valedictory services. This, of course, meant that there was no likelihood of altering their destination, so that I have not said much about it.

Since arrival in Canada I have spent four Sundays among the Canadian Churches, one at Victoria, B.C., one at Winnipeg, Manitoba, one at London, Ontario, and one in this city, Montreal, and have been much struck with the vigorous and growing strength of Methodism. It is numerically the largest Church in Canada, and, together with the Presbyterian, making most headway westwards.

The union of the various branches has been an untold blessing. Instead of two or three struggling little Churches in these new and rising towns, Methodist Churches are nearly always to the front and in the van. It is the strongest argument I have heard or seen for the like union in Great Britain. Minor difficulties may well be surmounted, minor claims waived, when such a united front can be obtained. The question of what percentage of power the laymen are to have, or how Chapel Trusts are to be amalgamated, purchased, or disposed of, are trifles compared with the spiritual power of a compact and united body of Christian men, all aiming at one great end and all animated by one Spirit.

I hope Brother Hughes* will push this matter with a temperance which will disarm opposition and a zeal that will win the day.

The country is a magnificent one, not so prosperous as far as wealth and work is concerned as the States of the Union. The climate taxes labour more, and the soil does not so richly respond to it, but these very facts may in the long run be the making of Canada. There is a wealth of mineral in the Rocky Mountains and a prodigality of sublime scenery right away from Vancouver till you are at this side the Rockies; then come the great prairies and rich plains, which reach on to Winnipeg, where this year there has been a most abundant harvest. I left Canada after that and ran into the States, touching at Minneapolis and Chicago, and then by Detroit into Canada once more, and made for Toronto, retracing my steps, when the China band said their farewells, to Ontario, and the Churches turned out en masse to forward them on the way and gave them \$416 collectively. After thus parting with them, I returned to Toronto, and, having received an invitation from Dr. Sutherland to be present at the General Meeting of the Missionary Board in St. John, New Brunswick, and an opportunity of speaking on missionary work in Montreal, I came here last Saturday, was much helped in speaking in St. James's Church (the largest Methodist Church in the world) in the morning and in a Sunday-school in the afternoon, though not so much at liberty in the evening service at a smaller Church. I found quiet quarters at this house, which is known as "The Turkish Baths," and so stayed the week here. The Canadian ministers have been very kind. I felt it a great honour and one of which I felt very unworthy to be per-

* Rev. H. Price Hughes, M.A.

mitted to speak in that large Church and to meet Dr. Douglas, one of the mightiest men in the Canadian Church, who very kindly invited me to his house to tea. . . —Yours affectionately,

DAVID HILL.

Ecumenical Methodist Conference, Washington, D.C.

You will see from the paper, or rather, book, I send how we are located. The Ebbitt House is a most first-class hotel and everything very comfortable, but it is not home, though a homeless man says it. But really the American friends, apart from this, are doing their level best, as the saying is, to make us comfortable. An ex-mayor gives us a reception this evening. The meetings these two days have been profitable, nothing very remarkable, yet a fine spirit pervades the meetings—perhaps a little too much glorification of Methodism—but that is human—and I must add that not a few warnings have been given on this very subject.

Dr. —— read a good paper to-day, but Mr. Hughes in a very vigorous speech attacked its too pro-Anglican tendencies. Dr. Stephenson's speech in N.Y. Music Hall went well, even though he read it. His reading of Mr. Arthur's sermon was not up to the reading of his own speech. Mr. Arthur's sermon was long, but very appropriate and well chosen, and in some points searching in its application. He has aged very much; indeed, like myself, I find all these middle-aged men, except H. P. Hughes and Enoch Salt, have grown much whiter.

They are very kind to me. I feel much unworthy of it, but thank God for such Christian love. Selby I have seen several times, also Josiah Hudson, R. W. Allen, Mr. Thos. Allen, etc., etc. They tell me of you and Edward.

Sykes Rymer is at the same hotel, too. He spends a little longer time in the States. I have not decided on my course, but must have a few days after all the Conference is over.

Love to all—Mary and Edward and Alice and all the young folk.—Yours, very affectionately,

DAVID HILL.

From America Mr. Hill came over to this country for what proved his last visit home. He arrived in November. During the whole of this visit to England he worked exceedingly hard. He came back looking older than he did on the last occasion, but he toiled so incessantly that he returned to China an old man. It happened that at this time Revs. W. H. Watson, F. Boden, and W. T. A. Barber were all in England owing to the illness of their wives. Mr. Hill took advantage of what might have seemed misfortune and organised China Missionary Conventions throughout the country, and by this means he won an interest in Chinese Missions in the Home Churches that had never existed before. It was the more easy for him to arrange these Conventions as he paid all the expenses himself and asked for no collections! Each day of the Convention, which usually lasted three days, began with a prayer meeting, this was succeeded by an afternoon meeting for ladies, and this by a tea and conversazione, and concluded with an evening meeting.

At this time he came to Leeds and held a day's meetings at Headingley. The Headingley Church has for some years past been deeply interested in Foreign Missions, and the gatherings that day were encouraging and successful. After tea the missionaries took their places on the platform, and we who composed the audience

were allowed to ask them any questions we liked. Questions came very readily and elicited many interesting facts, as one after another replied. At last one of our friends, who was chairman of the Leeds Board of Guardians, asked if there was any system of poor relief in China. With one consent the answer to that question was referred to David Hill, and the writer can see him now as he rose to answer it and recalls vividly how minutely and earnestly he spoke on this subject so near his heart!

He came to see us two or three times during this visit home, and once he stayed the night at our house. He seemed very tired, so tired that he hardly knew how to sit up straight in his chair, but he did not like to have this noticed, and we knew well that, say what we might, he would not be persuaded to take an entire night's sleep. So we did all we could to make his room cosy and ensure his rest and quiet; we lit a fire for him and took leave of him early, so that if he *would* sit up half the night he should at least do so comfortably!

He spoke at the Exeter Hall meeting the following spring, when his brother, Mr. J. R. Hill, took the chair. Having spent the whole of his furlough in incessant work, he returned for the last time to China. He left Genoa by the German mail-boat "Oldenburg," on March 11, 1893, after being in England for sixteen months.

Although he made no collections, many friends entrusted him with funds for his work. Interested as he was in pressing on his Church the Lay Mission he had started, he yet felt bound to set the £800 placed in his hands at the service of the General Funds of the Missionary Society, and on his return it was made the nucleus of an Extension Fund, which was to be devoted to assisting the resources of ministers or laymen wishful to come

to the mission field but able only partially to support themselves.

After he reached China again he wrote as follows:

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

May 9, 1893.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Many thanks for your kind letter of March 17, your long watching of the steamer, your attention to Lay Mission affairs, and all your kindness, which I shall not be able to repay, at any rate in kind. The tears of the juveniles at parting from their grandmother* so occupied our attention that I fear we forgot to look out for you on the Dover pier after we lost sight of you at first. That run across the Channel lives in my memory as the time when I was unexpectedly thrown across Mr. and Miss Lamplough, who take such interest in our Blind School, and who then intensified the hope that the evangelist they had thought of as suitable for the post of Blind School master might be the right man. I am writing Miss Mary Lamplough by this mail, enclosing a letter of thanks from the boy she supports, and to whom she has sent material for a suit of clothes, and have said in my letter what I thought she had better counsel this brother to do in case he prove the right person. The selection of men needs much thought and prayer, and if in this case Mr. W. Foster would be good enough to arrange for the brother to call on him and make full inquiries as to his fitness it would be well. I think I left Entwistle's and Barnard's list of questions as to character and fitness in Dr. Moulton's hands. I don't remember that he returned them to me; if so they will be a guide in such a

* He was taking Mrs. North and her children and his nephew's bride with him.

case. If you do not possess them, perhaps Mr. Broomhall would favour us with another copy or two. But a personal interview is essential. In this Mr. Champness and Mr. Clapham agree. If he prove a suitable man, and Mr. Foster can recommend him, then some time should be spent in preparation for his work. He should learn—

- (1) to read Braille fluently and readily,
- (2) to turn his hand to basket-making,
- (3) to teach the blind geography and arithmetic, and should know what appliances are necessary for doing so,
- (4) and should keep his eyes open as to other handicrafts which might be taught the blind in China, such as caning chairs, weaving girdles (though that will be done by machinery in England, and we should have to do it by hand here), netting, making brushes and the like, keeping in all his heart warm towards Christ and glad to do anything for Him. He should be engaged as a *workman*; the danger is that a man gets to be too great to throw off his coat and pitch into hard work when he has been here a few months.

The school is neat and tidy. There are now nine boys in it and further applications, but the Chinese teacher has not taken to manual labour, and, consequently, I do not like to increase the number above twelve. He is training them well in reading and getting off the Scriptures, but to be in a healthy condition there should be some industry which would give the boys a feeling of independence they do not now possess.

I sometimes think that the losses we have suffered show how the Devil is doing his best to hinder this work. He knows, it may be, how it will help to overthrow his

kingdom, and so he directs his deadliest assault against it. This, however, should only rouse our activity against him that we may not be overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Dr. Morley's Hospital prospers, from what I hear, more than ever. The in-patient wards are full to overflowing. His work has steadily grown in public esteem, and, if the same grace be continued as has been bestowed in the past, it will go on growing. The London Mission have opened a hospital in a neighbouring town and have just built a house, or, rather, transformed a native house into residence for a foreign missionary, so that the work is expanding round that neighbourhood. A Danish brother has entered Huang-chou Fu, another brother, a Swede, a country called Ma-ch'eng, places I did hope we should have been able to work, but the Methodist labourers advance tardily, and others are occupying these posts. Nevertheless, every way Christ is preached, and therein we will rejoice. . . . Farewell! I find I have filled all my paper up about our Mission affairs and hardly said a word about your home and the children at the Leys, and St. Peter's and Phil., and J. R., junior, and Edward and Ernest, and all old friends. One gets absorbed in local surroundings, though often and often we have a word about you whom we have left in the old country. Love to all and God's best blessing for your help.—Affectionately yours,

DAVID HILL.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST DAYS.

1893—1896. Age 53—55.

ON April 1 David Hill arrived in China for the last time. At first he took up his quarters in Wuchang, but before the end of the year crossed the river once more to Hankow, where he dwelt to the end.

He was now fifty-two years of age. Many men have at this period felt no diminution of strength, and have not begun to grow old, but Mr. Hill was very conscious that he was not able to do as much as formerly. When at the Christmas of '95 he went to his nephew's house to stay with him and his wife and to baptise their infant son, another David Hill, there is a rather pathetic passage in one of his letters.

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

I felt thankful to-day that as I had not the strength of past years that the Lord had put it into Joe's heart to continue this work. May his son, too, continue the succession.

Little David, however, did not live to fulfil that prayer, but in God's wisdom was called early home, and his body was laid in the grave by the side of the veteran whose name he bore.

But even with a sense of lessening strength, Mr. Hill worked on almost as hard as ever, "abounding in the

work of the Lord" till the final summons came. And, though "the outward man failed," the inward was surely "renewed day by day." His influence was now very great with all classes. The Chinese loved him and appealed to him for help and advice in many ways. Even the foreign community, who as a class disregard and condemn all missionary work, made an exception when uttering their usual superficial criticism, and admitted that there was one missionary who was to be relied upon, and that his name was David Hill. And that his brother missionaries throughout China loved him needs no further testimony. He belonged to every Society, and every Mission claimed him as theirs.

There is a story told that when he was in New York a stranger met him there in a restaurant, and when he came out he said to a friend, speaking of the Chinese missionary he had just quitted, "There is a man in there who is more like what I have always imagined the Apostle Paul to be than any man I have ever met."

But briefly, and, lest we should be betrayed into a purposeless eulogy which stops short of its end by honouring the servant, and forgetting Whose he is and Whom he serves, David Hill's life now was recognised at its true value.

He was a saint whose saintliness was lovely and without rebuke, an evangelist whose gospel was at once intense in spirit and world-wide in sympathy, a philanthropist whose charities were as sane as they were human and tender, and a faithful follower of Jesus in poverty, simplicity and love.

The work of the Central China Mission went forward as earnestly as ever, and still success and the joy of harvest,

persecution, sorrow, and bereavement were strangely blent together.

On Easter Sunday, 1894, Mr. Hill had the joy of opening at Liu-tsu-yu a chapel, which was the direct result of the Lay Mission work. For twenty years he and others had visited the towns and villages around Huang-shih-kang, preaching and selling Testaments and other Christian books, and at last the seed sown had sprung up and borne fruit. A Mr. Chia, who had read a Testament left years before, came to one of the lay missionaries for further instruction in the Christian faith. He was in due time baptised, and his zeal and earnestness were fruitful in results. He had first heard the Gospel in Huang-shih-kang, but lived eight miles away. He bore his witness for Christ in his own home, and others were influenced by his words. Also other inquirers of the same type as Mr. Chia were found, who were also baptised, and through their faith and testimony the work spread from Huang-shih-kang as the centre to the surrounding places, so that seven or eight village Churches were formed and believers added to the Lord. And the chapel which David Hill opened was entirely built from free-will offerings of those who a few years before had not heard of Christ.

In a similar way the Lay Mission occupied the city of An-lu. Having this as their headquarters, they preached in the district surrounding, until again converts were found and gathered into little companies for worship and communion and instruction.

Part of the ensuing summer was spent at Kuang-chi, with Dr. Hodge, who writes :

The summer of 1894 will long linger in my memory as one of close intercourse with Mr. Hill. Duty kept both

of us at Kuang-chi for some weeks, and by chance we were both reading Drummond's "Ascent of Man." The discussions and conversations arising out of the many topics treated of in that brilliantly-written book are still fresh in my memory. . . . Some of my most cherished recollections are of our long talks together, either in his study or mine, around the fire on a Sunday evening, or on other occasions. Once, returning from a long journey in the country to see an old man who had received a bad cut on the head in a family quarrel, Mr. Hill beguiled the weary boat journey back by interesting reminiscences of his past life, till I felt sorry the journey had come to an end.

Again on a hot summer night, when, having missed his steamer, we returned together by boat in the beautiful moonlight, we fell to discussing questions of psychology, which afforded me the opportunity of hearing a vigorous defence from him on the tripartite nature of man. One more recollection abides with me of an afternoon spent on the streets of Ts'ai-tien, bookselling and preaching. To a young missionary the privilege of spending even one afternoon in such work with such a devoted, respected, and wise worker as Mr. Hill was both an education and an inspiration. I shall never forget it.

The following letters to Mr. J. R. Hill refer to two very different subjects, both of which touched him closely. The first speaks of the death of his old friend and colleague, Rev. W. Scarborough, the second and third to the war between China and Japan.

November 3, 1894.

MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . Yours of September 20 tells of Mr. Scarborough's death. It was very sudden, but

he was found at work and ready. "My body with my charge lay down, and cease at once to work and live." I was very glad that you and Edward went to the funeral. Poor old Scarborough! He must have overtaxed his strength that Sunday, all unaware of the weakness of his heart. It shows how a man needs to know how far he can go, but better to wear out than to rust out.

I preached a kind of memorial sermon yesterday, just two months after his death, in the Hankow Chapel, where he had preached so often. My text was, "Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." From this text, or, at any rate, the verse minus the first clause, I spoke after Mrs. Scarborough died, ten or twelve years ago—and now refer it to him. I mentioned how that, thirty years ago last Wednesday, he went on board ship to come to China, spent twenty years in Hankow, without any other appointment, lived just over the old Chapel, and then built with Dr. Wood's £500 the new one, started the first Boys' and Girls' School in the Mission, opened Hanyang and Han-ch'uan, published the first Methodist Tract and Catechism and Hymn Book in Central China, and left us an example of hard work, patient continuance, and deep humility. The Chapel was full, though to most the announcement of Mr. Scarborough's death was news they had not heard before. It tells how "our old companions in distress" are now beginning to be taken. With the exception of Dr. Smith, the old staff has as yet remained intact—Cox, Napier, Brewer still in the flesh. "But now we are to the margin come." And yet I don't seem to have any of those symptoms or premonitions, and, if the Lord will, hope for some years of labour still. But we don't know, and must leave that with the Lord, working

while we have the strength and opportunity. This, by the Lord's help, I do hope and rejoice to do, though it's a poor do at best. . . .—Yours affectionately,

DAVID HILL.

To the same.

December 4, 1894.

MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . You will see from the telegrams that Japan is carrying all before her and that China is suing for peace. This is the greatest humiliation she has had for centuries, but it will, I believe, bring great good to the country. It will open the eyes of the people to the rottenness of officialdom, to the emptiness of their proud vaunts, and will teach them that they cannot with impunity murder missionaries of Christ, that God does require their blood at the hands of China, though He bear long with her. If only foreign Christian Powers are saved from war, and these two Heathen Powers have to fight it out it will show how God can employ a heathen nation as the rod of His wrath. He taketh up the Isles of Japan as a very little thing. What the end will be no one can predict, but "the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." . . . —Yours affectionately,

DAVID HILL.

To the same.

January 28, 1895.

. . . The war news is getting more and more serious. The Japs seem now determined to take Peking, and I should think they could do it, but when they get there, what next? one naturally asks, and it seems to some hardly likely that they can hold the country, even if they take it. And yet, on the other hand, the Manchus have held it 250 years, and, if they can, one would think the Japs

can. Poor old China! Our minister, Chü, said to-day that if they had accepted the Christian faith and Western improvements they might have held their own against Japan. True, but it looks as though the day had gone by. . .—Yours affectionately,

DAVID HILL.

In the beginning of the year 1895 Mr. Hill went on an extended tour, visiting all the country up to An-lu, and he returned from this with a sense of the vast opportunities of the work. He walked nearly three hundred miles, and travelled on native boats another four hundred. Such a journey, with all its attendant exposure to sun and rain, the poor lodging in rough sheds at night, and coarse food, might have tried a man young and strong, and that David Hill could undertake and enjoy it little suggested that his course was nearly run.

Describing these itinerant tours, one of the missionaries, Rev. T. Protheroe, says :

I have stood with many others, but I have never seen one whose fidelity as an evangelist was as marked as his. To all he witnessed of God and Christ. He would go to the worst neighbourhood with the message of salvation. To the traveller on the road, the passenger on the boat, the fellow-guest at the inn, as well as to the innkeeper himself, he would tell "the old, old story," and seek to induce them to join him at the Throne of Grace. Even if darkness approached, or other work called for more hasty steps, no village group would be passed without a gracious smile and brief but impressive exhortation: "Friends, remember God in heaven is your Father; give thanks to Him for His blessings daily received."

Another missionary of kindred spirit to his own, a

co-labourer in the famine district, more than once said to him: "If ever China is to be won for Christ, we must be ready to sit chatting in guest-room or tea-shop as well as preach in the chapel or on the street." This he frequently did. Whenever there was an opportunity David Hill seized it.

In earlier years he used to cover much ground on these evangelistic expeditions, but latterly this was not possible. His movements had to be less rapid to suit his decreasing strength. I well remember one occasion. We were returning from Ta-yeh to Huang-shih-kang, and he was really too weak to walk, having only recently recovered from an attack of malarial fever; yet he would not ride because he was, as always, so anxious to sow the seeds of Christian truth by the wayside. We read from the little book, "Blessed be Drudgery," the story of one going to a poor, frail, disfigured old beggar and cheering and inspiring him with fresh hope by the kindly grasp, loving look, and helpful words, "I am your friend." We were touched and strengthened. We halted for a few moments in a quiet vale, and, standing there, thanked God for the great Friend Jesus, and once more, and with tears in our eyes, resolved to be His representatives to the poor and suffering Chinese. Later in the day he was obliged to confess: "I cannot finish the walk to the Kang. Shall we stay at Liu-tsu-yu?" I venture to add an incident which occurred on one of our journeys. He had a servant in training for the work of an evangelist. The servant had given over a bundle of rugs which served as Mr. Hill's bedding to an old man who escorted us, and showed evident unwillingness to bear any share even in relieving the old man of his burden. It was a hot day. One word from Mr. Hill would have been enough, but

he preferred to teach the much-needed lesson in another way, and said he should carry the bundle himself. Of course, I objected, and there was some dispute as to which of us should bear the burden, but he won the day in the end by saying, "Do let me have it; I want to teach him humility."

The care of the Lay Mission still occupied much of his thoughts, and he was also deeply interested in the hostile province of Hunan, whose literati had, as already noticed, flooded the surrounding country with their poisonous and blasphemous literature, and so brought on the Wusueh riots. He thought it would be such a Christ-like revenge to send them the Gospel. He was not able to realise this desire, but since his death two of his faithful and beloved colleagues* have entered Hunan and established Mission stations there, and it is a joy to those who loved David Hill to know that this, his cherished wish, is now fulfilled.

Meanwhile, as he could not travel as much as formerly, he wished for some settled charge, and when, in 1895, through a special gift of £500 by the late Dr. Wood, of Southport, a new chapel was built in Hankow, David Hill took charge of it, and in the rooms adjoining he had his simple, humble home.

This new Kung-tien chapel is situated in the busiest part of the city.† As soon as the door opens it is filled with an attentive congregation. It was Mr. Hill's joy to preach daily to this eager throng, and, though he was there only one year at the time of his death, he had gathered a Sunday congregation, and had baptised three of its members, while two more have been baptised since. He took

* Revs. W. H. Watson and E. C. Cooper.

† Prayer Union Letter, November, 1896.

a deep interest in the opium-smokers who were around him, and hoped to help to reclaim them. He sent several to Dr. Hodge's Hospital, but his life was cut short in the midst of these hopes and activities. "He was always tired now," says one of his colleagues, and yet the life he lived in the rooms behind Kung-tien Chapel was a very busy one. It is thus described by the young missionary who lived there with him (Rev. G. A. Clayton):

He was generally astir about seven o'clock. I only remember one occasion when he was late for breakfast at half-past seven. Immediately after breakfast we had family prayers—the family being the church—at which Mr. Hill always himself expounded the Scriptures. He would then retire for private prayer, and the rest of the morning was spent in his study, where he was busy with the care of the Churches. After *tiffin** he worked till two o'clock, when he once more sought communion with God. This was the regular prelude to his preaching in the chapel, to which he devoted the chief part of the afternoon. After preaching he generally went out, sometimes to Wu-shêng-miao for consultation or a religious gathering, sometimes to consult workers of other Missions, sometimes to call on native gentlemen, and, not infrequently, busy as he was, he devoted time to paying calls on residents, civilians and missionaries alike, thereby performing what he considered an integral part of his work—winning the interest of all in missions. After our evening meal Mr. Hill conducted the class meeting, or family prayers, and then received inquirers in the guest-room. Here he rarely spent less than an hour in earnest conversation, and during those hours many were the burdens of

* I.e., lunch.

spiritual gloom which he lifted from troubled hearts. When the last visitor was gone he resumed work in his study, settling accounts, writing letters, correcting proofs, reading the Scriptures with the native preacher, preparing sermons, etc., etc., till about ten o'clock, when I used to see the light of his lamp lowered, hear his footstep in the passage, and know that the treat of the day had come. For then he would lean back in a lounge-chair at his ease, and tell me the story of the day's work and troubles, and mention men and topics for which he wished our united intercession. Then we opened our Testaments, and I read aloud to him from the original, he interrupting me if I gave a false quantity, and, when I had finished, he expounded the passage in his own inimitable way, and we joined in prayer. Once only did we sing a hymn, and even then he sang it as a solo, while I, to please him, played the tune. After prayers he expected me to go to bed, whilst he himself returned to his study and spent long watches in prayer and work.

During the last few days that we were together in March—the work that I undertook at his urgent request at Kuling taking me from him from the middle of March till I hastened back to help in nursing him—Mr. Hill gave me more time for our evening's chat, and night after night, with animated face, told me stories of the past, of the beginning of the work in Hankow, of the Shansi famine, of the hopes he had this year that he might go to Hunan with Dr. John, and that within two or three years he might once more be set free from pastoral charge to engage in itinerant evangelism. Such was an ordinary day's life, inadequately portrayed, for one cannot chronicle the interruptions that came each day, and added to its burden of work. Nor can one record the additions that

Mr. Hill himself made to his regular duties. One example stands out prominently during the months of which I am writing. The banks of the Han had burst some distance above Hankow, flooding large tracts of country and driving hundreds of poor people to Hankow and Hanyang. The homeless creatures built miserable mat huts to protect themselves from the rain and snow. They were in dire distress. Mr. Hill visited them, estimated the number of huts, had tickets printed, entitling the bearer to a certain amount of rice, and then proceeded to distribute them. It is an unpalatable truth that here in China the distribution of relief in daylight means that the distributor will be robbed. Mr. Hill and Mr. Lo therefore went out at three in the morning, when all were asleep, and quietly put his tickets into the mat huts unseen, till six o'clock. The marvellous thing to me was that he never seemed to think that these extra labours entitled him to work less hard at his ordinary tasks, or to take sleep during the day. Nor would he allow me to assist him, saying that a man who was studying Chinese needed the full amount of rest. He spared others while he sacrificed himself daily.

And who will follow where he has led?
Who live and labour and love instead?

To this picture of Mr. Hill's daily life we have now only to add the more striking events of this closing year.

During the previous summer there had been another terrible riot at the Scandinavian Mission station at Sung-pu, some fifty miles from Hankow. A mob of ten thousand strong gathered round the Mission House, and, after baiting the missionaries in the blazing sun for several hours, put them to death so brutally that afterwards their

bodies were only identified with difficulty. And now this year brought the news of an even more appalling disaster. Seventy missionaries were ousted from house and home in the province of Ssü-ch'uan, and at Ku-ch'eng Rev. W. Stewart, of the C.M.S., his wife, five children, the lady missionaries, Elsie Marshall and the Misses Saunders, and others were killed.

In two of the following letters Mr. Hill refers briefly to these horrors, trying in one to account for the outbreak and in the other to read the meaning of that gracious Lord, Whose purposes are fulfilled even by the storm and whirlwind. Another letter gives a glimpse of the difficulty of Mission work in a heathen city, and the last is added as showing the catholic spirit of one who, though devoted to his own work, was never too absorbed to listen to the claims of other parts of the great field, or to the appeal of his fellow-workers. "The field is the world," the Lord said, and David Hill did not forget this.

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

June 11, 1895.

. . . The missionary outlook in China has been darkening of late. In the capital of hostile Hunan the chief idol temple has been visited by some unknown disbeliever and the image effaced. This is now credited to Christians, and endeavour is being made to inculpate Christians. One member of the London Mission has been apprehended and is now in prison. What it means and whence it emanates we cannot tell. But the more recent tidings from Ssü-ch'uan, where the whole of the missionary property, Protestant and Catholic alike, has been destroyed, suggests that adverse missives have been received from Peking. If so and especially if a planned

crusade against missionaries is being carried out, it looks as though the old proverb, "Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat," were again being exemplified. These shakings anticipate the coming of that kingdom which cannot be shaken, so we need not fear. . . .

To the same.

Hankow, August 23, 1895.

. . . Things are all quiet here and our congregations fairly good, but the people are not slain by the Word, they are not bowed before the Lord. It is hard ground to work on, partly, perhaps chiefly, because of the dense earthliness, unsusceptibility to spiritual things, the deadening, benumbing influence of idolatry, familiarity and content with a worldly life, even if it cannot be justified when looked fairly in the face. Then below the surface of society there is polluting and degrading vice. Our new chapel has brought us right into the midst of it. The other day I was called to an opium case, a youth of sixteen—quarrelled with his father. It took us some hours. We lost it; he came too late. The house *seemed* a respectable one, but I was afterwards told that it was a brothel. That was just opposite, up a passage. A similar house exists in the passage, which is very next door, and one out of every five houses in the neighbouring passages is so, but on the surface no sign of anything of the sort. So no wonder it is a hard field. Love to all at home.—Yours affectionately,

DAVID HILL.

To J. E. H.

Hankow, September 8, 1895.

MY DEAR AND FAITHFUL OLD FRIEND,—The Fu-chou news has been a shock to our ladies, as doubtless to

many others. You will rarely have heard of a more horrible butchery. . . . "He shall thoroughly purge his floor." It looks like this after the rapid influx of missionaries in recent years. These events bring solemn thoughts. For it would seem as though this murderous spirit were abroad, and we cannot tell who may suffer next, but

Our souls are in His mighty hand,
And He shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him on Zion's Hill.

I have been speaking to-day from Hebrews xii. 22-24. "Ye are come." How near we are to the angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the Mediator and the blood! . . . —Yours sincerely,

D. HILL.

To Mr. J. R. Hill.

Hankow, April 8, 1895.

I am drawing another £100 bill, to-day's date, and I have several appeals for help.

The Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, of which I think the address is Cowgate, please send £5, "From a China Missionary." The China Inland Mission I have not helped of late, please send £50. Then Peter Thompson sent his report the other day. Will you send him £10. National Refuges for Homeless Children, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., £2 2s.

The London Samaritan Society, 98, High Street, Homerton, E., £2 2s.

Hospital for Diseases of Chest, £2 2s.; ditto Barnardo.

Excuse my troubling you with all these. Please put all down as anonymous.

Mr. Hill, as already mentioned, spent his last Christmas with his nephew, Rev. J. K. Hill, at Kuang-chi. Usually when in Hankow the bachelor missionary spent that day in the home of one of his married brethren.

"Happy the family," says Rev. T. E. North, "who could secure his presence on Christmas Day, when he seemed to become a child once more and fling himself with characteristic enthusiasm into all the children's games. How kind he was to children! The mere announcement of his presence in our house or garden served as a signal for an avalanche-like rush of juvenile humanity into his arms."

Children know where love is safe and sure, and all his life David Hill had a deep affection and tenderness for them. This came out in many ways, and it was always the same, and many instances of it might be given. Writing to Rev. F. Boden, then in England, he concludes characteristically: "Kind regards to Mrs. Boden and little Kathleen, of whom you say nothing."

"Kathleen's" friend was a very busy man, but he liked to hear of the child—the child whose life was preserved through the awful Wusueh riot. No biography of Mr. Hill would be complete without full notice of his love for the little ones.

After his return from Kuang-chi, and after the Synod, it apparently occurred to him that, as he had missed his little friends in Hankow during the Christmas season, he would give a party now, and he accordingly issued his invitations.

My own little girl (writes Dr. Hodge) was immensely excited by receiving a quaint note in Mr. Hill's own handwriting, saying that carriages and servants would be ready at a certain hour. Said carriages were, of course, Chinese chairs, in which Mr. Hill, I believe, himself, escorted his little guests to the Kung-tien. When I arrived later on to see the Dispensary patients, I found Mr. Hill in his guest-room, romping and playing skipping-rope with the children. He had also gladdened each child's heart by the present of a doll.

This is one of the last scenes in the life of David Hill, and we would fain linger over it a moment. Could a life of unremitting toil and devotion end with a lovelier picture? It is like the sunset glory in the sky.

It pleased God to reveal His Son through David Hill to the Chinese, and David Hill lived a life of love in His name and by His grace. It is a Jesus-gift, indeed, so to live that the sorrowful and sinful may see Him who is our only Hope, the Life indeed, and to live so kindly and gently that even the children see Him too.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Yes, "dearly has He loved," and it is by gentleness and tenderness that He is best revealed.

Most of the materials of this chapter are drawn from the memorial number of the China Prayer Union Letter published after Mr. Hill's death. Here one after another of his fellow-workers has paid his tribute of love, reverence, and gratitude. And a few words may be said here on the relation of Mr. Hill to these, his brethren, his sons

in the Gospel, as well as of their attitude to him. To say that Mr. Hill loved and valued each one of his colleagues is to say little. He was wont to speak enthusiastically about them, of some especially. The writer well remembers some of his praises of his brethren, the very words he spoke, and it is hard to keep them from running off the pen. Only they belong to the sacredness of friendship that may not be broken. But there can be no doubt that when David Hill rejoiced in the abilities and devotion of his co-workers he was inspired not only by affection for them. When, to use the phrase he himself borrowed, he saw one and another becoming more "complete in Christ," his supreme thought would be that they were more fully manifesting Him forth, for the glory of Christ was his chief desire.

Then one word about the relation of David Hill's co-workers to himself. The men grouped about him had strongly marked characters, diverse gifts, and varied powers. Such men did not give an unthinking adhesion to their leader. It is remarkable how almost everyone takes pains to say that he did not agree with him in everything, but that he trusted and loved him entirely.

The following sentences may be taken as the expression of many others :

Rev. E. F. Gedye writes :

Mr. Hill was a man of strong views, quiet, gentle, yet desperately in earnest. Most, perhaps all, who knew him differed from him in many of his opinions, yet possibly when we differed most we admired him most, not because of his views, but for the reasons which led him to hold them.

To those in the home-land, writes another, Rev. C. W. Allan, in describing their loss, the news of our beloved Chairman's death must have come with awful suddenness. To us in the field the stroke has been swift, but, perhaps, we were blessed with that prophetic instinct which led the men of Jericho to say to Elisha, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" and called forth the answer, "Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace."

But the reminiscences of his friends in the Prayer Union Letter seem to group themselves around three subjects mainly: his unselfishness, the constant study of his Greek New Testament, and the way he prayed. One more quotation from Mr. Gedye must serve for several others.

Now that Mr. Hill is gone, it is his sympathy that I miss most of all. He was always eager to know about the work in the High School. The last time I saw him, when he lay ill in bed, he said, referring to two lads, old scholars, who had not forgotten the House of God when they left their homes and went to live in Shanghai: "I was glad to hear about Shun Chin and that other boy."

Not only sympathetic, he was always thoughtful for others. Sometimes his care for others disappointed those who had made arrangements for his own comfort. One night, during the Synod, he and some other missionaries were sleeping in my house. I had had a bed made up for him in a room where there was a stove, for it was winter, but whilst I was out he himself changed all the bedding, and when I came back I found that he had taken his own upstairs, and was rolled up in it asleep on the floor, leav-

ing the room prepared for him for a younger missionary. Many stories like that could be told.

His very presence seemed an inspiration. Just to see him, to be with him, seemed to bring out one's better self, and, no matter with whom he was dealing, it was to what was highest in the man that he appealed.

His continuance in prayer is known to all who knew anything of him, and side by side with this was his careful study of the Bible. Even when weary and tired out he would not only read but carefully study his Greek Testament. Hours after others had gone to bed his light would be seen shining still as he held communion with God, and more than once or twice has the weary man fallen asleep on his knees.

In these last days there were two verses of hymns often on his lips. As might be expected, they are expressive of his deepest, most habitual thoughts. They reflect different sides of his life, and are thus complementary. In them we almost look into David Hill's heart and feel its main pulses.

The first speaks of that carefulness of spirit, that constant self-distrust, joined with absolute faith in God, in which he continually lived:

Still stir me up to strive
With Thee in strength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

And the other is not less characteristic. It reflects his joy in preaching Christ's Gospel to needy souls, and is akin to the answer already quoted which he once gave to someone who spoke of his self-denying life in China: "My life in China," he said, "is such a very happy one that I cannot call it self-denial."

In a rapture of joy
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim ;
'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name.

The first verse found a constant place in his prayers, but the last he often used to sing.

We come now to the story of the last days. The Governor of Wuchang, a Hunanese by birth, had formerly been intensely anti-foreign, but after he came to Wuchang he was thrown in contact with missionaries, and modified his ideas very much in consequence. Dr. Mackay, formerly of the L.M.S., was working as a medical missionary in the city, independently of any missionary society, and was frequently called to attend the mandarins and their families ; and his witness for Christ was always judiciously borne. Amongst those who called him in was this particular mandarin, and Dr. Mackay performed a successful operation upon one of his wives. He soon became the trusted friend of the family. When the stories of the suffering of the famine refugees reached the ears of the mandarin's wife, her heart was touched and she desired to help them. Seeking a trustworthy, incorruptible almoner, she turned to Dr. Mackay, rather than to any of her own countrymen, and at his suggestion David Hill was asked to undertake the work of distributing amongst the poor a considerable sum of silver.

It was a strange evolution of circumstances that the Chinese officials should apply for the aid of those missionaries whose friends and whose work they had so terribly injured, but so it came to pass. David Hill accepted the trust, and once more went at night, distributing rice tickets

among the squalid and fever-stricken Chinese dwellings, and there can be no doubt that he thus caught the typhus fever of which he died. And it is well to emphasise the fact that it was thus and in the service of the poor and starving that he gave his life. Not in *preaching* Christ, but in *living* Christ. Feeding the hungry and forgiving his enemies were amongst his latest earthly deeds. To preach Christ is much, but to live Christ is far, far more, and the manner of David Hill's death completes the lesson of his life.

Easter came, and he went down to Wusueh and spent Easter Sunday there. He preached twice, in the morning from I. Cor. xv. 55-57, "O death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin and the strength of sin is the law, but, thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." And in the afternoon from the last verse of the same chapter. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

At the close of this service he administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Those who were present speak of the hallowed influence of the services, and of the eager earnestness of the speaker.

At night he conducted Chinese prayers, and when he returned spoke with great delight of the conversation he had had with the members of the Church on the Resurrection. Surely, had he known that these were his last sermons, his last message, he could have given no other!

At Wusueh he wrote his last English mail. There lies before the writer a letter dated Wusueh, April 7,

1896, but it gives no hint of illness, and is full of details respecting the work. It is written to an old friend who was then hoping to go out to China that autumn and work under his direction, and it closes with a benediction —the last words of an old friendship :

The Lord bless and guide you (he wrote) and make your farewell visits times of great blessing.—Yours affectionately,

D. HILL.

He had intended to leave Wusueh immediately after the Sunday, but he missed the steamer, and had to spend a whole night in the comfortless waiting-room of the steamer office in order to catch the next. When he did at last reach his little room at Kung-tien, in Hankow, he had at once to go to bed.

After a few days, as the fever did not abate, Dr. Hodge had him removed to the District House, at Wu-sheng-miao, a house specially built for the use of sick missionaries from the country stations, for better nursing, and in this nursing Messrs. Bramfitt, North, Clayton, Allan, Pullan, and others shared.

Doris and I (says Mrs. Hodge) had just got his room ready when he was carried in. He said, with a tone of pleased surprise, "Mrs. Hodge, are you here?—and Doris, too. Come here, Dolly." The child went to him, and he held her hand a moment in a loving clasp. Later on he looked at her again so lovingly, and said, "I should do well with you for my nurse, Doris."

But he was relaxing his grasp of all earthly things now, and turning his face to the Heavenly Jerusalem, little as he knew it. One might have anticipated for him an

easy departure. But it was not so. He had trodden a rugged, narrow way all his life. Did

“the path wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.”

While consciousness lasted he was eager to help himself all he could, afraid of giving trouble, and acknowledging with gentle word and gesture every little service rendered to him.

But delirium came on, which passed into a stupor that lasted to the end. In his delirium the few coherent words, as well as his broken utterances, were all on the ruling passion of his life. Once he imagined himself preaching in Chinese, and apologised to his imaginary congregation for breaking off, saying that his mouth was sore, and that the doctors forbade him to preach. Latterly his memory for Chinese seemed to fail, and he spoke only in English. He thought he was preaching in English once, and, with his old, radiant smile, exclaimed: “The life of God is a power in the soul, and *must* manifest itself.” Again, he said: “We want more of the Spirit’s power; we can do nothing without that.” He tried once to sing the doxology, but he was not able. Once again his face lighted up and, with his hands clasped, he prayed and gave thanks to God in these words:

O Lord, for all those, both high and low, who in every land love and serve Thee, we bless and adore Thy Holy Name. . . . Lord bless that little parish. [Kuang-tien Chapel and Hankow East.]

The week went slowly by, and on Saturday evening, April 18, while his friends in the Mission-houses and the

Christians gathered in the Chapel were all praying, the end came. There was a cry, a groan, a short, sharp struggle, and the gentle, loving, heroic soul of David Hill had passed, without one farewell to the anxious watchers around his bed, or one benediction for those Churches who were the "seal of his apostleship in the Lord."

We are told that when Bunyan's pilgrim, Valiant-for-the-Truth, had crossed the river, "the trumpets sounded for him on the other side," but when this soldier of the Cross went over the night was dark, the flood high, and there was no sound of celestial greeting. But it was not needed. As David Hill's friends saw the lines of care and pain smooth out of the worn face, and the quiet, serene smile come back to the silent lips, they required no heavenly vision to assure them that he had "passed through death triumphant home," and

Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love and lost in praise.

The Chinese Christians came weeping to see their friend as he lay at rest. The carpenters in the Blind School made his coffin, and on the following Tuesday his "earthly house" was laid in the Hankow Cemetery. As the coffin was carried by boat down the river the flags of the Consulate and the gunboat were to be seen half-mast, and, notwithstanding the heavy rain, the cemetery was crowded by hundreds of Europeans and Chinese. The service was conducted by his old friends, Dr. Griffith John and Rev. Arnold Foster, by Mr. Adams, of the American Baptist Mission, and Rev. T. Bramfitt, his colleague. "Rock of Ages" was sung in English and a beautiful Chinese translation of "Peace, perfect Peace."

On his tombstone are engraven the words spoken by His Master, and true of the servant also :

The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

No better words could be chosen, for “it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.”

And in Centenary Chapel, York, the place where he worshipped as a boy, where he gave his heart to God, and where he was ordained to the work of the ministry, there is a tablet bearing this inscription :

REV. DAVID HILL,

Born in York, December 18, 1840.

Consecrated to God from birth by his honoured and devoted parents, at an early age he identified himself with this Church. Being moved by the Holy Ghost, he gave his life, with his many talents, large opportunities, and all his substance, for thirty-two years to the evangelisation of Central China with a generosity that knew no stint, with an earnestness that never grew weary, a self-forgetfulness, humility, and courage, wedded to toil, which increasingly revealed the deep, broad sympathy of his soul and the saintliness of his character. From the midst of labours abundant and greatest usefulness, he was called into the higher service and the fuller joy in the presence of the King.

Died at Hankow, April 18, 1896.

He was zealous for his God.

And now there is but one word more to add. Charles Wesley sings :

Oh, for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all.
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

The words express the longing of David Hill's heart, too. Did he ever have that trumpet voice? Was his cry ever heard very loudly or widely? No, we think not; but surely his voice is heard now as never before. The world listens always to the story of an absolutely unselfish, disinterested life. And the way David Hill lived and toiled and loved is becoming well known, and will yet go far and wide. That is a clear, clarion call to which all are listening, and because many will read these pages—and especially many young people—who have never heard David Hill's voice, the story of his life closes with his own words, an extract from one of his appeals to young men and women of his own Church on behalf of the work of God in China, for which he lived and for which he died:

* The call, then, is for more Christian workers in Central China, and the fuller occupancy of, at any rate, this one Province of Hupeh. It is but one of the eighteen, contains but sixty-seven out of one thousand four hundred counties, and twenty-seven out of the three hundred and sixty millions of her people. Surely it is not too much to expect, too much to ask for, when we pray the Lord of the harvest to raise up sufficient men, even from our own ranks, to cover this one Province with evangelistic labourers,

* *Hupeh, its Claims and Calls.* 1881.

men of culture and of means, of simple aim and Christ-like spirit, for each department of Christian service, and for the complete manifestation of the Christ of God—men who will minister at once to the physical and the spiritual necessities of the people.

With so much poverty and distress almost continually at our very doors, the field for philanthropic activity and benevolent ingenuity is ever open and ever new. If some of our wealthier laymen who hitherto have spent their lives in “getting” would now consecrate them to the more blessed work of “giving,” either personally or through their children, what a pure and heavenly ray from the very throne of God would beam across the past, whilst the future would scatter sunshine into thousands of Chinese homes, where poverty, ignorance, and distress rob life of its gentleness and grace.

And if, in addition to that, the Medical Department of our Mission were but strongly reinforced and Dispensaries and Opium Refuges established throughout the Province, how like to the coming of the kingdom of God would it be, and with what force would the cry go forth, “Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” And is there none among the young men of our Churches whom God is calling to this ministry of love, this work of truly Christ-like philanthropy? none

who will enter upon the four years' course of medical training with a view to preparing himself for such service in the future?

And for those whose hearts are touched for the Christian education of the young, what a field is now open for the establishment of a well-organised Industrial Institution in Wuchang, from which native teachers for boys' and girls' schools might be raised up, who, in years to come, would supply the necessities of distant Churches throughout the Province, as God shall call them out from the world.

But it is the gospel, the gospel alone, that can satisfy the need of China. All classes of society, consciously or unconsciously, cry out for the living God. The literary classes, whom as yet we have hardly touched, but who, by their system of competitive examinations, which are conducted in all the principal cities of the country, are year by year becoming more accessible to us, and demand a supply of men of the highest culture which England can give to provide for them a strong Christian literature by which to lead them to Christ.

And the weary heart of the masses of China needs rest in the arms of Jesus. Amongst all classes there is work to be done. And with the present facilities for travel, with the general friendliness of the people, with the initiatory

work already taken up, with the “sound as of a going” in the native churches of Hankow, with the memory of those who have fallen in the field, and with the voice of God saying so distinctly to His Church, “Behold I have set before thee an open door,” will the youth of our Churches in England, when God is thus summoning them to a higher service and a consecration more complete, allow the mere amassing of wealth, or the love of ease, or the pursuit of a refined æstheticism too often ending in a selfish life, or the almost aimless dissipation of entrusted powers frittering life away for ends unworthy—will they allow these things to draw them away from the true Christ life which willingly surrenders the comforts of a refined and gentle home, and, if need be, of family life, for one of rough and sturdy Christian work, that through the grace of Christ they may bring succour and salvation, sweetness and light, to the other far-off homes where now there is naught but want and wretchedness and woe?

Already several have gone forth in connection with other Societies, both from the ranks of the laity and the clergy, to preach the gospel without charge, and if Methodism is to retain her pristine power, her simple faith, her aggressive earnestness, her yearning pity for mankind, and her burning charity, the men of prayer—

those men of power amongst us—must pray the Lord of the harvest that from homes of affluence and luxury, as well as from those of thrift and industry, He would call forth many of the youth of our Churches, seal them with the sign of the cross, fill them with the Spirit of the Christ, and send them forth to a life, not of ease and comfort, but of sacrifice and toil, not to be ministered unto but to minister, and, like the Son of Man, to give their lives as ransoms for many.

David Hill
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